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## VOLUME II

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# VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE

[1863— ]

G. L. SWIGGETT

VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE, daughter of Letitia (Austin) and Colonel Charles Wesley Frazer, a prominent lawyer and an officer in the famous Fifth Confederate Regiment, was born near Chattanooga, Tennessee, in 1863. She is of pure Scotch ancestry. One of her ancestors came over in the *Treasurer* in 1613. Others came a little later and settled in Augusta County, Virginia, and in North Carolina. Mrs. Boyle was educated in the private schools of Memphis, from one of which, the Higbee School, she was graduated. This training was supplemented through long association with her father, whose constant companion she was until his death in 1897. Some years ago she was married to Thomas R. Boyle, a Memphis attorney.

Mrs. Boyle contributes in verse and prose to the leading American literary magazines. Her "Tennessee," the prize centennial ode, has recently been selected to represent Tennessee in a compilation of historical poems. She wrote the inscription on the base of the equestrian statute of General Nathan Bedford Forrest in Forrest Park, Memphis, Tennessee; also the inscription on the monument of General Pat Cleburne at Helena, Arkansas.

Mrs. Boyle, writing since early childhood, felt from the beginning the obligation of authorship. Deeply devoted to the traditions of the State in which she has spent her entire life, she has written of the things that concern the common joy or common sorrow of that State. More than this, however, she is a daughter of the whole South. Through poems and tales of local attachment there is seen the larger love for the Southland with whose ideals she has a warm and tender sympathy. But most of all, she would be a daughter of the Nation. Out of a section with whose ideals she is most familiar, she creates for a larger, national literature. She saw intuitively that it is not "contemporaneous history, false and partizan," but contemporaneous literature "that lifts above the fogs of sectionalism the many phases of an heterogeneous people."

Mrs. Boyle is now recognized primarily as a poet. In time, however, I believe her literary recognition will come through her

prose and those poems that have something of the dominant quality of this prose. Her volume of verse, 'Love Songs and Bugle Calls,' certainly demands respectful consideration. With some range and considerable verse skill, with taste and sympathetic treatment, she has produced poems of real excellence. Her genius is, however, not lyric; her prose, as well as her verse, reveals this. One is but rarely startled by those direct personal outcries, that are the hall-mark of the genuine lyric gift. "The Florida Love Song" is easily the best in this *genre;* there is the world-old cry in the refrain of this lyric. "When Love is Dead" has a direct tenseness in its pregnant prophecy. "I Know What Love Is" has the straightforward simplicity of a Minnesang. "Tie-Vines and Morning Glories" is a summer morn a-singing. But these are all, perhaps, that are real lyrics. The lines are always easy in their flow, but there is a lack of spontaneity. Graver defects, however, are occasional slips in the keeping of the metric unit and a questionable taste in the choice of a word. Humor, too, is lacking in her verse, although many of these poems possess marked felicity of phrase and a quaint grace that has a subtle and suggestive touch. The few poems in negro dialect, lending themselves naturally to humorous treatment, are an exception. Also the exceedingly clever and broadly humorous "Ballad of Tulipa."

In ballads, song, and epic, she has done her best poetic work. Whether by nature or by training, she has achieved the power of visualizing moods or scenes apart, or out of the past. Clinging with tender attachment to old pictures living on in loving memory, she reshapes these for us anew, or is haunted by them in her poetic fashioning of other things. The elegiac note in these songs is strong, but hopeful. Therein lies the secret of their appeal and enduring charm. Satisfying a local sentiment, they meet the larger demand on all vital poetry. Most of her ballads are homely. With a story to tell, she tells it with simple pictures and still simpler language. In "The Ballade of the Tapestrie 1799" it is the spirit of the old ballad itself that shapes this charming picture out of the Eighteenth Century; in the lyric ballad of "The Cottonade" there is the beautiful tribute to the homely life and labor that were the South's wealth; in the romantic ballads "The Voice of the Pearl" and "Mariana, or Sea Madness" there is a charm not far below that of Coleridge. "A-Knitting Caleb's Sock" ranks with the best of the ballads of homely poetic realism. Mrs. Boyle's war ballads and songs have won wide recognition. They have the true ring and lilt and are easily above her other work. From "Washington" and "Nathan Hale" to "Tennessee," a series of stirring songs have already won

the popular ear. In "My South, My South" we have an explanation of the moving spirit of some of these poems:

Thou art mine own, my beautiful, my love!
I blame thee not what cloud may come to me;
I give my faith into thy trustful arms;
All that I am, or hope, I yield to thee!

* * * * * *

I trim my taper but to seek thy shrine,
With thee I smile, with thee I breathe my sigh;
Yea, as thou goest, loved one, I will go,
And when thou diest—Beautiful, I die!

Given the gift and the occasion, a love like this must produce verse of real merit. In these war poems there is enough of sovereign anger to make them vital; enough of literary craftsmanship to give them form; enough of perspective and literary sense of relativity to give them abiding worth, so far as such poems may attain abiding worth. "The Wizard of the Saddle," a tribute to Nathan Bedford Forrest, has many a flash of poetic inspiration; "The Old Canteen" ranks with the ballad of peace, "A-Knitting Caleb's Sock," as a touching transcription of real life. In "Wanola of the Cotton" a story of the Natchez, Mrs. Boyle has essayed with only indifferent success an Indian epic after the manner of Longfellow. Despite certain excellent lines and a few poetic pictures, the work seems perfunctory and detached. The same criticism applies to the poems that concern a social or religious faith. There is one among them, the little lyric, "Gethsemane" that can take rank with some of our best hymns. Mrs. Boyle has also essayed the poetic drama in "Demetria," a musical extravaganza adapted from "The Devil's Little Fly," one of the 'Devil Tales.' The dialogue is clever, the lines are of a rich sonorousness and the little arias are exceptionally fine. A lack of coherence and a tendency to overdrawn situations are its principal defects.

The tale from which this extravaganza is taken is one of a number of short stories in negro dialect, wherein Mrs. Boyle excels. Sensing the weird and fascinating mystery of negro lore, capable of completely effacing herself, of seeing and hearing with the negro's eyes and ears, of hating and loving with his hatred and love, of braving and fearing with his bravery and fears, she has touched with the hand of art his habits and superstitions, his mode of thought and feeling, and has created for us genuine literature. She has wooed a black Calliope to our great delight. "Mammy" has whispered into her ears the inner meaning of the old plantation days, of

the doings of the quality at the "Big House" and of the strangely simple, yet remote yearnings of the black souls of the quarters. They are, almost without exception, little prose masterpieces. The writer shows nowhere greater versatility and a firmer touch. Deep and wide is the range of her creative feeling, and she seems to assume at will the peculiarly rich imagination of the negro in the presence of the world-old lore. The devil and his minions, how to bring him in and how to get him out, play a large rôle in these 'Devil Tales.' Their kinship with old world folk-tales is very striking. In "The Devil's Little Fly" we have the black man's Faust; in "Asmodeus in the Quarters" we have an echo of "le Diable boiteux"; in "The Taming of Jezrul" we have an incident from "high life" played out among the blacks. Perhaps, "A Kingdom for Micajah" is the best written tale. Its technique is admirable, and its logic is irrefutable.

Mrs. Boyle's "Brockenburne," a Southern Auntie's war tale, is the black man's epic of the war. Old Aunt Bene's recital of the great sorrow that befell her house is really of epic proportions, grand, simple and natural. She weaves a spell, a shimmer of sweet pathos, over the sad story she tells. While the tale borders at times on the melodramatic, there is no appeal to the common source of vulgar tears—only the irreparable sadness, a regret for what might have been.

'Serena' is Mrs. Boyle's only novel. It reveals considerable power, but this is not sustained. The story is laid just before and during the War, and in it there sweeps before our eyes a gallery of strongly individualized characters, tending at times to exaggeration. The real weakness of the book is the overdrawn, improbable situation which destroys the illusion. The incidents are vivid and interesting, however, and the dialogue clever and easy. Mrs. Boyle keeps well in the background as she tells her tale. She does not overmoralize, as one might expect in this tale so near to her heart, but loving her material, shapes it with artistic restraint into a romance, despite some inequalities, of moving, gripping interest.

Mrs. Boyle's work is, though limited in quantity, of considerable range. She has essayed the poetic drama, various forms of lyric verse, the epic, novelette, novel, and short story, with varying degrees of success. Her best work is in the "Bugle Song" and the short story in negro dialect. Gifted with epic imagination and narrative skill, sensitive to the literary values of certain disappearing phases of the life around her, she has written some things that will endure. In this field or in others where she can form a similar attachment, a love as deep and a knowledge as intimate as she has for the negro and the old South, much may be expected from her. Dealing.

from her first venture in 1893 to her latest work in 1906, almost exclusively with a theme of deep and concerning moment to her, a theme tending to literary myopia and prejudice, she has been aware of the obligation resting upon authorship and has touched upon themes of most intimate personal interest in a remarkably impersonal way. Though of the South and of immediate concern to Southern literature, she has a place in the larger literature of the Nation.

Glen Levin Swiggett.

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## THE OTHER MAUMER

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THE great bell was sounding the dinner hour, for it was twelve o'clock, and the long line of negroes threw aside the gunny-sacks as they came from the field and wiped their perspiring faces, for it was yet warm, even though October had already touched the trees upon the hill.

The ringing of the bell was a welcome sound to Cely, one that she had been longing to hear for a whole hour, as her fingers fluttered restlessly over the bolls. She had been working well; Susan and Rachel, reckoned with Cely the fastest pickers on the place, were many pounds ahead; but Cely did not care; her heart was not in her work to-day.

Silently she made her way by the side of the hill to the long cabin called the "Nursery," where Maumer, weazen and bent, and long emeritus as to field duties, tended the twenty little wooden cradles.

Maumer was sitting on the door-step holding one of her little charges. "My Cindy's Paul got dat thrash ergin mighty bad. Calamus, catnip, and groun'-ivy hain't no good fur hit sometimes," said Maumer, as Cely drew nearer. "I tole Cindy

dat, but she des want 'em 'case Ole Miss gib 'em ter little Miss when she er baby. Cindy want Paul lack whi' chillen, but Ole Miss don' tek no notice uv 'im, when she see yo' baby, Cely," said Maumer, with a frown. "Allus sayin' what er fine chile he am, an' nebber gib Cindy's chile nuffin but er blue chany mug."

Cely was not listening; swiftly she glided by nineteen of the little cradles, and lifted with many soft tones and caresses, a tiny brown and blue bundle from the twentieth, for Cely's was the very newest baby in the Nursery.

"Mammy little pickaninny! Mammy putty nigger!" cooed Cely, tossing up the little bundle.

Maumer still mumbled on the doorstep. "You looks like er Mammy!—an' hain't got yo' coat ter yo' ankles yit! Er settled man like Henry in mighty po' business takin' er chile lack yo' is. Yo's er nice Mammy!" But Cely was used to Maumer's moods, for she had been cross ever since Henry married Cely instead of Cindy, Maumer's stupid daughter, and had grumbled continuously from the day the little new baby was put under her charge.

"Wake up! wake up! hit yo' Mammy, boy!" and the girl lifted the tiny lids with her long slender fingers, but the baby only pressed his lips lazily against the mother's breast.

"What de matter wid him, Maumer? He hain't eben hongry! He allus wake up an' play wid me!"

"Hush, yo' fool; yo' wake 'em all up! Hain't nuffin de matter wid him. He been yellin' er hour, an' dey hatter sleep some time."

The other mothers were now coming in; for they had regular times to go to the Nursery, especially those with very young infants. "Hi, Judy!" said Maumer to a comfortable, rather elderly mother, who had just taken her latest born, her fifteenth, from the cradle, "Cely think dar sumpen de matter wid her baby, and ready to 'cuse me wid hit, 'case hit want ter go ter sleep. Think she got one er dem jumpin' dolls lack Little Miss. Her an' Henry keep hit wake all night er playin' wid hit, an' hit gotter sleep some. Here, gimme dat chile, gal! Yo' dun'no nuffin 'bout babies!" There was a general laugh at Cely's expense. "Nuffin de matter wid de chile!" and Maumer tossed and tickled him until he crowed.

But Cely looked at Maumer distrustfully.

"Yo' sho' dar hain't nuffin de matter wid my baby, Judy?" Cely asked, wistfully, as she put her forefinger in to the brown, waxen fist that belonged to the tiny bundle Maumer held.

"Naw, gal, naw!" laughed Judy, putting number fifteen, who began to yell vigorously, back into his cradle. "Hain't nuffin de matter wid him, 'cep'in' he so mighty little; for yo' sho' does look lack er gal er-totin' er doll. Dar hain't nuffin de matter wid him; he des sleepy."

"Do a baby allus breeve dat way?" Cely was twisting her apron nervously. "Does dey allus 'beat, beat'; in de top er de head an' in de chist dat er way? Tek off his clo'es an' look, Judy."

Maumer frowned and turned on her heel when Judy good-naturedly took the little bundle from her arms and stripped the blue checked slip from Cely's latest doll.

"Hain't he putty 'dout any clo'es?" cried Cely, beguiled from her fear by her admiration of the brown, bow-legged Cupid squirming on Judy's knee.

"Cely proud fitten to bus'; she does wanter show her baby off," said the mother of the ugliest baby in the Nursery.

"Hain't nuffin wrong wid him, Cely, cep'in' he little, an' if he lib, he'll grow," said Judy, oracularly, as she relinquished the child. "All de young things—birds, an' rabbits, an' babies—beat datter way in de head an' in de chist. Dar de bell now!" and Judy folded her sunbonnet and laid it, slats sidewise, on the top of her head.

Cely sighed as the teasing laugh of the woman rang back to her; then, with a parting caress, she laid her baby in the cradle and followed.

Old Maumer, bent and sullen, stood in the doorway until the last figure had turned the hill-path.

"Think I dun'no nuffin 'bout babies, when I nussed dat berry Cely, wid all de airs she gibs herse'f, right here in dis cradle. Heap of use she got wid er baby, an' she hain't hardly er 'oman yit, an' Ole Miss an' Little Miss myratin' so.

"Cely got some putty whi' clo'es wid lace on, an' some blue beads too, dat Little Miss tek offen her big doll fur de baby; an' Cindy got nuffin but a blue chiny mug, an' sumpen

ter eat frum de Big House. Cindy such er hog; allus ax Ole Miss fur sumpen ter eat when she down. If hit wa'n't fur Cely, Cindy's er got all dem beads an' things, 'case dey's de two littlest babies, but dey's des lack es two peas." Maumer had taken Cindy's feverish child in her arms again; then moving with a sudden impulse, she laid it in the cradle beside Cely's baby. "Es lack es peas in one pod," she whispered. "If hit wa'n't fur Cely's, Ole Miss would mighty much dis'n, 'case he de putties' in de Nursery 'cep'in' Cely's, an' he de onlies gran'chile dat I got." Cindy's baby moaned as if in pain, and Maumer took him up again.

"I dun'no' what ail him—hain't time fur 'is teef ter mek' trouble, but his mouf pester me mightily. I'se tired er de whi' folkes' physic; I gwine fix my own truck. If he do git worser—if he do—" Maumer looked at the blue beads around the neck of Cely's sleeping baby, and then into the face of the little sufferer before her, with a leer of latent cunning.

In the olden times of slavery days, the mother of a new baby was the subject of especial envy.

As a consequence, there were many privileges that attached, many immunities, both before and after it came. Ole Miss always went to the quarters personally upon such occasions; the children followed with gifts, and put in their claims to the little black baby with many exciting arguments.

Upon the self-same day, the two little new faces peeped into the Quarters; the one, the child of stalwart Henry's girl-wife, had been chosen to be fought over and cried over; the other had been accorded only ordinary honors, for Cindy was not a favorite among the children, and hence old Maumer's jealousy was aroused.

Through the long day Maumer sat and brooded, neglecting the toddlers who had strayed onto forbidden ground; and stirring the cradles roughly with her feet,—Ole Maumer, who had been trusted and revered for so long,—but she had not a grandchild then.

Ma'y Ann, the young assistant, played with acorn cups and bits of china under the old oak, unmolested, for Maumer was wrestling with a problem, and all of the latent, unsuspected savagery was rising.

Then by-and-by the little wooden cradles were empty, for the work-day was done; the mothers had taken their babies to their own cabins, and Maumer laid Cindy's child on her shoulder and closed the door.

All night the candle glimmered through the cracks in Maumer's cabin; all the night she physicked and the baby cried; while Cindy, heavy-eyed and stupid, slept soundly until day. The door was closed; Maumer knew that she was disobeying orders, for Ole Miss had peremptorily commanded that she was to be notified in case of serious illness. But Maumer was sly and cunning; Ole Miss should not be told.

Convulsion after convulsion shook the tiny frame, all of the remedies were used without effect, and toward daybreak she tried the baby's fortune, "come life or come death;" then Maumer made up her mind.

* * * * * *

The old oak was casting its soft shade across the lawn, where the Nursery toddlers sat sedately munching the sweet corn pone that it was one of old Maumer's duties to provide, while Ma'y Ann was just starting to the spring for a bucket of cool water.

"An' min', yo' fetch me my gourd yo' lef' on de battlin'-bench 'side de branch, an' min' yo' herries, 'fore I beat de life outen yo'!"

Ma'y Ann's eyes widened and "bucked" at Maumer's unwonted proposition, as she idly swung the bucket along the hill-path singing an irrelevant, foolish little song.

The great bell would ring in a moment; Maumer knew it by the shadow of the oak, as well as by the old dial just across the lawn.

Should she do it? Up and down, both ways she looked; there was nobody even in sight, save Ma'y Ann, dawdling far down the spring-path; then the great bell clanged through the Quarters. A spasm stiffened the form of Cindy's baby, and Maumer, with a stern face and trembling hands, stripped the long shirt and blue beads from Cely's boy, and throwing them hastily upon her daughter's child, she laid it in the twentieth cradle, changing Cely's baby to the cradle just vacated.

Old Maumer, with shaking limbs, was raking up the

smouldering coals upon the hearth when the lively throng of mothers came filing in to nurse their little ones.

"Hi! What ail Maumer? What de matter?" asked Judy, always foremost.

"Chil," groaned Maumer, as she knelt to woo the fickle blaze. "Go fetch in some chips, Ma'y Ann!" for Ma'y Ann had returned.

Dancing, skipping, like a child let loose for a holiday came Cely; she had even "hopscotched" with Ma'y Ann that very morning. Nothing was the matter with her baby—Judy said so, Maumer said so—even old Maumer, who was so jealous; he was still her doll, and how he cooed and kicked for her just before she left him!

Down the long row of cradles she leaped rather than walked, in the fulness and exuberance of life.

"Yo' Mammy's comin', boy, yo' Mammy's comin'!" and snatching the baby from the cradle, she tossed it gleefully above her head.

Then a shriek, that startled even the laborers who had not left the field—a shriek of agony, of fear, of a wild thing wounded in the heart, for the little cold mouth turned away from the warm breast so full of life and strength, and the tiny limbs convulsed and then relaxed forever with the breathing of a sigh.

Holding the dead baby close, and rocking in her woe, the face of Cely seemed hardened and ashened in a moment, like that of an old woman, while, shrill and high, her voice carried even to the clearing.

"Maumer! yo' pizened my boy! Yo' kilt him, Maumer!"

But Maumer, with closed eyes, only mumbled over the coals and shivered, though the noon was warm.

Smiles came through Cely's tears, smiles of gratification when Little Miss, with eyes and nose all red, refused to be comforted for the loss of her "little nigger," and brought from the Big House more pretty baby things than Cely had ever seen; while Ole Miss put them on with her own hands; and smoothing down the dainty folds, laid in the brown, doll-like fingers the tiniest, whitest rose-bud that the early frost had spared. Then emotion was stirred to its depths again, and the wild blood of two continents ran riot in her

veins, even to the verge of madness, when Cely came to know the meaning of a grave. And Old Miss had her brought to the Big House, by way of comfort to Henry, who was Ole Marse's foreman at that time.

Ole Miss tried to teach her how to sew and spin, but restraint was galling, the Big House with its civilization had no attraction after the novelty had worn off, and suddenly the wheel burred, the thread snapped, and Cely would leap like a tiger-cat through the doorway and beyond the woodlot, where later they would find her, tenderly nursing in her arms a doll made of a folded towel.

But time was kinder even than Ole Miss, and after a while the laugh and smile came back, Henry's cabin was cheery again, and before the picking was over, Cely was rivalling Susan and Rachel in the field.

Down in a little cabin by the cane-brake, Old Maumer, now "the other Maumer," lived alone, weaving shuck-mats, mending nets for the fishermen, and "hooking" mittens for the negroes against the coming of the winter; for Maumer was deposed, another Maumer reigned over the little wooden cradles, and *her* foot was not permitted to cross the threshold; for Maumer had been tried and convicted of murder by a jury of her peers.

Old Marse, upon careful investigation, could find nothing culpable in Maumer save the failure to report the illness, which was made the cause of removal. The charge, made by Cely and the other negroes, of poisoning could not be substantiated; though the attack appeared to have been very sudden, it could not be proved that the child had died from other than a dreaded infantile trouble.

Throughout the trial and investigation Maumer preserved a sullen silence. She neither appealed to Ole Marse nor to any of the negroes. She did not plead her long life of usefulness, and she denied none of the charges, that grew each day with the rapidity of Jonah's gourd.

Now and again she smiled grimly as she looked upon the thriving child in sleepy Cindy's arms and heard that Little Miss had taken him for her own. That was glory enough; that was honor, immortality. He would grow up a house nigger—"high quality"—*her* grandchild, in the eyes of the

world, in the eyes of even Cindy, for she could not trust Cindy with her secret, and Cindy was too stupid to know the difference.

Her eyes greedily took in the splendor of Little Miss's gifts on each successive visit, carefully looking them over, clothes and beads and toys, like a miser counting gold, and it was enough. This sufficed for days alone in the cane-brake, for nights when the wind was high, even though she was now the Other Maumer and had been set apart.

The spring time came around, but weeks and months were long, and the winter of loneliness was telling upon the Other Maumer.

She missed the spring-time crop of babies, the wooden cradles with their worn rockers—worn by *her* feet; she missed the little toddlers that had outgrown the cradles, but more than all, she missed her dignity of position. In the brief time, so long to youth and age, the old back became more bowed, and childishness grew apace.

The butterflies possessed a wonderful fascination—the white and yellow—and the reed mats would drop from her hands in forgetful admiration. But when the brown ones hovered near her, poising on gorgeous velvety wings, the Other Maumer would shiver and cover up her head—"De soul er Cindy's baby, oh my Gord, kim back ter claim his place, er 'cusin' me er de lie! Oh, my Gord!"

How she would fight the brown butterflies away, if they alighted on her doorstep! And carefully she gathered and crushed every wild flower that grew around her cabin, fearful lest they should prove to be an attraction. But the brown butterflies came and came; in swarms they filled and circled the Other Maumer's cabin, by morning, noon, and evening. Then the nets hung on the racks unmended, the reeds dried unwoven, and the hands of the Other Maumer fluttered over the little heaps of red clay that she brought from beside the new well, to fashion into rude butterflies with outstretched wings. Scores and scores were drying in the sun, and yet the busy fingers worked nervously.

"Fly, fly," she whispered, "an' fetch de soul er Cindy's baby!"

The cold moon shone through the cracks of the Other

Maumer's cabin; the Other Maumer did not like the moon; even in her sleep she was always hiding something from it, deep and dark, but the moon could always find it.

To-night it was the clay butterflies, and she woke with a start to search for them.

Not one could she find in the cabin, and with a cry of rage she wrung her hands: "Dey trying ter steal de soul er Cindy's baby! Dey done stole 'em fum me; dey done stole 'em!"

Then she remembered that she had carried her apron full to the river bank, and had left them on the cotton bales to dry. "Lef 'em ter fetch de soul er Cindy's baby!" she assured herself; "but I can't lose none uv 'em!" and with her knotted hickory stick in one hand and a bunch of river reeds in the other, the Other Maumer hobbled slowly down the road.

It wanted but little to the holiday season, though Ole Marse had held his cotton back for a great "deal." But now that he had sent word from New Orleans to ship it on, the old storehouse was full to overflowing, and it was piled all along the levee waiting for the boat, for Ole Marse had never made a better crop.

Perched upon one of the bales that lined the levee, conjuring with the recovered butterflies in the full of the moon sat the Other Maumer, happy in the abandonment of the moment.

All her world was asleep; even the guards stationed around the storehouse had gone off duty; and where was the need of them? People did not steal cotton, and then the boat was coming in the morning.

Tenderly the Other Maumer nursed her butterflies, careful of their frail, sun-baked wings—hiding them in her apron, her bosom, and now in her faded turban.

"Gwine ter fetch de soul er Cindy's baby; yas, Lord, gwine ter fetch hit back—hain't yo honey? Gwine ter lif' dem putty wings an' fly away!" The moon rose high and waned, but still the Other Maumer, shivering with the cold and damp, sat on the river bank. The big brown butterflies had been gone so long; she was waiting for them to return. She had fought them and driven them away, but now she wanted them to come back and bring the soul of Cindy's baby.

The cry of a child or a cat somewhere in the Quarters startled her, and she raised her head; suddenly she was conscious of the smell of something burning, and a tiny spark leaped through a crack in the storehouse. Then a shower of little sparks came through, and the Other Maumer rubbed her cold hands together gleefully. "Dey's done come back—dey's done come back; fly an' fetch de soul er Cindy's baby!"

But the odor of the burning cotton was stirring something else in the disordered brain.

Away back in the Other Maumer's girlhood there had been a great conflagration. Big House, gin-house, cotton, everything was destroyed, and horror had fallen upon the plantation, for there had been loss of life as well. The Other Maumer was trying to remember. Slowly she drew her hand across her eyes, then shook her head.

"Old Marse?" she queried; then, as the scorching smell grew stronger, she shouted, "De soul er Cindy's baby!" and crushing her butterflies in her palm, she leaped on her knotted stick into the narrow road leading to the Quarters.

No one knew exactly how the Other Maumer roused the Quarters that night. Some said that she came on bat wings and fluttered against the chimney as she cried. Others said that she came on a great horse that struck fire with his hoofs as she beat upon each door with her hickory stick. Though to all the message was the same: "Fly, fly ter de ribber an' fetch de soul er Cindy's baby!" But the latter part of the admonition was lost in the weirdness of the command, and the frightened negroes tumbled out of their warm beds, wide awake for once.

Under the guidance of Henry, in the dark hour before the dawn, full fifty negroes had been rolling the outside cotton to a place of safety; and now the overseer, in the absence of Ole Marse, hesitated, for the opening of the storehouse would result in a bursting out of the flames; that moment would require coolness, courage, and rapid handling; and the negro, always obedient, shrank from taking the responsibility alone.

Then a peremptory command came from somewhere, and twenty strong men leaped back as the flames licked through the open doors like tongues.

"Strip, men! Git ter wuk, lack debils!" called the im-

pelling voice. "Roll 'em out! Roll 'em out! H— is hotter'n dis! Roll 'em out!" and Henry, awe-struck and thrilled, following the leading, dropped into line with the others.

Swiftly the work went on, and higher and higher rose the mysterious voice, urging to quicker action by prayer and execration, until the negroes, nerved to the limits of human endurance by superstitious fear, pushed forward until they felt their sinews crack.

"One mo' time, heave ahead, boys!" continued the voice; then the work was discontinued for the white flame leaped up like a living torch, lightening even the river with its weird splendor.

"Wuk, men, wuk, fur de soul er Cindy's baby!" cried the voice, now rising in a wail. Then a horror seized upon the negroes, and the men rushed forward to the rescue, for on the roof of the burning storehouse, now revealed through the sickening glare, stood the Other Maumer, waving a bunch of river reeds.

"Look! look!" she shouted, reaching for the scurrying sparks; "de butterflies done come back—dey done come back!" Then folding her arms and smiling, as though she held a child, "De soul er Cindy's baby!" The picture of the past had been photographed for an instant upon the disordered brain.

It was useless to try to save her; again and again the willing hands were driven back by the heat. Higher and higher crept the flames around her, but, oblivious of life or death, the bent figure swayed and hugged in ecstasy the dream of the recovered soul.

Then a gust swept through the rifled storehouse, the beams quivered and the cumbersome roof fell in, smothering the flame, and leaving the levee in utter darkness.

It was from Henry's throat, deep and tremulous, that the death-song rose, joined by the treble of the women. The wondering Cindy knelt in the sand and hid her face. Then, as the truth broke in upon her consciousness, Cely snatched a sleeping child from the arms of the kneeling Cindy, and a wild note of joy rose high above the dirge.

## AN EBON CHESTERFIELD

From 'Brokenburne.' Copyright, 1897, by E. R. Herrick and Company, New York. By kind permission of the publishers and the author.

Now, flustered and important, the old woman stood in the doorway. "Ole Bene make you welcome ter Brokenburne. Hit do her proud ter sarve young Marse's gues's."

"Is the family away, Aunt Bene?" ventured Clem, anxious for information without displaying his ignorance.

"Young Marse am 'way, but we 'spec's him home mos' any time,—mought be here ter-night, maybe."

"Where is Colonel Balfour?"

"Ole Marse done dead an' gone, lo! dese many years," she said reverently.

"And the Madame?"

"Dead too."

"There was a daughter?"

"Miss Jinny,—but dar hain't nobody lef' ter Brokburne but young Marse; we 'spec's him home mos' any time."

"Ury! Jule!" she shouted, awaking to a sense of hospitality as two ragged little negroes made their appearance. "Take de gemmen's hosses roun' ter de stable, an' min' you feeds an' rubs 'em well too! Marse Clemmie an' young Marse, de vally show you ter your rooms ter-rectly," and with a smile and courtesy she was gone.

"Clem," muttered Frank, watching the soft blue veil float dreamily from his fragrant Havana, "you don't seem to know any more about the present than I do."

"No, it is all traditionary with me. There is a mystery about it I wish I could solve."

"Do you think that it is perfectly safe here?" queried Frank, rising in mock alarm. "I doubt it!" as a thumping sound was heard at the other end of the long hall. Slowly through the dusk it came, nearer and nearer; then the white-haired figure bowed so low it raised itself with difficulty.

"I 'nounce de tea ter-rectly, sar; sarve you ter your rooms, sar." Poor shadow of an ebon Chesterfield! Thy hospital memories awake; thy poor legs feel the nimble impulse of courtly servitude, but Nature says you nay. Thy stock and

waistcoat both well served thy master's sire in his time, and now it serveth thee to help preserve thy house's name in the hour of need!

"I 'nounce de tea shortly, sar, sarve you ter your rooms, sar!"

Who else, but ole Marse's valet!

## AUNT BENE'S STORY

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ARTER while, de sunlight kim er-trimblin' 'cross de bed, so bright and putty, lack hit huntin' fur er place ter res', an' Marse Phil move an' fling his arm ober his head, an' say—"Oh! de pity uv hit—oh! de pity!"

De Baby look at him so yearnes', lack she po'in out her soul des lack water. Den he open he po' sunk' eyes, an' de soul er de man look inter de soul er de 'oman.

"Furginia!" he whisper.

"Philip!" she say, an' de leetle head sink an' sink an' drap on Marse Phil's breas'.

'T ain't no use ter say no mo', fur de Lord done make His sign, an' dey all done seen hit; he, 'douten her tellin' uv him, an' she know hit too. Dat one word—hit were de "Good-bye!" er de yeth, an' de "Howdy!" uv eternity!

She lay him back wid de smile er God on de parted mouf, an' go out—out inter de night dat comin', out inter de snow—an' I hain't no call ter foller uv her.

Hit wa'n't my Baby dat kim back—hit wa'n't my chile!—hit were de leetle Char'ty Sister!

Dey sen' Marse Phil's body home, an' dey bury him sider he Maw.

We ain't go, an' we lets folks say what dey pleases.

Dey sen' de Baby home too, fur ter wait er year 'fore she tak de veil fur good, so's ter be sho' in her min'.

Soon arter we kim, Mam Dink kim wid onnudder paper, an' de Baby sont one back. But dey hain't nobody hear nuffin', 'ca'se dey hain't nobody know nuffin' but me an' Farder Lucien.

But I hain't neber git clost ter de Baby sence de day Marse

Phil die; 'pear lack sumpen des er-drawin' an' er-drawin' her erway.

De niggers lubs her yit, but dey 'se 'feared uv her now, an' ef her wa'n't de chile I nuss an' I raise, I'd be 'feared uv her myse'f. Dough she ain't w'arin' uv 'em now, somehow I allus sees de Char'ty close, an' dey 'pear lack grabeclose ter me.

We spen's heap er times in de grabeyard, 'ca'se all we's got's dar, 'cep'in' young Marse, an' 'pear lack we can't hear fum him. Maybe he dead, too, we says, an' den de Baby bow her head, lack ter say dat she kin b'ar anyt'ing dat gwine come now.

Bimeby, Farder Lucien come, an' go an' talk ter her, fur ter see ef she in de same min' yit. De year mos' out an' hit drawin' nigh de time fur her ter take de veil sho' nough, ef she ain't change her min'.

She smile her sof', sorrowful smile, an' say she ain't change, dat she be ready when de time kim.

I ain't say much. I knows dat she gwine take de veil, but de angils gwine make dat veil, an' she gwine w'ar hit wid er crown. Ef I wa'n't nuffin' but er po' ole nigger, maybe I mought er holp her, maybe I mought better her, but 'fore Gord, young Marse, I couldn', an' I dun know who mought but Gord. Hit break my heart fur ter see her w'arin' ever' day, shadderer an' shadderer, fur de doctor he shake head an' say he cain't retch hit, an' Farder Lucien he pray fur de day er de cornsecratin'. De eend were nigher dan dey 'spec's an' I knowed hit.

Hit happin one night, an' I wakes fum er deep slumberin' ter hear her call, "Mammy! Mammy!" onct or twict, an' I riz up quick, fur I heared onnudder call, des es sho' es Sam'l heared de call er de Lord, an' I lays my han' on her an' say, "Baby, here Mammy!" I make er light an' she say, "Mammy, you is mighty nigh ter me, you has been ever't'ing ter me, ever sence Gord tuck de odders." I tells her dat she allus er comfort an' er joy ter her Mammy, ever since she were borned, an' allus gwine be.

She sorter smile fur erway, an' say, "Not fur long, Mammy, not fur long!"

I wanter sen' fur Farder Lucien, fur somebody, but she ain't want ter be pestered. She say, "All well wid me, Mam-

my. Guard tings when I gone lack you done when I here, an' meet my brudder when he come. Tell him we tried ter wait twel he come, but we couldn'."

I can't do nuffin', I can't say nuffin' but des cry.

"Po' Phil!" she say, "Gord know which were right!"

She wait erwhile, an' den she say suddent lack, "Mammy, when I done dead, let 'em bury me sider Philip Le Grand; I'se done kep' my promise, hit won't do any harm, an' den we bofe wake at de same time in de mornin'." I promise hit de bes' I kin.

"Mammy," she say, "ef dey looks in my heart, dey fin' hit broke, dey fin' hit wasted. I try ter lib ter be er Leetle Sister er de Po', but I cain't, oh! I cain't!"

I tells her how I lub her, how ever'body lub her, but she shake her head. "Ef Jesus des lemme in, Mammy," she say, "I be happy in de lowes' place erroun' de throne. I wanter go, Mammy, ter be wid Jesus, ter be wid my farder, my mudder, wid Phil!" I knowed hit were comin'.

"Mammy," she say arter while, "talk ter me lack I were er leetle chile ergin, don't stop. Po' ole Mammy hol' me close twel dey come fur me!"

Well, I gibs her wine, an' I talks an' talks, lack she tell me, all er-chokin', an' de tears des er-rinin' down lack rain.

I thought I were hard, I thought I were cole, but I hain't ebber hab no tribberlatin' lack ter dis.

Well, I tells her 'bout Gord, lack she didn' know; I tells hit my way, de way she were borned ter, an' I says ober de ole hyme dat she uster lub, 'bout "He plant He footsteps in de sea, an' ride upon de storm," an' she smile ca'se she lack hit, but I dun know what ter do.

Bimeby de breaf git sof'er an' sof'er, an' she say, "Mammy, Mammy!" two er free times, an' I says, "Here Mammy, Baby," ever' time, an' she squiz my han' lack she lub me; den she retch out her arms an' smile. Hain't fur Mammy dis time, 'ca'se I knowed she seed 'em, 'ca'se I knowed she heard 'em call; 'pear lack de room was full er brightness an' de angils an' de light er Gord! Den I knowed fur sho' my Baby were gone, done gone fum dese ole arms fur ebber, done tuck de veil! Gone, ter sorrer an' ter triberlate no mo' on dis here yeth, whar dey hain't no war ner de breakin' er de hearts!

Wid de promise kep' an' de faith unbruk; gone ter meet ole Marse an' young Marse Phil! Nuffin' lef' at Brokenburne, but de house an' de niggers, de home an' de sorrer!

We puts her ter sleep long sider young Marse Phil, wid de roses an' vi'lets ober 'em. I ast hit when dey kim ter me, an' ole Marse Phil he do hit, 'dout er word, 'ca'se he know sumpen, too, dat I ain't know what.

## WHEN LOVE IS DEAD

All poems selected from 'Love Songs and Bugle Calls,' Copyright, 1906, by the author. Published by A. S. Barnes and Company, New York

When love is dead, draw thou the lattice close,
  Shut out the world with all its blare and din;
Rain down the petals of the faded rose,
  Lest pity enter in.

When love is dead, weave thou a checkered pall
  Of broken promises and faith unkept,
And in the twilight when the soft dews fall,
  Thy heart shall know Love wept.

The bee shall drown his homely, humming note
  Upon thine ear, until thy day shall pass;
The woodbird shall reproach thee from the moat,
  And things that throng the grass.

A little child shall look with wondering eye
  Into thine own, and greet thy smile with tears;
A butterfly with ghostly wings shall die,
  And haunt thee through the years.

## A-KNITTING CALEB'S SOCK

The wheel is in the corner,
The spinning is all done,
The treading of the loom is hushed
Against the set of sun.

The back log burns and crackles,
As the autumn breezes sigh,
And the leaves that laugh in summer
Tap the window, whirling by.

And I sit here, thinking, thinking,
In the shadow, while I rock,
A-weaving dreams from out the past
A-knitting Caleb's sock.

The creeper, burned to scarlet,
Drops its trumpet like a torch,
And the white rose, drooped and shattered,
Weeps its dead leaves on the porch.

All too soon, the autumn hoarfrost
Gives its kiss of death and gloom,
All too soon, the winter snowflakes
Come to bleach the crimson bloom!

But I sit here, by the hearthstone,
All alone, and softly rock,
A-weaving dreams from out the past,
A-knitting Caleb's sock.

We are old, for time has proved it,
We are gray, the shadows fall
Softly on the lengthened pathway,
For the shadows come to all.

Like from springtime, both together,
Life has led, from steep to steep,
To the level fields of harvest,
Nigh the solemn gates of sleep.

But the good Lord of the harvest
  Gives the sun, as well as rain,
And we prize the joyous heartbeats,
  In that we have known the pain.

And sometimes I look at Caleb,
  And Caleb looks at me,
And we smile and see the halo
  Of the youth that used to be.

We forget we're old and feeble,
  That the fledglings all have flown,
And save the pair that builded,
  The old nest's all alone!

And we kneel down in the twilight,
  And we pray, as Caleb can—
For two, we gave unto the Lord,
  For three, we gave to man:

And the burden all seems lifted
  From the Promised Day, to be,
And night drifts softly into rest
  For Caleb and for me.

Now I sit and wait for Caleb,
  As I "set the heel" and rock,
To the music of the needles,
  A-knitting Caleb's sock.

## LULLABY

They are fluttering and fluttering, like birds upon the tree—
  Baby bye! Baby bye!
Then shut them tight, my precious, one for you and one for me—
  Bye oh! Baby bye!

Away down in the sheepfold, all the lambkins are at rest—
The little chickabiddies in the feathers soft are pressed—
And good old Mammy Nature holds them all upon her breast—

Bye oh! Baby bye!—
Um! Um! Um! Um!
Bye oh! Baby bye!

We say we're men and women at the early dawn of day—
Baby bye! Baby bye!
But the sunset finds us children, with tears to wipe away—
Bye oh! Baby bye!

No shame to us that stumbled, if we tried to do our part,
No blame to us for failing, if we made an honest start—
Then take it all to Mammy! lay it upon her heart—
Bye oh! Baby bye!—
Um! Um! Um! Um!
Bye oh! Baby bye!

## THE WIZARD OF THE SADDLE

Nathan Bedford Forrest.

'Twas out of the South that the lion heart came,
From the ranks of the Grey like the flashing of flame,
A juggler with fortune, a master with fame—
The rugged heart born to command.

As he rode by the stars of an unconquered will,
And he struck with the might of an undaunted skill;
Unschooled, but as firm as the granite-flanked hill—
As true and as tried as steel.

Though the Grey were outnumbered, he counted no odd,
But fought like a demon and struck like a god,
Disclaiming defeat on the blood-curdled sod,
As he pledged to the South that he loved.

'Twas saddle and spur, or on foot in the field,
Unguided by tactics that knew how to yield;
Stripped of all, save his honor, but rich in that shield,
Full armored by Nature's own hand.

As the rush of the storm, he swept on the foe;
It was "Come!" to his legions, he never said "Go!"
And with sinews unbending, how could the world know
That he rallied a starving host?

And the wondering ranks of the foe were like clay
To these men of flint in the molten day;
And the hell-hounds of war howled afar for their prey,
When the arm of a Forrest led.

For devil or angel, life stirred when he spoke,
And the current of courage, if slumbering, woke
At the yell of the leader, for never was broke,
The record, men wondering read.

With a hundred he charged like a thousand men,
And the hoof-beats of one seemed the tattoo of ten;
What bar were burned bridges or flooded fords, when
The wizard of battles was there?

But his pity could bend to a fallen foe,
The mailed hand soothe a brother's woe;
There was time to be human, for tears to flow—
For the heart of the man to thrill.

Then "On!" as though never a halt befell,
With a swinging blade and the Rebel yell,
Through the song of the bullets and plowshares of hell—
The hero, half iron, half soul!

Swing, rustless blade in the dauntless hand;
Ride soul of a god, through the deathless band,
Through the low green mounds or the breadth of the land,
Wherever your legions dwell!

Swing, Rebel blade, through the halls of fame,
Where courage and justice left your name;
By the torches of glory your deeds shall flame
With the reckoning of Time!

## TENNESSEE

Prize Centennial Ode.

She is touching the cycle—her tender tread
Is soft on the hearts of her hallowed dead,
And she proudly stands where her sons have bled
For God and Tennessee;

Where the love of her women set the seal
Of the warrior's faith, for the country's weal,
With hand on the rifle, and hand on the wheel,
By the altars of Tennessee.

They have builded well for the niche of fame,
Through the sleet of want and the heat of blame,
For the courage of heroes tried the flame,
As they builded Tennessee.

'Twas up to the port-holes and down in the dust,
Not the weight of might, but the force of must,
With faith and rifle-bore free from rust,
They were building Tennessee.

'Twas up in the saddle and off to the fight,
Where arrow and tomahawk shrieked in the light;
But the sinews of pioneers won for the right
The bulwarks of Tennessee.

Then woke the alarm where the British assailed,
Watauga! Backwater! They never had quailed!
Had "the sword of the Lord and of Gideon" failed,
As they battled for Tennessee?

King's Mountain and victory followed fast,
For the men were steel in the leaden blast,
And daring was born in each bullet they cast
For the honor of Tennessee.

They were building well for a race unborn,
As the British plowed through the waving corn,
For the birth-pang of Freedom rang that morn
In the yell of Tennessee!

Ay, parson and warrior fought the same;
They were one in heart and were one in name;
They sowed in flint, but the lilies came
To blossom for Tennessee.

And the bones of her sons lie bleaching far,
From the Mexico Gulf to the northern star;
In the beauty of peace and the valor of war
The first is Tennessee!

Oh! rugged the past that our hearts invoke!
There the sturdy life of a Crockett woke,
And the clarion tones of a Parson Doak
Went ringing for Tennessee!

Oh! "heart Old Hickory," sleeping near!
Oh! chivalrous soul of her John Sevier!
Oh! shades of her unnamed heroes, hear
The record of Tennessee.

There, the name of her Polk starred his country's shield;
Here, Bench and Bar with her signet have sealed;
There, a Cheatham and Jackson on the field
Stood proudly for Tennessee.

She was true when they pressed like a shadowy fate—
Her royal foes at her unbarred gate—
And as true when were menaced her Rights of State,
The mother, Tennessee.

And she gave of her life for the stars and bars,
As she gave her sons for the earlier wars,
And the breast of her motherhood wears the scars
For the manhood of Tennessee.

But she wrought again, in the strength of might,
In the face of defeat and a yielded right,
The Cloth of Gold from the loom of night,
The mantle of Tennessee.

She has given of all that she held most dear,
With a Spartan hope and a Spartan fear,
Crowned in her statehood "Volunteer,"
Glorious Tennessee!

She has rounded the cycle; the tale is told;
The circlet is iron, the clasp is gold;
And the leaves of a wonderful past unfold,
The garland of Tennessee.

And her garments gleam in the sunlit years,
And the songs of her children fill her ears,
And the listening heart of the great world hears
The pæans of Tennessee!

## GETHSEMANE

Yea, come into the garden, Oh! my soul!
The hour is dark, the midnight beckons thee;
Through sighing olives, wringing their soft hands,
The message comes, my soul, to thee and me.

Yea, come into the garden, Oh! my soul!
The flesh is weary and the cheek is wet—
Yea, come—there shines the same star white and clear,
That rests, unsleeping, over Olivet.

What though the way is hard, and on thy woe
The storm and flash of human vengeance burst —
Yea, come into the garden, Oh! my soul!
For thee, the gentle Jesus sought it first.

# JOHN CABELL BRECKINRIDGE

[1821—1875]

BENNETT H. YOUNG

WHEN the tide of immigration in 1783 to 1785 turned from Virginia to Kentucky, it carried with it a manhood and a womanhood that were the equals of any age. A large proportion of these pioneers, the bravest of their kind in American history, were of Scotch-Irish descent. There was something peculiarly fascinating in the new land of Kentucky to the best blood and brawn of Virginia. Only brave men and braver women crossed the Allegheny Mountains westwardly in the last decade of the Eighteenth Century. Kentucky with its splendid landscapes, fertile valleys, marvelous abundance of game, mighty forests, with a richness of soil that staggered human belief, was pictured as an earthly paradise. Across the mountains there had come stories of a region so astonishingly beautiful and wondrously fruitful that those upon whose minds these visions of grandeur had fallen, pictured by day and dreamed by night of the fairyland where all these ideals would become fascinating realities.

As a rule enterprising but restless people become immigrants, yet, in the case of Kentucky, men with large families, and men of position and great wealth for the period in which they lived gathered up their household goods, severed themselves from family surroundings, always dear to the human heart, and turned their faces westward, following the Wilderness Road with its dangers and privations, or marching to the Ohio, at Pittsburg, floated on its beautiful waters, often the scene of savage massacre, to the new Eldorado.

There had come from Ireland a family which had made its mark in the early history of the Virginia colony, and had settled in Augusta County, close to the present site of Staunton. To it on the second of December, 1760, was born John Breckinridge, who in the tremendous breadth of his mental equipments was a self-educated man, with only two years at William and Mary College in Virginia. At the age of nineteen he was chosen, without his knowledge, as a member of the Virginia House of Burgesses; twice elected to this office, twice the election was set aside on account of his youth, and a third time he was returned and then allowed to take his seat.

In 1785 he married a cultured and beautiful woman of distinguished birth, and in 1793, when only thirty-three years of age, he moved to Kentucky and settled in Fayette County, where he lived only thirteen years, yet during this brief period, by his genius and his learning, and by his splendid grasp of the great questions of constitutional liberty, became one of the leading statesmen of America. This remarkable man was twice Speaker of the Kentucky House of Representatives, also United States Senator and Attorney-general of the United States. The history of Kentucky bears the impress of his genius and his learning, and if the authorship of the immortal resolutions of 1793 were his only claim to fame, he would yet be recognized as a truly great man.

He left a son, John C. Breckinridge who lived to be only thirty-five years of age, eleven years less than his distinguished father, and yet at a period in life when men ordinarily begin to wield influence, he had been twice Speaker of the Kentucky House of Representatives, and Secretary of State, and occupied a commanding position in the early history of his adopted Commonwealth. To this Breckinridge was born a son, John Cabell, who was destined to win, in a few brief years, a place in the annals of his country more conspicuous than that held by his distinguished ancestors.

Born in Lexington, Kentucky, on the fifteenth day of January, 1821, he graduated from Centre College in 1839, and in 1847-48 was Major of the Third Kentucky Regiment of Volunteers in the Mexican War. He so conducted himself as to win the admiration and love of his soldiers and the commanders who fought with him in Mexico. In 1849 in Fayette, Henry Clay's own county, which was largely Whig, he as a Democrat, was elected to the Legislature by a triumphant majority, and thus made his entrance into political life and made the "Great Commoner" question as to whether his hitherto unlimited powers had slipped from his grasp.

In 1851 he was elected to the Federal Congress from the Ashland District, which took its name from the home of the renowned Whig leader, Henry Clay. This district was considered an iron-bound Whig constituency, and General Leslie Coombs, one of the most popular men in Kentucky, whose splendid record in the War of 1812 had given him an almost impregnable place in the hearts of the people of his State, was Breckinridge's opponent by special suggestion and request of Mr. Clay. Young Breckinridge's attractive manners, his unsurpassed geniality, his irresistible power on the stump and his superb bearing overcame apparently insurmountable political obstacles, and to the surprise of the country a Democrat won for the first time in the Ashland District.

In 1853 another fierce political battle in this district took place

between General Breckinridge and the Whig forces. Governor Robert P. Letcher, regarded on all hands as the most successful and the ablest Whig political warrior, was called to lead his party. This contest was carried on with unflagging vigor; it attracted national interest, but resulted, as did the first, in Breckinridge's election by a safe majority. Later he was appointed by President Pierce as Minister to Spain, but seeking to retire from public life in order to pursue his profession, he declined to accept this office.

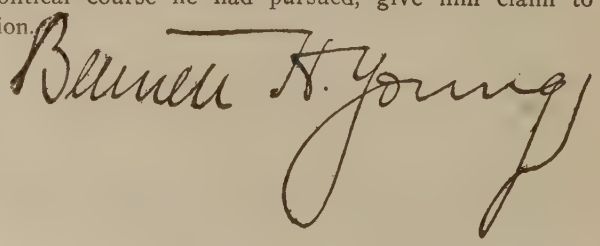
In 1856 he was elected Vice-president with James Buchanan as President, and before his term of office as Vice-president had expired he was elected to the United States Senate from Kentucky for a term of six years from March 4, 1861. In twelve years there had come to him all that political bounty and fortune could bestow. He took his seat in the United States Senate on the fourth of March, 1861, but was forced by his conscience and threatened arrest and imprisonment to leave Washington and his home, and on the eighth of October of that year he issued an address to the citizens of Kentucky giving his reasons for retiring from the Senate and leaving the place which a loving and grateful people had bestowed upon him. Appointed Brigadier-general by President Jefferson Davis, he shared the fortunes of General Albert Sidney Johnston, one of the greatest soldiers of that historic struggle, and on the battle-field of Shiloh, where Johnston died, Breckinridge by his courage, skill, and valor won a distinguished place in the history of that mighty conflict. At Vicksburg and Baton Rouge and Port Hudson he again achieved glory, and on the second of January, 1863, at Murfreesboro, he led one of the most brilliant and disastrous charges in the history of war, losing in half an hour seventeen hundred men out of forty-five hundred engaged. Over his protest he sacrificed two-fifths of his splendid corps in a vain effort to turn the tide of that battle. He accomplished that for which he charged, but the place he won was untenable, and the gallantry and decimation of his legions were without result other than to write his name and the names of his soldiers in brilliant letters on the roll of military fame.

Always renowned, even in defeat, on the blood-stained field of Chickamauga, and again at Missionary Ridge, and still again in the Shenandoah Valley and at Cold Harbor, that scene of awful sacrifice, he came to be recognized as one of the great Major-generals of the Confederate armies. With the laurels of New Market fresh upon his brow, he returned again to a separate command in West Virginia. At Martinsburg, at Shepherdstown, and at Washington, and still later at Saltville he continued to aid the Southern cause; and when the Confederacy was agonizing in the

very throes of dissolution on the fourth of February, 1865, he had the courage and the manliness to accept a position as Secretary of War, when he well knew that his people had already lost in the mighty struggle for independence. Riding through Southern Georgia, North Carolina, and Florida, he escaped and crossed the Gulf of Mexico to Cuba in an open boat, to remain in exile in foreign lands for three years, and later to die in 1875 deprived of the right of citizenship in a country which his talents, genius, and superb courage had done so much to make great. General Breckinridge's part at Shiloh, Baton Rouge, Vicksburg, Port Hudson, Murfreesboro, New Market, Cold Harbor, Lynchburg, Monocacy, Washington and Chickamauga, yielded glory enough to satisfy any ambition.

Thousands of men would give much for so renowned a military history, but when to this are added his distinguished political honors and preferment, they give him a most illustrious position in that period of his country's history covered by his brief life. In the world's annals now and then there are men who seem to be especially favored and so placed as to command extraordinary distinction, and who have a power and opportunity given them which lift them far above other men in their struggles and efforts to win fame or applause; General Breckinridge was the recipient of these in a remarkable degree. He came into military and political life like some blazing meteor, with exceeding brilliance and splendor speeding across the horizon of history. His activities in politics and war covered only a brief span of seventeen years, 1848 to 1865, and in so short a period but few men ever received more, maintained their parts better, were the recipients of greater honors, or bore themselves with nobler dignity, greater skill, or more superb courage either in victory or defeat.

He left but little in literature, but no complete history of the period in which John Cabell Breckinridge lived can be written without saying much of this distinguished son of Kentucky. His discussion with Edward B. Baker, his speech preceding the removal of the Senate into its new quarters, his panegyric on Kentucky's Mexican dead, and his address to the people of Kentucky, giving his reasons for the political course he had pursued, give him claim to literary distinction.



## ON THE REMOVAL OF THE UNITED STATES SENATE

A speech delivered in 1858; the occasion was the last gathering of the United States Senate in the old chamber.

On the sixth day of December, 1819, we assembled for the first time in this chamber, which has been the theatre of our deliberations for more than thirty-nine years.

And now the strife and uncertainties of the past are finished. We see around us on every side the proofs of stability and improvement. The capitol is worthy of the republic. Now public buildings meet the view on every hand. Treasures of science and the arts begin to accumulate. As this flourishing city enlarges, it testifies to the wisdom and forecast that dictated the plan of it. Future generations will not be disturbed with questions concerning the center of population, or of territory, since the steamboat, the railroad and the telegraph have made communication almost instantaneous. The spot is sacred by a thousand memories, which are so many pledges that the city of Washington, founded by him and bearing his revered name, with its beautiful site, bounded by picturesque eminences and the broad Potomac, and lying within view of his home and tomb, shall remain forever the political capital of the United States.

It would be interesting to note the gradual changes which have occurred in the practical working of the Government since the adoption of the Constitution, and it may be appropriate on this occasion to remark one of the most striking of them.

At the origin of the Government, the Senate seemed to be regarded chiefly as an executive council. The President often visited the chamber and conferred personally with this body; most of the business was transacted with closed doors and the Senate took comparatively little part in the legislative debates. The rising and vigorous intellects of the country sought the arena of the House of Representatives as the appropriate theatre for the display of their powers. Mr. Madison observed, on one occasion, that, being a young man and desiring to increase his reputation, he could not afford to

enter the Senate; and it will be remembered that so late as 1812 the great debates which preceded the war and aroused the country to the assertion of its rights took place in the other branch of Congress. To such an extent was the idea of seclusion carried that when this chamber was completed, no seats were prepared for the accommodation of the public, and it was not until many years afterwards that the semi-circular gallery was erected which admits the people to be witnesses of your proceedings. But now the Senate, besides its peculiar relations to the Executive Department of the Government, assumes its full share of duty as a co-equal branch of the Legislature; indeed, from the limited number of its members and for other obvious reasons, the most important questions, especially of foreign policy, are apt to pass first under discussion in this body, and to be a member of it is justly regarded as one of the highest honors which can be conferred on an American statesman.

It is scarcely necessary to point out the cause of this change or to say that it is a concession both to the importance and to the individuality of the States and to the free and open character of the Government.

In connection with this easy but thorough transition, it is worthy of remark that it has been effected without a charge from any quarter that the Senate has transcended its constitutional sphere—a tribute at once to the moderation of the Senate and another proof to thoughtful men of the comprehensive wisdom with which framers of the Constitution secured essential principles without inconveniently embarrassing the action of the Government.

The progress of this popular movement in one aspect of it has been steady and marked. At the origin of the Government, no arrangements in the Senate were made for spectators; in this chamber about one-third of the space is allotted to the public; and in the new apartment the galleries cover two-thirds of its area. In all free countries the admission of the people to witness legislative proceedings is an essential element of public confidence, and it is not to be anticipated that this wholesome principle will ever be abused by the substitution of partial and interested demonstrations for the expression of a matured and enlightened public opinion. Yet it

should never be forgotten that not France, but the turbulent spectators within the hall, awed and controlled the French Assembly. With this lesson and its consequences before us, the time will never come when the deliberations of the Senate shall be swayed by the blandishments or the thunder of the galleries.

It is impossible to disconnect from an occasion like this the crowd of reflections on our past history and of speculations on the future. The most meager account of the Senate involves a summary of the progress of our country. From year to year you have seen your representation enlarge; again and again you have proudly welcomed a new sister into the Confederacy; and the occurrences of this day are a material and impressive proof of the growth and prosperity of the United States. Three periods in the history of the Senate in striking contrast, three epochs in the history of the Union.

On the third of March, 1789, when the Government was organized under the Constitution, the Senate was composed of the representatives of eleven states, containing three millions of people. On the sixth of December, 1819, when the Senate met for the first time in this room, it was composed of the representatives of twenty-one states, containing nine millions of people. To-day it is composed of the representatives of thirty-two states, containing more than twenty-eight millions of people, prosperous, happy and still devoted to constitutional liberty. Let these great facts speak for themselves to all the world.

The career of the United States cannot be measured by that of any other people of whom history gives account, and the mind is almost appalled at the contemplation of the prodigious force which has marked their progress. Sixty-nine years ago, thirteen states, containing three millions of inhabitants, burdened with debt and exhausted by the long war for independence, established for their common good a free Constitution on principles new to mankind and began their experiment with the good wishes of a few doubtful friends and the derision of the world. Look at the result to-day. Twenty-eight millions of people in every way happier than any number in any other part of the globe, the center of population and political power, descending the western slopes of

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the Alleghany Mountains, and the original thirteen states forming but the eastern margin on the map of our vast possessions.

See, besides, Christianity, civilization, and the arts given to a continent; the despised colonies grown into a power of the first class, representing and protecting ideas that involve the progress of the human race; a commerce greater than that of any other nation; free interchange between states; every variety of climate, soil and production to make a people powerful and happy; in a word, behold present greatness and in the future an empire to which the ancient mistress of the world in the height of her glory could not be compared. Such is our country, aye, and more, far more than my mind could conceive or my tongue could utter. Is there an American who regrets the past? Is there one who will deride his country's laws, pervert her Constitution, or alienate her people? If there be such a man, let his memory descend to posterity laden with the execrations of all mankind.

So happy is the political and social condition of the United States, and so accustomed are we to secure enjoyment of a freedom elsewhere unknown, that we are apt to undervalue the treasures we possess and to lose in some degree the sense of obligation to our forefathers. But when the strifes of faction shake the Government, and even threaten it, we may pause with advantage long enough to remember that we are reaping the reward of other men's labors. This liberty we inherit; this admirable Constitution, which has survived peace and war, prosperity and adversity; this double scheme of government, State and Federal, so peculiar and so little understood by other powers, yet which protects the earnings of industry and makes the largest freedom compatible with public order—these great results were not achieved without wisdom and toil and blood; the heroic and touching record is before the world. But to all this we were born and, like heirs upon whom has been cast a great inheritance, have only the high duty to preserve, to extend and to adorn it. The grand productions of the era in which the foundations of this Government were laid reveal the deep sense its founders had of their obligations to the whole family of man. Let us never forget that the responsibilities imposed on this generation are

by so much greater than those which rested on our Revolutionary ancestors as the population, extent and power of our country surpass the dawning promise of its origin.

It would be a pleasing task to pursue many lines of thought, not wholly foreign to this occasion, but the temptation to enter the wide field must be rigorously curbed; yet I may be pardoned, perhaps, for one or two additional reflections.

The Senate is assembled for the last time in this chamber. Henceforth it will be converted to other uses; yet it must remain forever connected with great events, and sacred to the memories of the departed orators and statesmen who here engaged in high debates and shaped the policy of their country. Hereafter the American and the stranger, as they wander through the capitol, will turn with instinctive reverence to view the spot on which so many and great materials have accumulated for history. They will recall the images of the great and good, whose renown is the common property of the Union; and chiefly, perhaps, they will linger around the seats once occupied by the mighty three whose names and fame, associated in life, death has not been able to sever; illustrious men, who, in their generation, sometimes divided, sometimes led, and sometimes resisted public opinion, for they were of that mighty class of statesmen who see the right and follow their convictions.

There sat Calhoun, the Senator, inflexible, austere, oppressed, but not overwhelmed by his deep sense of the importance of his public functions, seeking the truth, then fearlessly following it—a man whose unsparing intellect compelled all his notions to harmonize with deductions of his rigorous logic, and whose noble countenance habitually wore the expression of one engaged in the performance of high public duties.

This was Webster's seat. He, too, was every inch a Senator. Conscious of his own vast powers, he reposed with confidence on himself, and, scorning the contrivances of smaller men, he stood among his peers all the greater for the simple dignity of his senatorial demeanor. Type of his Northern home, he rises before the imagination, in the grand and granite outline of his form and intellect, like a great New England

rock, repelling a New England wave. As a senatorial orator, his great efforts are historically associated with this chamber, whose very air seems to vibrate beneath the strokes of his tones and his weighty words.

On the outer circle sat Henry Clay, with his impetuous and ardent nature untamed by age and exhibiting in the Senate the same vehement patriotism and passionate eloquence that of yore electrified the House of Representatives and the country. His extraordinary personal endowments, his courage, all his noble qualities, invested him with an individuality and a charm of character which in any age would have made him a favorite of history. He loved his country above all earthly objects. He loved liberty in all countries. Illustrious man! Orator, patriot, philanthropist, whose light, at its meridian, was seen and felt in the remotest parts of the civilized world, and whose declining sun, as it hastened down the West, threw back its level beams in hues of mellowed splendor to illuminate and to cheer the land he loved and served so well.

And now, Senators, we leave this memorable chamber, bearing with us unimpaired the Constitution we received from our forefathers. Let us cherish it with grateful acknowledgment to the Divine power who controls the destinies of empires and whose goodness we adore. The structures reared by men yield to the corroding tooth of time. These marble walls must molder into ruin, but the principles of constitutional liberty guarded by wisdom and virtue, unlike material elements, do not decay. Let us devoutly trust that another Senate, in another age, shall bear to a new and larger chamber this Constitution, vigorous and inviolate, and that the last generation of posterity shall witness the deliberations of the representatives of American States still united, prosperous and free.

## THE RIGHTS OF A CITIZEN

Speech on the bill for the Suppression of Insurrection and Rebellion, United States Senate, July 16, 1861.

MR. PRESIDENT, we have had a good deal of talk about rights, the rights of states, and the rights of individuals; some of them have been said to be shadowy and imaginary; but the

right of every citizen to be arrested only by warrant, and his right to have his body brought before a judge, the judicial authority, in order that the grounds of that arrest may be determined upon is a real right. There can be no dispute about that. It is a right of rights. It belongs to all—high, low, rich, poor. It is especially the right of that class whom His Excellency, the President, calls "plain people." It is a right, the respect for which is the measure of progress and of civilization. It is a right that has been struggled for, fought for, guarded by laws, and locked up in constitutions. To have maintained it by arms, to have suffered for it, and then to have established it upon foundations so immutable that the authority of the sovereign cannot shake it, is the chief glory of the British people, from whom we derive it.

* * * * * *

We can only hope that this flash of frenzy may not assume the form of chronic madness, and that in any event Divine Providence may preserve for us and for posterity, out of the wreck of a broken Union, the priceless principles of constitutional liberty and of self-government.

## PUBLIC AND PERSONAL LIBERTY

Speech in United States Senate, August 1, 1861, On Bill to Suppress Insurrection.

Mr. President, gentlemen talk about the Union as if it was an end instead of a means. They talk about it as if it was the union of these states which alone had brought into life the principles of public and of personal liberty. Sir, they existed before, and they may survive it. Take care that in pursuing one idea you destroy not only the Constitution of your country, but sever what remains of the Federal Union. These eternal and sacred principles of public and of personal liberty, which lived before the Union and will live forever and ever somewhere, must be respected; they cannot with impunity be overthrown; and if you force the people to the issue between any form of government and these priceless principles, that form of government will perish; they will tear it asunder as the irrepressible forces of nature rend whatever opposes them. * * * I repeat what I uttered the other day, that if in-

deed the Commonwealth of Kentucky, instead of attempting to mediate in this unfortunate struggle, shall throw her energies into the strife, and approve the conduct and sustain the policy of the Federal Administration in what I believe to be a war of subjugation, and which is being proved every day to be a war of subjugation and annihilation, she may take her course. I am her son, and will share her destiny, but she will be represented by some other man on the floor of this Senate.

## SACRIFICE FOR PRINCIPLE

From 'Address to the People of Kentucky.'

WHILE yet holding an important political trust, confided by Kentucky, I was compelled to leave my home and family, and suffer imprisonment and exile. If it is asked why I did not meet the arrest and seek a trial, my answer is, that I would have welcomed an arrest to be followed by a judge and jury; but you well know that I could not have secured these constitutional rights. I would have been transported beyond the State, to languish in some Federal fortress during the pleasure of the oppressor. Witness the fate of Morehead and his Kentucky associates in their distant and gloomy prison.

* * * * * *

To defend your birthright and mine, which is more precious than domestic ease, or property, or life, I exchange, with proud satisfaction, a term of six years in the Senate of the United States for the musket of a soldier.

# JOHN ALBERT BROADUS

[1827—1895]

WILLIAM HETH WHITSITT

JOHN ALBERT BROADUS, the youngest child of Major Edmund Broadus, was born in Culpeper County, Virginia, on the twenty-seventh of January, 1827, and was named in honor of John and Albert Simms, two brothers of his mother. On both sides he was descended from ancient and honorable Virginia families. His father was a man of influence, and served almost twenty years in the Legislature of Virginia. His uncle, Albert G. Simms, conducted for almost a generation a classical academy in Culpeper County, where John Albert laid the foundations of his education. By an unexpected chance he was enabled in the year 1846 to enter the University of Virginia, where he graduated in 1850 with the degree of Master of Arts.

In 1843 he had joined the Baptist denomination, and in August, 1846, just before leaving Culpeper for Charlottesville, he had formed a resolution to enter the Christian ministry. After teaching a year in a private school he was enabled to return to the University of Virginia as Assistant Professor of the Classic Languages, a department that was then conducted by Dr. Gessner Harrison. In addition to his duties in the University, he had also undertaken to serve as pastor of the Baptist Church of Charlottesville. He sustained the labors of these two offices for two years, at the end of which time he perceived that it would be necessary for him to make choice of one or the other of them. He resigned his position at the University in 1853 in order that he might give all his time and strength to the service of his church.

That work was prosecuted with diligence and success, until the year 1855, when, in response to many solicitations, he consented to accept the position of Chaplain to the University and held it for two years, meanwhile employing an associate pastor to have charge of his congregation in Charlottesville. It was also in the year 1855 that the School of Classic Languages at the University was divided. While Professor Harrison retained the School of Latin, it was suggested that Broadus might occupy the Chair of Greek if he should elect to do so. It was indeed a momentous decision, but he had made up his mind and would permit nothing to entice him

away from the Christian pulpit. The offer of a professorship was therefore declined, and in the year 1857, after completing his labors as Chaplain, he returned to his work in Charlottesville.

The Baptists of the Southern States had long been contemplating the enterprise of erecting a theological school, and earnest efforts were made to induce him to quit the labors of the pastorate and take a hand in that work. He had resisted these suggestions with decision, but at last they were presented with so much force and clearness that he considered it would be proper to yield to them. In the summer of 1859 he resigned his church, and removed to Greenville, South Carolina, where the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary was opened on the first day of October. The remainder of his life was devoted to the cause and interests of that institution. There were many trials of war and reconstruction and poverty and panic and opposition and of indifference, but his courage never wavered. Many invitations were presented to engage in other more prosperous and promising enterprises, but he put them all aside, and in the end it was given him to enjoy a great degree of success. The school was finally established on a secure foundation at Louisville, Kentucky, where it seems destined to endure and flourish for many generations.

Gessner Harrison, who exerted more influence upon young Broadus than any other teacher at the University of Virginia, was perhaps the most important figure in the educational history of the Southern States in the period before the Civil War. He was a modern man. He was the first man to turn his back upon the methods that had been pursued for generations by students of the classic languages in England and America. He embraced the comparative philology almost as soon as it appeared in Germany, and discarded the old style methods in classic philology. It was a dangerous venture in Virginia; but Harrison was a man of eminent ability, industry and tact, and he succeeded after many years of exertion. There can be no question that he is a striking figure in our pedagogical annals. Full justice has never yet been done him. When the time shall come for him to be weighed in the balance he will not be found wanting. His 'Latin Grammar' (1852), and his 'Greek Prepositions' (1858), may not be remarkable performances when judged by the standards that now prevail, but they form a brave landmark in Southern education—and will one day obtain their just rights in the estimation of critical historians. Harrison came to be regarded at the University with enthusiasm and admiration, and his influence was paramount at the time when Broadus entered his classes in 1846.

It was a momentous circumstance for young Broadus that he

should fall under the power and training of this excellent modern man and scholar. Comparative philology had come out of Germany. Bopp and Pott were the daily companions of Professor Harrison. The scholarship of England and France was acknowledged to be respectable in its way, but English and French scholars no longer occupied positions of precedence. In the coterie that surrounded Harrison, German learning was hailed with the first honor. This tendency must have received an additional strong impulse in 1856, when young Gildersleeve, who had just been honored with the degree of Doctor of Philosophy at Göttingen, entered upon his duties as Professor of Greek. It may be doubted whether a like enlightened body of scholars could have been found at this time anywhere else in the Southern country. It was a small company, but the best hopes of Southern education appear to have existed among them.

The foremost disciple of Gessner Harrison carried with him to South Carolina the character that had been stamped upon him by the hand of his master. He had obtained the best and most modern education that it was possible to find among Southern men, or perhaps among those of any other section of our country. He had broken with the educational traditions and methods of earlier days. He stood in the midst of a clearer light, and his eyes were turned toward the rising sun. He was heartily devoted to the better learning and ideals. He was *facile princeps* among his colleagues in the theological seminary, and among the Baptist clergy of the Southern country. He was the leading force and figure in that denomination of Christians, and perhaps in any denomination.

But there was another peculiarity that gained for him a position of preëminence. In addition to the new learning that was conveyed to him by Harrison, he developed on his own account a new style of preaching. He possessed a masterful intellect, and it had been furnished with excellent learning, but at heart Dr. Broadus was a mystic. The emotions constituted the strongest item of his endowment. It was therefore natural and perhaps inevitable that his preaching should be directed chiefly to the emotions, and only in the second place to the intellect of his hearers. When he entered the pulpit all his powers of reason were enlisted in the service of the emotions. He once exclaimed: "If I were asked what is the first thing in effective preaching, I should say, sympathy; and what is the second thing, I should say, sympathy; and what is the third thing, sympathy." He was a marvel of chastened emotional impulse and power.

He could not reach the emotions of his auditors by the use of elaborate theological disquisitions. It was the wonder of thousands

that a man of powerful and well trained intellect, should lay his learning aside and speak in a very simple strain. Yet he did not lay aside his learning. On the contrary, every shred and item of it was employed to prepare and perfect the simple discourses that won the hearts of multitudes of men. His wide reading and exquisite taste in literature were laid under tribute, along with all the wealth of science and art, in order to render his simple message winning and effective.

His charm was indeed extraordinary. Perhaps it will be long before anything so engaging and admirable shall appear among us again. And yet his authority was more commanding than that of almost any other teacher of religion. The public entertained almost absolute confidence in the thoroughness and candor of his scholarship, and his insight into the mysteries of the human heart appeared to be almost superhuman.

William H. Whitsitt.

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## MEMORIAL OF GESSNER HARRISON*

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He fell amid the storm of war. Three years earlier and the death of Gessner Harrison would have stirred the whole South. The journals of every state would have contained tributes from many an admiring and grateful pupil. In Virginia especially we should have been told in eloquent terms how much he had done to raise the standard of education throughout the State, and the story of his laborious life would have been lovingly connected with the history of that great University which was the pride of all educated Virginians. But he died when the war tempest had long been raging, when the darkness was deepening, and many hearts were beginning to shudder lest all things we most loved should go down together; and he fell almost as unnoticed as falls a single drop into a stormy sea. To this day it is sometimes asked by intelligent men where the famous professor is, and what he is doing. Already when he died the hearts of men were becoming filled with the love of our great military leaders, the love which afterwards grew into an absorbing passion. *Inter arma silent litteræ.* And so it is likely that the young of to-day can scarcely believe, the old cannot without difficulty recall, how widely known, how highly honored and admired, how warmly loved, was the mere civilian, the quiet and unpretending professor of 1859. It is surely worth while, then, not only out of respect for his honored memory, but for our own sake, and for sweet learning's sake, that we should spend an hour here, so near to his old lecture-room, to his home, and to his grave, in reminding ourselves and telling to all whom our voices can reach, what a man he was, and what a work he performed.

Gessner Harrison was the son of Peachy Harrison, M.D., of the town of Harrisonburg, twenty-five miles north of Staunton. His mother's maiden name was Mary Stuart. The father was a member of the Senate of Virginia, and of the famous convention of 1829-30. He took great interest in politics, and was accounted the leader of his political party in

*Before the Society of Alumni of the University of Virginia, July 2, 1873.

that region. But he abandoned public life through love of his profession. He was the leading physician of Rockingham, including in his practice most of the best families of the county, and patients frequently came to him from other counties. Not only in politics and in his profession, but in all the relations and duties of life, he showed himself a man of uncommon good sense, and sound judgment. He was very fond of reading, and collected a considerable library. He greatly admired the German character, of which some excellent though humble specimens were among the early settlers of that region, and the German literature, so far as it then existed and was known to him; and his liking for the Swiss poet Gessner, particularly for a poem on the "Death of Abel," led him to give the name Gessner to his second son. He was a deeply devout Christian and a decided Methodist.

There are few things so truly honorable as to be a really good physician—a man of strong sense, good general and professional cultivation, superior skill, ready sympathies and earnest piety. All this the elder Harrison was, in a high degree. His son Gessner also was not mistaken in the early feeling which drew him toward the same calling, for he was by nature singularly suited to its pursuit, though Providence had other work for him to do. A much younger son, Dr. Peachy Rush Harrison, showed the same specific talent, and entered upon practice in Harrisonburg with extraordinary success and the brightest prospects, but was cut off by an untimely death.* The father died in 1848; his excellent and estimable wife survived till 1857.

Gessner was born June 26, 1807, in the town of Harrisonburg; but his father soon afterward removed to an old family homestead a little way out, so that his children lived in the country, and yet were near the town. The older son, Edward, delighted in hunting, but Gessner became fond of farming. Through all his career he longed for country life and agriculture, and in his last year or two we shall find him entering upon this with great relish. He began to attend school at the age of four years, and at eight began the Latin grammar. He is described by a surviving relative as a very small boy, with ruddy

*Two sons of Gessner Harrison are physicians, Dr. George Tucker Harrison and Dr. H. W. Harrison, both of New York City.

cheeks; a favorite with the girls of the school, and at the same time exceedingly fond of his studies and of general reading. At home he always carried a book in his pocket, and when occupied in cutting wood, or such duties, he would never sit down to rest but the book was at once taken out.

Among his early teachers were a Mr. Davis, who had been tutor in William and Mary College, and Rev. Daniel Baker, a Presbyterian minister, who afterward became quite famous all over the South as a revivalist. In the 'Life of Dr. Baker' is a note from Dr. G. Harrison, stating that for some years of his boyhood he was a pupil of Dr. B., and that he had always regarded him as having displayed, in a very eminent degree, some of the best qualities of a teacher of youth. On his last visit to the University, when quite an old man, Dr. Baker greatly amused the professor's younger children by telling of the circumstances of a whipping which he had on one single occasion found it necessary to administer. Two other Presbyterian divines, Messrs. Smith and Hendren, were among the growing boy's instructors. And the case is scarcely singular: a large proportion of the best school-teaching done in Virginia in those days was done by the Presbyterian ministers.

Professor Henry Tutwiler, of Alabama, who was Gessner Harrison's school-mate at Harrisonburg, his room-mate at the University, and his most intimate friend through life, states that there was in Harrisonburg a small town library, of which Dr. Peachy Harrison was a stockholder, and the books of which his sons were accustomed to read, besides those they found at home. From this library Gessner obtained Horne Tooke's 'Diversions of Purley,' which he read with great delight, and to which, Mr. Tutwiler thinks, his fondness for philological studies is largely due. With all its blunders, and even absurdities, as they may now be considered, the 'Diversions of Purley' was an epoch-making book, opening the period of philological study of the English language, of which we are now beginning to reap some good fruits; and it exhibits such kindling enthusiasm for the subject as could not fail to awaken any native appetency for the study of language.

Such were the advantages, domestic, and educational, which Gessner Harrison had enjoyed, when, at the age of nearly eighteen, he came, with his older brother, Edward, to enter

the University, whose first session then began March 1, 1825. His father did not share in the fears which led many devout men in the Commonwealth to keep their sons away from the University, because there was no provision made in its Constitution for religious instruction or religious worship. Perhaps his intense political sympathy with Mr. Jefferson made some amends for the lack of sympathy as to evangelical Christianity. And, no doubt, he relied much on the religious education he had given his sons, on their fixed religious principles (the elder being, in fact, already a professed Christian), and on the influence which, even at a distance, would be maintained by their home and their parents. After all, these are the youth's best safeguards as he goes to meet the temptations which, in one way or another, he must encounter; the armor in which he will best fight the battles that may not be escaped. The fears which have been mentioned as entertained by many were, no doubt, exaggerated. They had never heard or dreamed of a college without religious worship and compulsory attendance upon it, as, even to the present day, such compulsory attendance is regarded as necessary in most American colleges; and the idea of a University in which there would be no prayers nor preaching was to them in the highest degree alarming. But Mr. Jefferson's determination at all hazards to maintain religious liberty, as an indispensable element of freedom in general, if it led to an extreme in this case, certainly led to that extreme which lay in the right direction. He was confident that whatever was really necessary in the way of religious instruction and worship would, in one way or another, be voluntarily introduced here by the various denominations of Christians. And although the void left was at first an evil, we all know how, in the course of a few years and in the ordering of Providence, it was filled; how, as nothing in this respect had been instituted, something grew, in a form perfectly free and generally satisfactory, attended by a thousand blessed results, and capable of being altered without difficulty if the circumstances of the future should demand it.

There was nothing very striking in the appearance of young Gessner Harrison when he came to the University. He was somewhat below the middle height, with a low forehead, and a head whose general shape was an exception to the rules of

phrenology; his face, though quite engaging, was rather homely, with one remarkable exception. His dark eyes were singularly beautiful and expressive. One of the few sensible things which Miss Fredrika Bremer contrived to say in the extended account she gave of her visit, many years after this, to the University, was her laudatory reference to the chairman of the faculty's "beautiful, meditative eye." In truth, that eye would express, all unconsciously to him, not only meditation, but every phase of feeling; and, as the years went on, it seemed to a close observer to hide, in its quiet depths, all he had thought, all he had suffered, all he had become—the whole world of his inner life. These fine eyes, which were, no doubt, a little downcast when he first diffidently met the professors, with the ruddy cheeks which had pleased the school-girls, and a voice most of whose tones were quite pleasing and some of them exceedingly sweet, made no small amends for his general homeliness.

Mr. George Long, who had come over from England to be professor of ancient languages, and who is still living in the south of England, writes as follows: "I well remember Dr. Harrison bringing in his two boys, and my examining them. Gessner Harrison was then a good scholar, considering the opportunities that he had. He was very diligent, he possessed a good understanding, and was, in all respects, an excellent young man." Mr. Long states that, besides attending some of his classes during all the three years that he remained at the University, the young student also read with him privately sometimes in several Greek authors. Mr. Tutwiler mentions that he had brought with him to the University some knowledge of German, and that he studied German as well as French with Dr. Blättermann, the remarkable linguist who was professor of modern languages. Intending to be a physician and loving language, Harrison confined himself to ancient and modern languages, chemistry and medicine. But, in Mr. Tutwiler's opinion, he would have distinguished himself in mathematics, had he attended that school. The opinion common among the students in late years was very different. A story had great currency that, some years after Dr. Harrison became professor, he and Mr. Bonnycastle, the celebrated professor of mathematics, undertook to teach each other in geom-

etry and Latin. This was true, but the story went on to say that before they had gone far Mr. Bonnycastle one day railed out, "Is it possible that you cannot demonstrate so simple a proposition as that?" The other replied testily, "Humph! you haven't sense enough to decline a Latin noun of the first declension." Mr. Tutwiler refers to this story, and remarks that it doubtless "had as little foundation as such stories usually have." So intimate with Harrison, at school and at the University, and himself afterwards eminent in mathematics, Mr. Tutwiler can well judge as to his friend's capacities in this respect. Dr. Harrison himself was once asked about the famous story, and said, in his quiet way, that he was not aware that either Mr. Bonnycastle or himself gave up their proposed studies together for any other reason than the fact that they were both extremely busy. So much has been said upon this point for a reason. There is nothing more common among students than the notion that that rather nondescript thing they delight to call genius is best manifested by remarkable success in the study of some one subject, attended by remarkable stupidity as to others. Some bright enough, but slightly idle young fellow, who got badly started in Greek or in algebra, and is now too proud or too indolent to go back and, in sheer schoolboy fashion, work over the elements of the neglected subject, will readily abandon it altogether, with the persuasion that he has "no talent" for languages, or for mathematics; and this he states to his friends without shame, from a secret feeling that the fact only sets in bright contrast his greater talent for something else. And the fashion used to be to clinch the whole thing by telling the apocryphal story of Dr. Harrison and Mr. Bonnycastle. It is very certain that Dr. Harrison did not think lightly of mathematics and physical science as one great department of our means of culture; though he had little patience with the notion, sometimes unwisely put forward, that the study of these subjects alone will constitute a complete education.

Of the little that is now remembered concerning his quiet and uneventful student life, it will suffice to mention one incident. It was noticed as a peculiarity of the young Harrisons that they would never study on Sunday. With their decided character and convictions, they would find no great difficulty

in standing comparatively alone in this respect. But there came a severer test. The venerable Father of the University, who survived during the first and part of the second session, desired to become personally acquainted with the students. The desire was, no doubt, due partly to that affectionate and truly paternal interest in them which he manifested in every way, and partly also to the hope of gaining personal influence over them through the power of social intercourse—a power which the great statesman had fully recognized and constantly wielded in all his political career. Accordingly, he invited the students to dine with him at Monticello. As Sunday had always been a favorite day with him and many of his neighbors for dinner parties, and as the students had more leisure on that day, he invited them, by groups, in alphabetical order, to dine with him on successive Sundays. When the two Harrisons were reached they wrote him a note, stating that their father, who was a member of the Methodist Church, had trained them to observe the Sabbath with great strictness; that not even their having had the honor and pleasure of dining with Mr. Jefferson would console him for their having committed a violation, as he would conceive, of the Sabbath; and that, therefore, out of respect for their father's conviction—to say nothing of their own—they felt constrained to deny themselves the happiness, etc. Mr. Jefferson sent them, in reply, one of those exquisitely felicitous notes for which he was famous. He said it gave him the highest gratification, it was a consolation to his old age, to meet with such an instance of filial piety; to find young men showing such respect for their father's opinions, at a time when too many of the young were inclined to disregard the counsels of age and the wishes of parents. And he ended by particularly requesting that on a certain day of the next week they would dine with him, and he could take no denial. They went, were received with singular courtesy, and spent hours of great enjoyment, being, as the faculty, in a tribute to Mr. Jefferson's memory the following year, said had often been true of themselves, "instructed and delighted by the rare and versatile powers of that intellect which time had enriched with facts without detracting from its lustre, and charmed with those irresistible manners which were dictated by delicacy and benevolence."

In July, 1828, at the close of the third session, the first graduates of the University were declared, viz.: three in Greek, three in mathematics, one in chemistry, and three in medicine. The graduates in Greek were Gessner Harrison, Henry Tutwiler, and Robert M. T. Hunter; and Gessner Harrison was also one of the three graduates in medicine, with the title of Doctor of Medicine.

Expecting soon to enter upon the practice of his profession, the young physician little imagined what awaited him. The London University had just been established, and Mr. Long, the Professor of Ancient Languages, and Mr. Key, the Professor of Mathematics, in the University of Virginia, both being Masters of Arts, and the former a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, were induced to return to England and take the Chairs of Greek and Latin in the new institution. Mr. Jefferson had drawn the first professors nearly all from abroad, because his University was to be widely different from anything existing in America, and he wanted men new to the country. This plan worked well as to the instruction, though possibly the effect was not so good upon the discipline. Mr. Long states: "When I was leaving, I was consulted by some one or more of the visitors about the choice of a successor. My advice was not to get another professor from England, for various reasons, but particularly because I thought that they had a young man who was fit for the place, a Virginian, and I recommended Harrison." The proposition was somewhat startling. Mr. Long himself had become professor here at the age of twenty-four, but young Harrison was barely twenty-one, and had never been outside of Virginia. The visitors gave him the appointment temporarily for one year, and the next year made it permanent. It was truly an honor; for the visitors who consulted Mr. Long were, as he thinks, Chapman Johnson and Joseph C. Cabell, and the Rector at the time was James Madison. But the young appointee had scarcely time to think of the high compliment, for he was oppressed by a sense of responsibility, and by an almost painful self-distrust, which, even several years later, in his private letters, is still expressed.

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Had Dr. Harrison's life been less burdened with the over-

whelming drudgery of elementary instruction, and had he been more favorably situated for publishing it is believed that he would have taken an active and prominent part in the advancement of Comparative Etymology. He would have increased his slender knowledge of Sanscrit and Arabic, would have mastered the Turkish and Polish, into which he dipped with so much relish, and would have no longer been dependent for materials upon Bopp and Pott and the rest. But there was little time, no sympathy in all the wide land, and no possibility that writings of this sort could find sale outside of Germany. So he confined himself, as we have seen, to the application of Comparative Etymology to Latin and Greek. Most of the etymology, as well as the syntax, in his work on Latin Grammar was the result of his own studies. He himself distinctly says this, in a letter to Mr. Tutwiler, at the time of its appearance. Three or four years ago the book was shown by an American student to Professor Curtius, who is now at Leipzig, and stands at the head of all living scholars in Comparative Etymology. In returning it afterward he said, "This is a good book, an excellent book for the time at which it appeared; though, of course, we have got a good way beyond it by this time." The time at which it appeared was 1852. Had Curtius known that nearly all of the etymological portion, to which alone his attention was directed, had appeared in the earlier volume which Dr. Harrison printed for his class in 1839, only six years after Bopp's first part was published, and at least six years before Curtius himself made his first publication, he would, doubtless, have used still stronger language.

Dr. Harrison did not live to publish anything on Greek Grammar in general; but it is hardly necessary to say that he had made as careful application of Comparative Etymology to Greek as to Latin.

On the study of syntax he was still more completely original. Here the material was at hand, for him as well as for others. His views of the subject were all thoroughly his own, were in some cases absolutely as well as relatively original, and were always of great practical value to the student who mastered them. The English and American Grammars existing during the greater part of his thirty years' work gave only empirical rules of syntax. The tendency of the German

works on syntax, as most notably exemplified by Kühner, whose complete Greek Grammar appeared in 1834-35, was to construct *a priori* theories of syntax, and then ingeniously explain the facts of the language to suit the theory. Of late years the English works have tended to be more philosophical, and the German to be more practical, than was then the case. Dr. Harrison constructed his system of syntax upon the true inductive method: he collected and compared the facts, analyzed and arranged them, and gradually worked his way back to such fundamental principles as seemed to comprehend them; then returning, he sought, by the help of these principles, to explain the facts as they occur, and so the process was complete. To his better pupils it was often delightful to see how completely he would explain the exact meaning of some obscure or uncommon expression by the application of the great and simple principles he had taught, and how satisfactorily these principles would guide them, when once really understood, through the task of composing in the languages studied.

Syntax is a high and difficult branch of metaphysics. In all metaphysical inquiries there is room for difference of opinion. It is not necessary to maintain that Hamilton is everywhere correct, in order to hold that his system is, in a high degree, able and instructive. And so here. Independent inquirers will, of course, differ as to various theories of syntax. Other views may seem to some of us better on this point or that, or even in general, and yet it may remain true that the system before us is eminently instructive and practically useful.

Besides the work on Latin Grammar, in Dr. Harrison's later treatise 'On the Greek Prepositions and the Cases of Nouns with which they are used' (published in 1858), his truly philosophical, thoroughly inductive method of inquiry is, if possible, still more strikingly exhibited. It was a task of immense labor. Besides gathering from all existing collections, he often spent many days in hunting up, from Greek writers of every period, better examples, or new uses, of a certain preposition. Every particular use of it was carefully analyzed. Nothing was considered as settled by previous inquiry. Then, by gradual generalization, a theory was sought which, in the language often employed as to physical science,

would "account for the phenomena." He was full of enthusiasm for his inquiries. A friend, who had some special sympathy with them, dropped into dinner one day, and, when the doctor entered, he could scarce take time to say grace, before, in a voice tremulous and eager, he said: "I think I have found it, sir; I am almost sure I have got the true explanation of *meta* with the accusative in the sense of 'after.'" Beautiful enthusiasm! The would-be wise, the boastfully practical world will sneer. But there is hardly anything so much needed in America to-day, save honesty and the fear of God, as this very enthusiasm for pure science, as the spirit that will toil, no matter how long, to find out something, and will then break forth into its joyous *Eureka,* in the dear delight of added knowledge, not yet stopping to ask how far the discovery will be of practical utility. Heaven send us more of such men—not visionary dreamers, but sagacious, patient and enthusiastic inquirers after truth.

Dr. Harrison's books were both of them too difficult, and 'The Greek Prepositions,' particularly, was too high above the ordinary range of classical studies in this country to become popular. They both paid expenses, the latter only because it was published by subscription. It was his purpose to publish elementary works, and refer the teachers and more advanced pupils who used them to these higher treatises. Many other plans he had—e.g., to discuss the Greek Conjunctions as thoroughly as he had done the prepositions. Meantime, the two works have not been without gratifying recognition of their value. The Latin Grammar is still used in the University and some other institutions. 'The Greek Prepositions' has been much employed by various students of Biblical Philology. Bishop Ellicott, the foremost grammatical commentator in England, has spoken of it in high terms. Mr. George Long was deriving much practical help from it last year in the translation of a difficult Greek author. Dr. Addison Alexander, perhaps the leading scholar in Biblical learning that this country has yet produced, wrote to the author that he had read every word of both his works with unfailing interest and much profit; and this, though at the time he was not teaching either Latin or Greek. Dr. Alexander criticised the Latin Grammar as too condensed

in style, too difficult for the ordinary student, and when the 'Greek Prepositions' appeared, he said its style showed great improvement in this respect. Both statements were no doubt correct. Dr. Harrison's style of writing can scarcely be considered felicitous. In all his earlier publications, including the 'Latin Grammar,' he aimed too much at comparison, partly from the extreme desire to keep down the number of pages, through the well-grounded fear that books suited only to the higher class of students, and from a Southern author, would find but little sale. In the 'Greek Prepositions' he indulged more in expansion and variety of statements; but here the nature of the subject, the very idea of five hundred octavo pages about Greek cases and prepositions, has restricted the volume to an extremely narrow circle of readers. Yet it may be questioned whether any book has ever appeared in America, if indeed any has appeared in Great Britain, that belongs to so elevated a plane of philological study, that so surely stamps its author as having been, in the department of philology, a great man. Would that the work might be so brought to the notice of true scholars in America and England as yet to find "fit audience, though few."

It may be added that as a lecturer Dr. Harrison's style, though peculiar and having obvious faults, was much better than in writing. He had not a ready command of expression; and his first statements of an idea were often partial, involved and obscure. But he perfectly knew—a thing not very common—when he had, and when he had not made himself clear. He would try variety of expression, searching for the right word or phrase, would approach the thought from different directions, gradually closing in till he seized it; and when he reached his final expression it was vigorous, clear, complete. Then he would watch his audience with lively interest, and if he saw many clouded faces, would repeat his process, with all manner of illustration and iteration, till at last, the greater part of them could see clearly. This close observation of the class, this sympathy with their efforts to understand, and unwearied pains in helping them through difficulties, is one of the surest marks of the true teacher. He made constant use of the blackboard, often drawing quaint diagrams to assist the comprehension of the

abstractions of syntax, and he enlivened attention by frequent and apparently spontaneous gushes of a homely humor, as racy as it was peculiar.

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The rest of the story may be briefly told. His school for boys for the first year, in the upper part of this county, was very successful and profitable, though the conduct and profits of the boarding department pertained to another. In 1860 he purchased a plantation in Nelson County, and made extensive arrangements beginning with one hundred scholars, and with very bright prospects in almost every respect. His old pupils in Virginia and the Gulf States were eager to put their sons under his charge. But for the war, he could hardly have failed of signal success. He was only fifty-three years old, and apparently in very firm health. He was full of enthusiasm for his new undertaking, was relieved by at least a change of burdens, his early love of country life was gratified, and he had many proofs of such widespread esteem and appreciation throughout the South, as has seldom fallen to the lot of an American professor. But for the war-cloud which was rising in the horizon, he would have enjoyed, in that autumn of 1860, no ordinary measure of happiness. But before the session ended the war had begun. Half his pupils had left, the rest found it difficult to pursue their daily tasks, and the collections for the session could not be made. Having incurred heavy pecuniary liabilities for the plantation and the buildings, he could not but feel grave perplexity and apprehension. His greatest trouble was, as he wrote to his bosom friend, Tutwiler, that he could not make a contribution of money to the government at Richmond, as he had hoped to do. But he was thankful that he had three or four sons who would enter the army. He was intensely interested in the struggle. Having opposed separate secession as impolitic, he yet fully believed in the justice of the Southern cause in general. And while wise enough to foresee, as so many among us did not, that the conflict would be protracted and terrible, he declared in strong terms, that it must be fought through.

In the autumn of 1861 he opened a third session, and pupils were not wanting. But pecuniary difficulties, deep

concern for the country, and yearning anxiety as to the welfare, in body and soul, of his sons who were in the army, together with the labor of teaching, told upon his health. He did not seem to be sick, but his appetite became capricious, and he appeared to be depressed. Late in the autumn one of his sons was brought home very ill with camp-fever, and continued ill for several months. The father insisted on nursing him. He was a singularly good nurse for the sick, a thing rare among *men,* and a not unimportant indication of character. In the trying spring season, toiling all day as a teacher and oppressed with many cares, he would spend the night in watching beside the sick-bed. He had never known what it was to spare himself when there was a demand for toil and sacrifice, and, notwithstanding remonstrances, he continued this course. The youth was very ill, and it is believed that his life was saved by this faithful, tender and skilful nursing. But in so doing, alas! the father laid down his own life. He became sick with a disease obscure at the time, but, no doubt a modification of the fever from which his son was beginning to recover. He would not stay in bed, but would lie, with a weary yet patient look, on the lounge, and the family had no idea how ill he was. One morning there came suddenly a violent chill, and he lay unable to speak. He looked longingly at his wife and children, strove vainly to speak, then turned his gazing eyes straight up to heaven, and in a little while he was gone. This was on the seventh of April, 1862, when he was not yet fifty-five years old.

Some traits of Dr. Harrison's character have appeared in the course of this narrative, but it will be proper, in conclusion, to speak of his character in general.

For nothing was he more remarkable than his robust common sense. He applied this not merely in common things, but to his philological studies. The inductive method of inquiry means common sense, as opposed to mere speculative theorizing. A person who had a right to speak so familiarly once asked Dr. Harrison how he had gained his original views of syntax. He answered that he knew of nothing peculiar in his methods, unless it were that he tried to study language in a plain, common-sense way. Along with this, or rather

as a part of it, he had a very sound judgment. When he thoroughly understood a question and had patiently considered it, his judgment was exceedingly apt to be correct. Of course he had his prejudices, of course he sometimes erred, but those who knew him best learned to have the greatest confidence in his judgment. His examination of all questions, in study or in practical life, was marked by patient thinking, that sublimest of intellectual virtues; and his studies were all conducted with the steady industry which ought to be so common, but is so rare, which is the condition of accurate scholarship, of all substantial and symmetrical knowledge. It is true that, in apparent contrast with these qualities, he appeared given to procrastination. But for this there were causes not implying a lack of industry and perseverance. From the beginning, as we have seen, he was overworked. The tendency of the University system, with its independent schools, is to stimulate every professor to do his utmost. The great lack of preparation in ancient languages, and the professor's extreme desire to raise the standard, had led him to excessive labor. Though careful of his health in many respects, he almost constantly denied himself the requisite sleep, and thus lived a little below par as to physical vigor—a state of things which always inclines one to postpone his more difficult tasks. But the chief cause was, that working slowly, and constitutionally incapable of doing anything superficially, he never felt himself to be fully ready, as for the composition of an important report, or the immediate preparation of a lecture, and, in the hope of more thoroughly mastering the subject, he would delay as long as possible. Meantime, the delaying tended to become habitual, and interruptions from without multiplied upon him, until, in his later years, his report as chairman was rarely written and his examination papers hardly ever read till the last moment. This habit of postponement—it was not exactly what we call procrastination—was the subject with him of much regret and self-condemnation. Whether the explanations which have been offered be correct or not, it is certain that, notwithstanding the habit in question, he exhibited a very high degree of patient industry.

Dr. Harrison was a man of great courage, both physical

and moral. The present senior professor says he has seen no man with a larger measure of moral courage; that he was as unflinching as a rock. He had an unutterable contempt for sham and pretentiousness, and himself never failed to speak and act with sincerity and candor. His generosity of nature was conspicuous, not merely in the ordinary sense of that term, but in the broadest sense. He once remarked, in speaking confidentially of another person, that a man is not fitted to be a professor unless he has a generous soul; that however plausible his exterior, he will not long continue to win the confidence and affection of the best young men if there is any meanness in his make. That beautiful delicacy which we so much admire in women—delicate consideration for the feelings of others, and delicate tact in sparing their feelings, even when something difficult or painful has to be said—was constantly seen in Dr. Harrison's conversation and actions. In his family relations it was simply charming. In dealing with students who had misbehaved, he often showed true delicacy by perfect directness of speech. His first assistant instructor was a member of his family and occupied a study adjoining his own, with the door between them left open. It thus happened that he frequently heard the Chairman talking to some fellow who had been summoned before him for misconduct. It was really beautiful to see the straightforward, downright, and yet perfectly kind fashion, in which he talked. It constantly reminded one of a skilful physician probing a wound—prompt, steady, effectual, and thus most truly kind.

For warmth of affection to kindred and many cherished friends, for singular unselfishness and the readiest self-sacrifice, Dr. Harrison was also very remarkable. To give his life for that of his son was but to act out the character he had always exhibited. His daughters—and that is one test of a man's character—regarded him not with mere ordinary filial admiration and affection, but with an unutterable reverence, and, at the same time, a passionate fondness. He was their oracle, and yet approached with perfect freedom and familiarity. His sympathies were as prompt and tender as a woman's, and it was natural and became habitual for all his kindred and friends to go to him when in trouble, seeking sym-

pathy and counsel, and never seeking in vain. Nor did he wait to be sought. If a family just arrived felt awkward and uncomfortable in their new circumstances, he would comprehend their situation and relieve their constraint by delicate attentions and pleasantries of conversation. If a foreigner without introduction was slighted and suspected, and yet seemed to have good in him, Dr. Harrison would take pains to give him countenance. When wounded United States soldiers were brought to the University after the first battle of Manassas, and some people in the first flush of indignation were inclined to shrink from them, Dr. Harrison, who happened to be on a visit here at the time, and who was intensely Southern, went promptly and repeatedly to their dormitories, caring for their wounds and reading to them from the Bible.

He had a deep and quiet love of nature. He would say that it "rested him" to look upon the beautiful landscape around us—a landscape which they who have travelled most widely will most warmly admire, which is really a means of education to susceptible students, and which the alumni ought long ago to have invested with the charms of poetry and romance. He was especially fond of flowers, long cultivating the flower-garden with his own hands; not inclined to talk largely about flowers, but just quietly enjoying them. He was the first person who purchased rare roses at a distance and brought them here. And with equal interest, while taking his occasional long walks in the mountains around, he would dig up wild flowers and bring them home to plant. One of these wild flowers is still standing in the garden he loved to till. Akin to this was his fondness for pictures. Unable, of course, to gather paintings, he greatly delighted in choice engravings, and the purchase of costly illustrated books was perhaps his only extravagance. His older children remember what a happiness it was to stand by his side and look at Kaulbach's striking pictures to Goethe's 'Reineke Fuchs,' or at Retzch's 'Outlines of Shakespeare,' or of Schiller's "Bell," while he told the stories with enthusiasm and joyous abandon. Music, too, he dearly loved. Some of his children had rare musical talent, and he spared no expense upon their training; and in those musical evenings which they and their

neighbors or visitors would unite to brighten, he would listen with rapt attention and delicious enjoyment. As a matter of Christian duty, but also from the pleasure he found in music of every kind, he was always ready, however busy, to attend the choir meetings in preparation for the chapel worship. And in those dear Sunday evenings after service, which can never be forgotten, if he could sometimes be induced to read a favorite hymn, there was rhythmical charm about the reading which came from a familiarity with the Odes of Sophocles, and a devotional sweetness and simplicity born of deep Christian experience.

For Gessner Harrison was a fervently devout Christian. His early letters to his friend and Christian brother show many struggles; but he had taken his position, was resolved to persevere, and gradually made progress. In later life, with no loud professions, he was always outspoken as a Christian, ready for every good word and work, and making the impression upon all, and most deeply upon those who knew him best, that religion was the strength of his life.

With such abilities and attainments, and such a character, it is not strange that Dr. Harrison so powerfully impressed himself upon his pupils. Not only the hundreds of those who are now professors or other teachers, but many who are occupied with matters widely remote from Latin and Greek, are still constantly recalling his favorite ideas and characteristic expressions, and, what is of more consequence, their minds have taken shape and their characters borrowed tone from his influence. In every grade of teaching it is perhaps even more important to consider what your teacher is than what he knows.

Two years more and it will be fifty years since the University of Virginia was opened. In this checkered half-century, it has achieved results which, considering all the difficulties of the situation, form a just occasion for wonder and rejoicing. A truly great institution of learning cannot be created in a short time. It must grow; must gradually, from its atmosphere, gather its associations, hand down its honored names and inspiring traditions. The life we have been considering is, perhaps, more closely connected than any other with the history of this University and the constitution

of its prestige. But Gessner Harrison is only one of many noble men who have spent their strength in advancing its usefulness and building up its reputation. The noblest legacy they have left us is this—that the very genius of the place is *work*. No professor nor student of susceptible soul can establish himself here without feeling that there breathes through all the air this spirit of work—a noble rage for knowing and for teaching. This is the glory and the power of the institution which boasts so many illustrious names among its Visitors, its Faculty and its Alumni. And let it be the last word spoken to-day concerning Gessner Harrison, spoken, as it were, in his name to the professors and the students of the University he loved so well—Sirs, brothers, *Fear God and Work*.

## THE CONFEDERATE DEAD

Address at Cave Hill Cemetery, Louisville, May 22, 1886.

It is a long time since the war—part of a thousand years. And many changes have come. We hear much as to the wonders of our age, but to me the greatest of them all is the rapid restoration of good feeling in this country. You young people cannot imagine how we felt twenty-five years ago. And I am heartily glad you cannot. But to-day we meet beside the graves of our heroic dead without one thought or feeling of bitterness toward those who sleep yonder. As Pitt and Fox, after their life-time of conflict, sleep in peace together in Westminster Abbey, so here the Confederate dead on the slope and the Union dead on the summit of the same hill, the men who twenty years ago were engaged in the vastest and most terrible civil conflict that ever occurred on earth. Thank God that now all is peace! It is due partly to the mobile character of our people; partly to the ample resources of our great country, giving to all employment and hope; and partly, notwithstanding all our imperfection and shortcoming, to the influence of Christianity. The great religion of peace has healed the wounds and softened the asperities of the great Civil War.

It is useless now to raise the question who was right. Per-

haps in some respects each side would now acknowledge that the other was nearest right; perhaps in some respects both sides were wrong. Whenever the "impartial historian" arises —he has not arisen yet; certainly he has not published anything in the *Century Magazine* or in the Personal Recollections of any statesman or soldier—and if he should speak out now, he would probably offend both sides, or else would be neglected as tame and dull—but when he arises he may possibly hold that one side was nearest right according to document and argument, and the other according to the slowly changing condition of our national affairs. Of one thing I feel certain, neither side can claim any monopoly of good intentions, of patriotic aims, nor even of wisdom.

The side that triumphs is not always thereby proven to have been superior in wisdom. We were concerned in one of those mighty movements in human affairs which transcend all the penetration and judgment of the greatest individual minds. We ordinary people can to-day see meanings in that struggle which the greatest statesmen did not perceive when it began. And, of course, the end is not yet; it will be better understood hereafter. But this much is plain—the war had to come. The necessity for it was written in the whole history of the republic and of the colonies—yea, in the history of England for centuries past. It was written in the configuration and climate, the soil and productions of different parts of our continent. It was written on the flag of the first ship that brought African slaves to the English Colonies of North America. It had to come. The splendid eloquence and noble patriotism of the world-famous statesmen of Kentucky, aided by others of like mind, delayed it for a time. The madness of some men doubtless hastened it; but with human nature as it is, the war had to come sooner or later. And we can see now that there were two great questions which imperatively required to be settled.

A certain point as to the character of the Federal Government our fathers failed to define, apparently because they could not agree. That point the war has practically settled forever. A certain great social institution, grown into portentous and tremendous proportions, had fallen under the ban of the civilized world, and, sooner or later, somehow or other, it must

cease to be. I verily believe that it is worth all our dreadful financial losses, all the sufferings of the long and frightful conflict, yea, and the blood of our precious dead, to have those two questions flung behind us forever.

Well, then, did our buried heroes die in vain? Their side of the conflict was the side appointed to fail, but it does not follow that they died in vain.

The great struggle has preserved the self-respect of the Southern people. At a time when we believed that our rights were sorely endangered we could not have tamely yielded merely to avoid suffering and loss, and continued to respect ourselves. 'Tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all. And it is better to have been brave and beaten than never to have been brave at all, at a time when every instinct and sentiment and principle of manhood clamored its demand that men should stand for what they honestly believed to be truth and right. The graves of our fallen soldiers make it possible that this generation and the coming generation of the Southern people should feel no shame in consequence of their defeat.

The war has established mutual respect, and opened the way for mutual good-will between the long hostile sections of our great country. The Northern and Southern people underestimated each other's manhood; despised each other. But they feel so no longer, especially those of them who actually met in the imminent and deadly breach. There is kinder feeling on both sides now than would have been possible had our difficulties been settled in any other way.

And this has enabled the defeated combatants to yield a cordial and faithful devotion to the National Government, such as could not have existed if things had taken any other course. I make bold to say, however an occasional unwise utterance may misrepresent us, that many of the most sincere and earnestly faithful supporters of this great Union to-day are among the men who once did their level best to break the Union in twain.

No, the dead have not lived or died in vain, if the survivors know aught of right thought and right feeling. They are a power among us to-day. "A living dog," the wise man hath said, "is better than a dead lion." Yes, but even a living

lion is nothing in comparison with a dead man. In proportion as he lived and died with a true manhood, his memory is cherished and proves a blessing to those who survived and those who come after. There are fathers buried here whose children do not remember to have seen them; yet the glorified memory of the father, as often depicted by the widowed mother, has become to those children the very glass in which to dress themselves, the model of all that is noblest in human character and life.

I was thinking not long ago concerning that greatest of all the poems ever written in memory of the dead, in which Tennyson has so well depicted the mental struggles and responded to the religious longings of our troubled age. Did it ever occur to you that two wonderfully-gifted young men went to the production of that great poem,—one who died to be its subject, the other who lived to compose it? He who died must have been a man of extraordinary powers and promise, in order to make so profound an impression, and turn all the poet's deepest thought and feeling for so long a time into pathetic memories of him. And if our noble young men have died in vain, it must be our fault.

Let us teach ourselves and our children to draw inspiration from these graves. As on this bright evening the little ones scatter flowers on the mounds, let us all resolve afresh to live worthy of the men who are buried here.

Thus, though oft depressed and lonely,
All my fears are laid aside,
If I but remember only
Such as these have lived and died.

## AN EMINENT MAN OF SCIENCE AN EARNEST CHRISTIAN

Address at a banquet in honor of Dr. J. Lawrence Smith, Louisville, Kentucky, 1879.

An eminent man of science who is a church-member and a decided and outspoken Christian presents by no means the unusual spectacle that some persons suppose. A certain class of writers and speakers seem really to have persuaded themselves that a new "irrepressible conflict" has arisen between science and Christianity, and that he who is a friend to the one must be an enemy to the other. The ground of this persuasion is not far to seek. Some men have thought they saw in the real or supposed results of scientific research a new means of attacking Christianity, to which they were commonly opposed on other accounts, and have very naturally been anxious to associate with their inferences and speculations the dignity and prestige which so justly belong to science. And then certain unwise defenders of Christianity have rushed to the rescue, and instead of attacking the unwarranted applications and assumptions of their opponents, have committed the stupendous blunder of attacking science itself. Amid the din of their conflict it is hardly strange if some have supposed that there must be war to the knife between all Christians and all men of science.

But meantime most of us are entirely peaceful. Certainly a very distinguished representative of physical science, and a very humble representative of Christianity have sat side by side this evening in all peace and amity. A large proportion of the foremost scientific men of the age, in Europe and America, are known believers in Christianity, and not a few are, like our honored guest, ready on all suitable occasions to advocate its claims. And, on the other hand, the great mass of really intelligent Christians everywhere are warm friends of science, whether physical or metaphysical, linguistic or historical, social, political or religious science. Why should it not be so? The very essence of Christianity is light; its very life-blood is truth; error and ignorance are among its greatest foes; and all true knowledge, however misconceived and misapplied for a time, is in reality its friend and helper, and sooner or later will be so acknowledged.

Let all cultivated men try to repress this mistaken notion of antagonism. Physical science has its own great field, its grand achievements and a possible future which no man can now imagine; but there are facts of existence which its processes cannot explain or even detect. Men devoted to experiment and demonstration sometimes grow one-sided, as we are all prone to do, and deny all that does not come within their range. But physical science necessarily fails to account for our sense of right and wrong, our quenchless longings after immortality, our invincible belief in the Almighty, All-wise and All-loving. Our loftiest thought remains always a fragment till it finds completeness in the thought of Him; and our hearts—strange hearts, so strong and yet so weak, with joys so sweet and grief so bitter—our hearts can know no rest save as they rest in Him.

Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, you have meant to show respect for the Church, the aggregate of avowed Christians. There are two things which I think that Christians ought, in our day and country, especially to propose to themselves and to urge on all around them. One is that we must all strive to combine the highest, broadest Christian charity with firm attachment to truth and fidelity to honest convictions. It is one of the practical problems of our age to combine these, not sacrificing either to the other. And the second thing: At a time when political and social evils spread so wide and strike so deep, when some men who are not foolish despair of the republic, and some despair of society, and some ask whether life is worth living, it becomes us indeed fearlessly to point out the faults of our current Christianity, that they may be mended; but it becomes us also to conserve and maintain the legitimate influence of Christianity over all classes of our population. Let all men beware how they speak the word that is to lessen that influence. Things are bad enough with us as it is; they would be far worse if that influence were destroyed. But let us hope that amid the mutations and reactions of human affairs, and under the control of that Divine Providence at the thought of which we all bow in reverence, there may be an increase of living Christian faith and genuine Christian morality, of real education and enlightened patriotism, that will bring better and brighter days for us and for our children.

# WILLIAM GARROTT BROWN

[1868— ]

HOBSON O. MURFEE

IN an environment of historical names and associations, the historian of the Lower South was born on April 24, 1868. The Carolinians had named the town of his birth after General Francis Marion, and the Virginians, who bore an equal part in establishing the forceful civilization in the Black Belt of Alabama, had named the county of his nativity after Commodore Perry. The annals of this little Alabama town bear also the names of men who have linked the name of Marion with that of the State and the Nation. Here Alabama's war governor, Andrew Barry Moore, had his home; here General Sam Houston sought his second bride; here General Forrest lived and worked during the late sixties; here Milo P. Jewett was in training at Judson College for his larger work at Vassar; here J. L. M. Curry began his career as educator and publicist.

His father was Wilson Richard Brown; his mother, Mary Cogswell Parish. Both represented the most virile elements of that Anglo-Saxon civilization which Virginia and the Carolinas had sent to the Black Belt of Alabama. His early education was in Howard College at Marion. As a student he was distinguished above his fellows for his unusual aptitude and his zeal for knowledge. In 1886 he graduated with first honors; and in 1887, Howard College being removed to East Lake, he was elected the first member in the faculty of the new institution which was then established upon the old foundation. As professor of English in Marion Military Institute, his influence was a potent factor in establishing the policies and standards which have marked its history; and those who were his students still remember the contagious enthusiasm of his scholarship and his sympathy and skill as a teacher. After serving two years in this position, he entered Harvard College as a Junior in 1889. In 1891 he received the degree of Bachelor of Arts from Harvard and was awarded highest honors in history. In 1892 he received the degree of Master of Arts. History and politics now began to absorb his entire time and interest. As President of the Harvard Democratic Club, in 1892, he stumped the State of Massachusetts for Cleveland; and he displayed as signal ability on the public platform as in the library and the class-room. Until 1896 he

was an active and efficient member on various committees in the Democratic party. In 1896 he served on the State Committee of the "National Democrats" as a supporter of the Gold Democrat movement. From 1892 to 1900 he was Assistant in the Harvard Library; in 1901-1902 he was lecturer on American History in the University. About this time he began to give himself completely to the life of letters which has already borne rich fruit and is yet richer with promise.

During the closing years of the last decade of the Nineteenth Century, readers of *The Atlantic Monthly, North American Review, Independent, Fortnightly* (English), *South Atlantic Quarterly,* and other periodicals of that class observed many articles marked by a singularly clear and charming style, by intimate and extensive knowledge, and by rare insight and judgment. In these criticisms and appreciations, views and reviews, Mr. Brown gained the temper and skill for that larger work which has placed him high in the list of Southern essayists and historians.

As an essayist his work is marked by clearness and suggestiveness and by a pleasing style. His essay on "Golf" in the *Atlantic Monthly* is an excellent example of his delicate touch and delightful humor. Here he elevates golf to share with empire and with trusts a potent place in our American life; and even champions of the gridiron are almost persuaded that this newest of the three new things in American life is the chosen game to form our national character, "for it pursues with a just balance between eagerness and sedateness, between overconfidence and despondency, its clear ideal of excellence, displaying the heroism of wholeness, and sweetening our natures with that fine, right sense of the human and wild nature about us which it so subtly quickens." The artist's touch is equally evident in his treatment of weightier themes. "The Task of the American Historian" sets with insight and dignity the standard by which his own work also must be judged, a standard which requires that the American historian, like the historians of all ages, must make his narrative, "a story of men that lived before our time; of what manner of men they were, and what they did, and what sort of world they lived in, and how they changed it into the world we live in now. He will do best, he will do supremely well, if he tell his story as they told theirs; simply, so that we may understand it; honestly and truthfully, so that we may profit by it; naturally, because we will like it best if he tell it in his own way; seriously and reverently, because he will be speaking of the dead." In like manner, "The Great Occasions of An American University" has something of Cardinal Newman's spacious and stately ideas, something of that inimitable style, something of that brooding and creative spirit. The Harvard

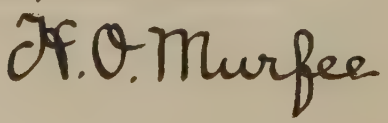
"Yard" is the well-set stage across which pass, almost with the murmur of human voices, those imposing pageants which link the present with the past. Hutchinson and Oliver, Washington and La Fayette, the dim figures of university presidents and hopeful students, move with life-like reality in the well-marshalled procession on the essayist's stage. The function of solemn assemblies and noble personages in awakening and inspiring the mind of youth, conceived with such clearness by Newman, has been pictured here with charming skill by the Southern spectator in the Harvard "Yard." But it is not only in the marshalling of historical figures and the decking out of pleasing fancies that this Alabama essayist has displayed rare skill: the spirit of deep reflection, almost the melancholy which Burke says must weigh down every one who looks beneath the surface of things, finds fitting expression in "The Foe of Compromise." More meagre than Morley's masterpiece, this brief essay is sufficient evidence that the American cousin possesses somewhat of Morley's vision, somewhat of his voice. Perhaps against this essay alone may the charge be brought of lack of clearness, the peculiar grace of this suggestive essayist; but the charge lies in the nature of the subject rather than in the treatment. Those who think on such themes must needs speak with the speech of Hamlet. "Save to others of their own brotherhood, their speech is scarce intelligible. Accost, with any pitying remonstrance, a member of this band, and he will answer back with wavering and uncertain voice, with eyes astrain: 'This way I live; I can do no other. This way I face this life I did not seek, this mystery I cannot solve, these shadowy forms of things I cannot grasp. This way I work. This way I live. This way I fight for peace. This way I grope for God.'"

As a historian, however, Mr. Brown is best known. 'A Gentleman of the South: A Memory of the Black Belt From the Manuscript Memoirs of the Late Colonel Stanton Elmore,' is his only venture in the field of fiction; and the excellence of this endeavor lies more in its historical atmosphere and vivid local color than in any abiding and world-wide human interest. Yet it is in such fiction that the student of history gains perspective far better than in the most lurid attempts of the sentimental and sensational school. At least it is not a novel with a purpose or a prejudice. The life here pictured by the novelist in the morning light of romance, is set forth by the historian under the noon's dry light of truth in 'The Lower South in American History.' Earlier work had been but a sign of promise: this volume contains much of fulfilment. The avowed aim of this brilliant historian of the Lower South is "neither to defend nor to arraign." With Edmund Burke he believes profoundly that in the true nature and peculiar circumstances of a

people are to be found the explanation of their past and the prophecy of their future; with Burke, too, he holds that they should be judged as they should be governed, "according to that nature and to those circumstances, and not according to our own imaginations, nor according to abstract ideas of right—by no means according to mere general theories of government, the resort to which appears . . . no better than arrant trifling." By birth endowed with insight and sympathy to see and understand the true nature and peculiar circumstances of Southern civilization, and by catholic training fitted to survey things from a distance as well as close at hand and to hold judgment in abeyance until all evidence is in court, he offers for the first time to American readers a disinterested and dispassionate study of the American people in the Lower South. That the study is all too brief, every reader of the suggestive volume will admit; that it is but a forerunner of a larger work, the author has intimated. It is enough to say that by ancestry and environment, by education and experience, few writers have brought to their tasks such ample equipment in knowledge and skill; and this little volume marks perhaps the beginning of a new era in Southern literature. 'The Life of Oliver Ellsworth,' published three years later, displayed in personal history the scientific temper, the human insight, the judicious mind, the clear, strong style which promises to give to American literature in the near future the first adequate history of the United States from the end of the Civil War.

"The Tenth Decade of the United States," a series of articles in the *Atlantic Monthly,* is the maturest and most admirable work from his pen. Here is evidence of wider knowledge, of clearer vision, of more commanding speech. All facts and records are given a hearing, and with impartial hand evidence is weighed. The skill of the painstaking investigator is united with the skill of the faithful narrator, and by this work William Garrott Brown may best be judged, in achievement and in promise.

From his earliest essays and reviews to his latest historical papers, his work is distinguished by both depth of insight and breadth of vision, and by a clear and forceful style. He pictures, with that knowledge which comes only of sympathy, the inner life of the South; and he voices, with a speech which comes only of catholic training, the history and hopes of his people. In him are united the best of New England and the Old South, and his work will be claimed by the Nation as well as by his own Southland.



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## THE RISE OF THE COTTON STATES

The Lower South In American History.' Copyright, 1902, by The Macmillan Company. By kind permission of the publishers and the author.

In 1808, the foreign slave trade was forbidden. Ten years later, while the Virginians, discouraged about agriculture and discontent with slavery, were still pondering the words of Jefferson, thousands of English-speaking men and women were sweeping over and around the Appalachian wall, lighting up the forests, as a contemporary declares, with twinkling camp-fires, keeping pace with the march of free labor across the continent to the northward, and bent on growing cotton with slave labor on the lands which Andrew Jackson had wrested from the Creeks and defended against the British and Spaniards. Another stream moved down the

Mississippi Valley from Kentucky, Tennessee, and other states to the northward. State after state was erected to pair off with the new states of the Northwest. Pushing in front of it a fringe of moccasined pioneers, the tide passed on to the westward, across the Mississippi, across the Red River of the West, across the Sabine, until the Englishman and the Spaniard were face to face in the desert, and the old affair of the Armada, the ancient quarrel of the Spanish Main and the Dutch lowlands, was renewed on the plains of Texas.

In the imperial domain, thus slowly acquired and swiftly occupied, were many material resources, many avenues to wealth that should have tempted enterprise. There were forests, rich deposits of iron and other minerals, a soil adapted to various crops, navigable streams for internal commerce, a reasonable number of ports for foreign commerce. Across the whole region, however, there stretched, from east to west, a band of dark, calcareous earth adapted, as no other inland soil in the world is, to the culture of cotton. This "Black Belt," varying in width from a score or more to a hundred or more of miles, and various fertile valleys north and south of it, at once attracted the richer and more energetic of the immigrants. The sandier and less fertile lowlands fell, for the most part, to comparatively small farmers, though their holdings would never be called small in New England, for each of them cultivated a dozen times as much land as one finds in the farms of Rhode Island and Connecticut. Such small farmers should never be confounded with the so-called "poor whites," who drifted into the pine barrens of the coast region or built their rude cabins among the hills to the northward. The great mass of the slaves belonged to the men who took the Black Belt and the rich valleys for their portion. The various classes of Virginia and Carolinian society all found their places in the new commonwealths, bringing with them their political institutions, their religious and social usages, their habits of thought and speech and action. But there was a certain process of selection about their coming, and then a sure effect of environment and growth, which somewhat differentiated the new society from the society which had produced Washington and Jefferson. As a rule, the emigrants were men of the older seaboard Southern States, who were the readiest to bet-

ter their fortunes by changing their homes. As some one has said of the English who came to America before the Revolution, they were the men who had the most "get up and get" about them. The same process of selection continued as from Alabama and Mississippi; the more adventurous pressed on to Louisiana and Arkansas and Texas.

The form which Virginia society took in the lower South, the term comprehending South Carolina and Georgia on the east, and Louisiana and Arkansas and eastern Texas on the west, parts of Tennessee on the north, and also Florida, has been examined mainly from the outside, and usually under the guidance of general and moral theories. In the writings of Northern historians and political scientists, the moral weaknesses of slavery and the plantation system have been most emphasized. Mr. Cairnes, a very able economist of the school of John Stuart Mill, has surrounded the economic man with that environment and subjected him to such influences as could be mathematically reasoned out of the institutions which prevail there, and particularly the institution of slavery. Mr. Frederick Law Olmsted, in his several volumes of travels, has supplied us with a mass of interesting, accurate, and intelligent observations. Foreign travellers have added much to our store. Yet it is quite possible that Mr. Cairnes's close reasoning, Mr. Olmsted's intelligent observation, and all similar attempts from outside, or at least from outsiders, have failed to paint for us the true form and hue of that vanished life. We know that similar attempts of Europeans, to exhibit the true form and hue of our entire American civilization by putting together many minute observations, or by reasoning from a few broad truths, have seldom succeeded. We admit the facts perhaps, and we admire the reasoning, but we do not recognize the picture. A perfectly faithful picture of the civilization of the Lower South would show at work there the forces and tendencies which Mr. Cairnes discussed, but it would show others also. It would belie none of Mr. Olmsted's observations, but it would correlate them with other facts, not, perhaps, less important, and throw upon them a light not quite so pitiless and distorting. It would, at least, enable us to recognize those still existing parts and members of the structure which time

and war have indeed changed and broken, but not yet altogether destroyed. Surely, a true picture of the Southern life half a century ago should not seem altogether strange to men and women, still living, who were once a part of it.

Put in its briefest and barest form, the outside view of that society is somewhat like this:—

The labor of slaves in the culture of cotton, rice, and sugar-cane was profitable when employed on a large scale and on rich lands, which, however, it soon exhausted, and so created a constant demand for fresh lands. Slave labor, however, was unavailable for manufactures, and far less profitable than free labor in the growing of small crops, because a slave has no incentive to thrift, care, honesty, and intelligence. It left no place for free labor of any manual sort, because it made such labor disgraceful. It tended to put wealth and power of all sorts into the hands of a small class, because small holdings were less profitable than large, and thus brought about the rule of an oligarchy of slaveholders, reducing the great mass of the whites to a state of indigence, ignorance, and listlessness. Mr. Cairnes describes them as "an idle and lawless rabble who live dispersed over vast plains in a condition little removed from absolute barbarism." This rabble, he says, numbered about five millions. The oligarchy of great planters, supreme at home, and wielding in national politics the power freely rendered up to them by millions of Southern poor whites, and also the power they got through the Constitutional arrangement, which gave them representation in Congress for three-fifths of their slaves, managed, by alliances with certain weak elements in Northern society, to dominate the government at Washington. They used their power cruelly at home, for contact with slaves bred contempt for the weak, and unscrupulously at Washington, aiming always to protect themselves in their peculiar rights of property, and to secure, by breaking old agreements concerning territory already acquired, and by ruthless conquests of other territory, those fresh lands which slavery and the plantation system constantly demanded.

Every one of these forces was at work, every one of these tendencies was manifest, in the lower South. And yet, after some years of patient inquiry into the written and printed

records of the civilization thus outlined, after following the history from year to year, of a particular Southern state, after much free and intimate acquaintance with white men and women of the old regime, after long study of the remnants of that already ancient and outworn vesture of decay still hanging in threads and patches about the revivified South of to-day, I cannot recognize the picture as a true likeness of that which was.

For it was no economic man, no mere creature of desire and interests and inevitable mental processes, on whom these forces played, in whom these tendencies were at work. It was a Virginian but few decades removed from Washington and Yorktown, from Jefferson and the Declaration, from Madison and the Constitution, from Mason and the Bill of Rights. It was a Carolinian but one or two generations from Marion and Rutledge and two Pinckneys. It was an Englishman with centuries of the tradition of ordered liberty and slow progress in his inmost thought, and in his veins the blood which the Normans spilled for Duke William when he brought to England rudimentary forms of jury justice and the blood which the Saxons spilled for King Harold when he fought with Duke William for England's right to name her own rulers. It was a Scotch-Irishman whose ancestors had lived through the siege of Derry and given to the northern parts of Ireland the prosperity so little shared by its southern parts. It was a French Huguenot of the strain of them that followed Henry of Navarre to the throne and Coligny to the block. And so, too, of the slave from whose abasement it is so easy to infer the degeneracy of the master and the degradation of all who were neither masters nor slaves. He was no mere black impersonation of those qualities alone which servitude implies. He was an individual with his individual peculiarities, and of a race with marked characteristics of its own. Naturally without the progressive impulses of his master, he was at once less sensitive than his master would have been to the horrors and the shame of servitude, and capable, as his master would never have been, of fealty and affection to the very hand that chained him. He could find some incentive to industry in the difference between the lot he might have if he were a house servant and the lot he would have as

a field hand. Slavery was, in the well-known phrase of Clay, "a curse to the master and a wrong to the slave." But it was not an unmitigated wrong to the slave; and two centuries of it in Virginia, and half a century of it in the Black Belt, were not enough to destroy the moral fibre of the master, to cheat him of his racial birthright.

* * * * * *

The Southern country town, eclipsed by the more picturesque plantation, has been somewhat neglected in literature; yet it also had its charm and its importance. It could not do the work of a city; it was quite unlike a New England village; it was not much like a Western town. Its leading citizens were planters, each of whom had at least one plantation, and not rarely several, in the county, half a dozen lawyers and politicians, the ministers of several churches, one or two physicians, and perhaps the teaching staff of a college or seminary. Two or three general stores, a livery stable, a bank, the county court-house, fronted on the principal square or were ranged along the main thoroughfare. There might be a small grog-shop in some inconspicuous place; but there was a strong feeling in many such small communities in favor of prohibition on the local option plan. The houses of the planters and professional men, usually in the outskirts of the town, were spacious, as a rule, and had frequently some claim to elegance. On Saturdays, the stores were crowded with small farmers and negroes from the surrounding country, and during court week and in Christmas time one might see perhaps a thousand people and many vehicles. Ordinarily, and particularly in summer time, the whole aspect of such a community was one of almost dreamy idleness.

There remains one other sort of industrial life; but the word "industrial" is too much like industrious to be safely applied to it. The people of the hills and sand barrens, the true "poor whites," need no lengthy description. The class still exists, practically unchanged, for these people had no part in slavery and the plantation system, and it is hard to find any betterment of their state from the overthrow of slavery. Many of them, living in the mountainous regions, content to win a bare subsistence from the unfruitful surface of the hills which held in their bowels the immense mineral wealth

of the state, never saw a negro from year to year, and never came in contact with the planters of the Black Belt and the river valleys until they, stripped of their wealth and slaves by the war, turned from their exhausted fields to the hills they had so long neglected, and disturbed, with their railroads and their furnaces, the remote, unthrifty, unambitious, inscrutable people of the squalid cabin and the long rifle and the chin beard and the hidden distillery and the oddly Elizabethan speech, who for three hundred years have not even noted the growth of America or the progress of the world. In the industrial life, the intellectual life, the political life, and the actively religious life of the South, these people had no part under slavery, and they have none under freedom. If it was they whom Mr. Cairnes meant when he spoke of an "idle lawless rabble"—and I can find nowhere else Alabama's share of the five millions of such people whom he credits to the whole South—it is difficult to accept his theory that slavery alone produced them, since under freedom they have not changed or disappeared.

Among the white people of Alabama who did play a part in its history there was an intense religious life, a limited but not entirely arrested, intellectual development; and a political activity far more notable than any to be found under the peculiar conditions, resulting from the Civil War and from Reconstruction, which now prevail.

The various Protestant denominations, particularly the Baptists and Methodists, were strong everywhere, the main strength of the Episcopalians being among the richer planters and their associates. There were nearly fifteen hundred houses of worship; the traveller was apt to find one wherever two highways crossed. Here the people gathered every Sunday and listened, with reverence and implicit faith, to a long sermon, usually rhetorical in its style and orthodox in its teaching. Unitarianism, Universalism, and similar religious movements of a progressive or revolutionary tendency never spread into the South, where the churches always exercised a distinctly conservative influence on thought in general. After the service at a country meeting-house, there was a half hour of gossip about crops, the weather, and politics. Then the people went home to their midday dinner; the wealthy in fine

carriages, others in wagons or on horses and mules. Camp meetings were an early and natural device among so scattered a people. They were sometimes immense gatherings, arousing the utmost fervor.

Schools did not multiply like churches. There was no organized public school system until the end of the fifties. But about a thousand public schools, maintained chiefly from gifts of the general government, offered rudimentary instruction to less than thirty thousand children. There were, however, some really good academies, attended by the children of the comparatively well-to-do, and there were several colleges which compared quite favorably with similar institutions in the West, and even with the smaller colleges of the older Eastern communities. A surprising progress had been made in the development of girls' colleges. The percentage of illiterates was large, but this was chiefly due to the people of the hills and the pine barrens. Tutors were commonly employed on the great plantations, and the sons of such households were frequently sent to Eastern colleges and trained for learned professions.

There were many men and women who cared about books, and some private libraries well stocked with Greek and Latin and English classics; but there was little interest in contemporary literature, and no important literary activity. Only one person confessed to the census taker in 1850 that authorship was his (or perhaps her) occupation, though four or five Alabamians wrote books with some skill in composition and won some favor with the public. Practically all the planter's books, and everything else he read except his weekly political and religious newspapers, came, like his tools and furniture, from the North, or from England, or, if he lived near New Orleans, from France. Even his children's school books came, along with their tutor or governess, from New England or old England. Sargent S. Prentiss and William H. Seward are examples of New England tutors; Philip Henry Gosse, the naturalist, brother to Edmund Gosse, the man of letters, was an English tutor in the household of an Alabamian planter.

The best intellect of the State went sometimes into the ministry or into medicine, but oftener into the law, and

through the law into politics, though the proportion of highly endowed young men who sought career in the small army and navy of those days was probably larger than in the East or the West, where young men of like endowments and temper of mind were attracted by great business enterprises. As to the bar, one would think that the want of great cities and of great industrial enterprises might have put lawyers at a disadvantage as compared with their brethren of the North. But whether able men turned to the law because there were few other openings, or because, among a people who cared more for oratory than for any other art, the law was the surest avenue to distinction, to the law they did turn most frequently. One result was that in Alabama the courts, notwithstanding it became the custom to elect judges instead of appointing them, early attained and long maintained a high standard of excellence. The decisions of the Supreme Court took high rank with lawyers and law writers everywhere.

Internally, the State was, in the main, well governed, according to the Jeffersonian idea of government. There was no such predominance of the great planter class as one might expect. Governors and legislators were chosen from various social ranks; many prominent men were distinctly of the self-made type. The State had its period of folly over banks and paper money, but the opposition to the experiment was ably led, and when the costly lesson had been learned the people and their representatives paid for their folly manfully, frowning down the least suggestion of repudiation, and even overthrowing the party in power to get a sound governor elected. The part which the men of Alabama and of the other Cotton States played in Federal politics and the long fight they made for national ascendancy, is another matter, and our proper subject.

But before we turn to the militant aspect of that civilization, I wish to say one word more of its inner quality. Before we take our view of the men of the lower South framing laws in Congress, carrying out their policies in the Cabinet and the White House, or making ready for battle-fields, let us glance at them once more in their homes, planting their fields, enjoying the chief diversions of riding and hunting, celebrating their feasts, solemnizing their marriages, burying their

dead. Their home life was, in fact, the most precious part of their heritage from their Virginian and Carolinian and English ancestors. The rapid acquirement of wealth by growing cotton did certainly for a time diminish in the Cotton States the association of wealth with good birth which had prevailed in the Seaboard States; but the somewhat patriarchal form which plantation life always took counteracted any tendency to develop a recognizable *nouveaux riches* class. The immense size of the plantations made it impossible for masters to maintain with all their slaves that kindly relation as protector and protected, of strong and weak, which was the Virginian tradition. But such a kindly tradition was certainly the rule in plantation households, whatever may have been the rule or practice among overseers and field hands.

As we have seen, the great majority of white men owned either no slaves at all, or but one or two. Yet it is true that the plantation was the typical community of the lower South, its laws and usages quite as dominant socially as its economic influence was dominant politically; and the plantation of the lower South, like the plantation of Virginia, unfruitful as it was in art and literature and philanthropy, was yet the source of more cordiality and kindliness in all ordinary relations of men and women, of more generous impulses, of a more constant protest against commercialism, of more distinction of manner and charm of personality, than any other way of life practised by Americans before the Civil War. Men crowded together in new cities, seeking chiefly money, in no wise rooted to the soil, thrown into no permanent relations of superior and inferior, could not be expected to develop those intangible, indefinable social qualities, which made Southerners of the planter class intelligible and companionable to English country gentlemen, not because of their birth, but because of their habits of life and thought and speech. One who seeks to understand why, in 1861, the English upper classes favored the South, will not reach the end of his list of causes until he compares such a man as Thomas Dabney, of Mississippi, his *chevalier* look, his leisurely, easy bearing, his simple yet graceful courtesy, and his speech, freed of all jarring consonant sounds, with one of those straightforward, businesslike, equally masterful, but less gracious men of the West, who, without

practising a bow or sparing a consonant, came forward to tell England and the world that the most picturesque of American institutions was not American at all. It is a superficial historical philosophy which dilates on the economic and institutional differences between the two sections, and ignores such smaller divergences as appeared in the manners and speech of individuals.

The harshness of the outward, the militant aspect of the civilization of the Lower South, the gentleness and charm of the inner side of plantation life, make a contrast hard for a stranger to understand. But to one who, in the gloomy years of the slow upbuilding of that overthrown and prostrate civilization, has sought to see it as it was before it fell—to one who has studied men's faces which, however they hardened after laughter, were yet always quick to lighten up with kindliness and merriment, and women's faces which, however marked with the touch of sorrow and humiliation and an unfamiliar poverty, were yet sealed with a true seal of dignity and grace—to such a student of the Southern life, the inner side of it is more attractive than the outer. The one is like the midday look of that fruitful but too heated land; the other brings to mind its evening aspect. Those midday heats are often hard to bear. The sun's progress through the heavens is the hard march of a ruthless conqueror. The vegetation fairly chokes the earth. Insects buzz and sting and irritate. Serpents writhe to the surface of miasmous streams. Beasts palpitate and grow restless. Men brood, and weary of the loneliness, and long for excitement, for fierce deeds, battles, conquests. But with the sudden dropping of the sun in the West a swift change comes over the earth and beasts and men. There is the stillness of the wide, level fields, snowlike with cotton; the softer, night-time noises of the woods and swamps; the splendor of the Southern stars; tinkling of banjos and the twinkling of lights in the negro quarters; the white dresses of women and children, and the exquisite, slow tones of human voices on the verandas of the great house. The rancor of the midday passes—eclipsed, overcome, atoned for, by the charmed sweetness of that dying hour.

## THE KU KLUX MOVEMENT

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When the Civil War ended, the little town of Pulaski, Tennessee, welcomed home a band of young men, who, though they were veterans of hard-fought fields, were for the most part no older than the mass of college students. In the general poverty, the exhaustion, the loss of heart, naturally prevalent throughout the beaten South, young men had more leisure than was good for them. A Southern country town, even in the halcyon days before the war, was not a particularly lively place; and Pulaski in 1866 was doubtless rather tame to fellows who had seen Pickett's charge at Gettysburg or galloped over the country with Morgan and Wheeler. A group of them, gathered in a law office one evening in May, 1866, were discussing ways and means of having a livelier time. Someone suggested a club or society. An organization with no very definite aims was effected, and at a second meeting, a week later, names were proposed and discussed. Some one pronounced the Greek word *"Kuklos,"* meaning a circle. From *"Kuklos"* to "Ku Klux" was an easy transition—whoever consults a glossary of college boys' slang will not find it strange—and "Klan" followed "Ku Klux" as naturally as "Dumpty" follows "Humpty." That the name meant nothing whatever was a recommendation, and one can fancy what sort of badinage would have greeted a suggestion that in six years a committee of Congress would devote thirteen volumes to the history of the "movement" that began in a Pulaski law office and migrated later to a deserted and half-ruined house in the outskirts of the village.

In the beginning, it was, in fact, no "movement" at all. It was a scheme for having fun, more like a college secret society than anything else. Its members were not "lewd fellows of the baser sort," but young men of standing in the community, who would also have been men of wealth if there had been no war. The main source of amusement was at first the initiation of new members, but later the puzzling of outsiders. The only important clause in the oath of member-

ship was a promise of absolute secrecy. The disguise was a white mask, a tall card-board hat, a gown or robe that covered the whole person, and also, when the Klan went mounted, a cover for the horses' bodies and some sort of muffling for their feet. The chief officers were a Grand Cyclops, or president; a Grand Magi, or vice-president; a Grand Turk, or marshal; a Grand Exchequer, or treasurer; and two Lictors. While the club adhered to its original aim and character, only men of known good morals were admitted. Born of the same impulse and conditions that had led to the "snipe hunt" and other hazing devices of Southern country towns, it was probably as harmless and as unimportant a piece of fooling as any to be found inside or outside of colleges.

The Klan was eminently successful. It got all the notoriety it wished, and very soon the youth of neighboring communities began to organize "dens" of their own. The mysterious features of the Klan were most impressive, and it spread most rapidly in rural neighborhoods. Probably it would have become a permanent secret society, not unlike the better known of the unserious secret orders which are so common throughout the South to-day, but for the state of Southern politics and the progress of Reconstruction. These things, however, soon gave a tremendous importance to the Klan's inevitable discovery that mystery and fear have over the African mind twice the power they have over the mind of a white man. It was not the first instance in history of a movement which began in mere purposeless fooling ending in the most serious way. By the time Congress had thrown aside the gentle and kindly plan of reconstruction, which Lincoln conceived and Johnson could not carry out, the Ku Klux had taught the white men of Tennessee and neighboring states the power of mystery over the credulous race which Congress was bent on intrusting with the most difficult task of citizenship. When Southern society, turned upside down, groped about for some means of righting itself, it grasped the Pulaski idea.

As it happened, Tennessee, the original home of the Klan, was the very State in which Reconstruction began earliest; and though the course of events there was somewhat different from the experience of the Cotton States, Tennessee was also the first State to find its social and governmental systems

upside down. It was notable for its large Unionist population. The Unionists were strongest in the mountainous eastern half of the State, while the western half, dominant before the war, was strongly Secessionist. The first step in Reconstruction was to put the east Tennesseeans into power; and the leader of the east Tennessee Unionists was "Parson" Brownlow. Apart from his Unionism, Brownlow is generally conceded to have been an extremely unfit man for great public responsibilities, and when he became governor the Secessionists had to endure much the same sort of misgovernment which in other states was attributed to carpet-bag officials. By the time it was a year old, the Klan had gradually developed into a society of regulators, using its peculiar devices and its accidentally discovered power chiefly to repress the lawlessness into which white men of Brownlow's following were sometimes led by their long-nourished grudge against their former rulers, and into which freedmen fell so inevitably that no fairly-minded historian can mete out to them a hard measure of censure for it. In the Union League the Klan found its natural enemy; and it is quite probably true that, during the early period of their rivalry for control, more inexcusable violence proceeded from the League than from the Klan.

However, a survivor and historian of the Klan does not deny that even thus early the abuses inseparable from secrecy existed in the order. To suppress them, and to adapt order to its new and serious work, a convention was held at Nashville early in 1867. The Klan, up to that time bound together only by a general deference to the Grand Cyclops of the Pulaski "Den," was organized into the "Invisible Empire of the South," ruled by a Grand Wizard of the whole Empire, a Grand Dragon of each Realm, or state, a Grand Titan of each Dominion (Province), or county, a Grand Cyclops of each Den, and staff officers with names equally terrifying. The objects of the Klan, now that it had serious objects, were defined. They were, to protect the people from indignities and wrongs; to succor the suffering, particularly the families of dead Confederate soldiers; to defend "the Constitution of the United States, and all laws passed in conformity thereto," and of the states also; and to aid in executing all constitutional

laws, and protect the people from unlawful seizures and from trial otherwise than by jury. Acts of the Brownlow Legislature reviving the alien and sedition laws were particularly aimed at.

From this time, the Klan put itself more clearly in evidence, generally adhering to its original devices of mystery and silence, but too often yielding to the temptation to add to these violence. On the night of July fourth, by well-heralded parades, it exhibited itself throughout Tennessee, and perhaps in other states, more impressively than ever before. At Pulaski, some four hundred disguised horsemen marched and countermarched silently through the streets before thousands of spectators, and not a single disguise was penetrated. The effect of mystery even on intelligent minds was well illustrated in the estimate, made by "reputable citizens"—that the number was not less than three thousand. Members who lived in the town averted suspicion from themselves by appearing undisguised among the spectators. A gentleman who prided himself on knowing every horse in the county attempted to identify one by lifting its robe, only to discover that the animal and the saddle were his own!

## GOLF

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Its merits, its points of superiority to baseball, tennis, cricket, and other of the infinite number of games built up from simple primary exercise of hitting a ball with a club, are to be sought in two directions. There are the demands it makes upon its votaries, and the compensations it renders them in return. True, the only way to enjoy golf is to play it—except, perhaps, to rest after, and talk of it. Nevertheless, the play is not play alone, but work and play, give and receive, object and subject, achievement and contemplation, as no other playing but life itself is. Let me see if I cannot make plain what I mean and why golfers do actually find golf, *qua* game, not merely superior to all other games, but different from them all in kind and degree of difference quite unlike their differences from each other.

The differences most susceptible of enumeration and analysis are in the matter of the demands it makes. From the variety of the situation its presents, there arises a constant demand upon the player's intelligence; from the unequaled importance of delicate adjustments, and the heavy penalties imposed upon very slight errors, there arises a constant demand upon his self-control; and it makes a quite peculiar demand upon his conscience by reason of the clearness with which its standard of excellence is defined.

True, there is a point of view from which it may be regarded as an extremely simple *game*—the very simplest of all the games with a ball and a club. The player's object is simple and single to the point of simple-mindedness and singularity, one might say: to put a small ball in a small hole with the fewest possible strokes. But so are the objects of the highest ambitions, the guiding stars of careers, the most perplexed and devious. It is true, likewise, that all the countless strokes a golfer makes are resolvable into three kinds of stroke—driving, approaching, and putting. But Mr. Everard, in a dictum unsurpassed for truth and brilliancy by any in all the extremely clever literature of golf, has declared that to make those three strokes aright one must have "art, science, and inspiration." From the moment the ball leaves the tee, whether it be topped, pulled, or sliced, or whether, struck in proper fashion a trifle below the medial line, and urged forward with an exquisite free lashing out of the wrists, it takes flight as with wings, and seeks its true course as with a mind and purpose of its own, until it drops into the cup with a tintinnabulation that no louder clang or pæan ever surpassed in its suggestion of victory and consummation; there is no foreseeing what perplexity or temptation to carelessness or over-confidence it will present. Not twice, from the tee ground to the putting green, will the possibilties and probabilities of the stroke be quite the same. In the lie, the wind, the distance to be traversed, the obstacles to be carried, there are variations not to be reckoned by any known mathematics. The state and prospects of the match, the situation in reference to the whole, as, for instance, whether one is playing the odd or the like, or perhaps the comfortable and beguiling one off two—and the measures of one's superiority or inferiority to one's opponent, and

one's own state of self-command and confidence, or rage, or blank despondency, must all help to determine how that particular stroke shall be played. For into each stroke there must go not merely the thought of the stroke itself, and all its parts, and all the material conditions of it, but the thought of one's self and of one's adversary. If the match be a foursome, one's responsibilities are not halved, but doubled. If a mixed foursome, they are multiplied by as many fold, as the thought of one's partner outweighs all thought of self. *Then,* as the match approaches its dreadfully quiet climax of defeat or victory, the responsibility may grow positively appalling. The very deliberation which, impossible in most games, is characteristic of this, so far from lessening the strain on one's nerves, undoubtedly heightens it. One has time to estimate the emergency, to realize the crisis. Not the fiercest rally at tennis, not the longest and timeliest home run at baseball, not the most heroic rush at football, requires a more rigid concentration of thought and energy, or more of the lover's courage, than the flick of a putter that sends the ball crawling on its last little journey across the putting green, when the putt is for the hole, and the hole means the match. There is not a quality of mind or body—I will not except or qualify at all —no not one, that life itself proves excellent, which a circuit of the links will not test.

The like is true of those moral qualities which all games more or less shrewdly test. In fairness, for example, there is no such discipline in any other game, because no other game offers so constantly or so devilishly the temptation to be unfair. The rules are many and easy to misinterpret, and in ordinary matches, when there are no onlookers, the player is often at liberty to give himself the benefit of the doubt. To alter the lie for the better, to ground one's club in a hazard, to miscount one's strokes—these are the ranker and the grosser offences, which only the self-admitted cad is in danger of committing. The lesser sins, for better men, are countless. Not infrequently, to state the case to your opponent is merely to have him give you the benefit of a doubt which your own conscience tells you should go to him. Cheating is so difficult to prove, and bringing a detected culprit to book is so thankless a task, that he will oftenest go unpunished, until, if he

do not mend his ways, he is somehow gradually made aware that he is fallen into disfavor with his fellows. Indeed, for this very reason, it is hard to see how any but the honest players get pleasure from the game; for the dishonest cannot win even that low conceit of superior cleverness which they do seem to get from sharp practice at other games, as in business. The lighter virtues of good temper, patience, and courtesy are scarcely less essential than the sterner. Without them it is hard to play well, and impossible to play with enjoyment.

But there is yet another way in which golf tries a man's moral strength; and this is the respect in which the analogy of the game to life is most remarkable—in which it is nothing less profound. There is fixed, for every links, with an accuracy and preciseness possible in no other game I know of, a standard of good play. I mean the Bogey score. There is no such standard in tennis, baseball, cricket; in these, one can measure the excellence of one's own play, and estimate one's progress or decline, but vaguely, or against a particular opponent's which is as variable as one's own. In golf, one can play alone against Bogey, and even in matches one has the Bogey score and record scores and one's own former scores in mind. Striving to do better than one's opponent is common to all games; striving to do well without regard to one's opponent, and with a perfectly clear understanding of what is good, bad, and indifferent, is quite another thing. The duffer, making his patient, solitary round, outlawed by the rules, a mark for the ridicule of clever writers, stands, nevertheless, for that in golf which no other game can boast—a clear, though to him, unattainable ideal.

But the thing is deeper than that. The Bogey of the whole course, if that were all, would be like those very noble, but not practicable or intimate, broad plans of life which high-minded youth sets up for the stress of manhood and the failing powers of age. It would not with sufficient urgency make itself a part of every specific effort. Bogey, however, like an actual opponent, competes with us for every hole; at each, with perfect justice, he declines to profit by good luck. He will not count it if he hole his approach; he never lucks a putt. But neither does his approach overrun, and his second putt always goes down. There is a standard of excellence for specific

tasks. Nay, more: with every single stroke we assail an ideal. There is no taking refuge in a breath-saving lob, as in tennis. Wherever and however the ball may lie, there is a certain right way to play it, a certain reasonable hope in the stroke from which we may be tempted by over-confidence and an adventurous trust in luck, or frightened by too low an estimate of our own powers. The ideal of golf, the moral law of golf, is thus, throughout, the ideal and moral law of life: similarly persistent, silent, inescapable. A golfer's mistakes, his individual misjudgments, slices, pulls, foozles, are sins—nothing less; he will writhe under them ere he sleeps.

True, of each according to his strength it is demanded. There is, of course, one's handicap. But the consolation of a handicap is precisely such as it yields in the greater game, and no more. In both alike, to be quite consoled with it is despicable; to refuse altogether to be consoled with it is to reject philosophy; to strive on, either desperately or sweetly, to the end of doing without it, to the attainment of a positive, non-relative excellence, is the right virtue and heroism. The principle of the handicap is always an admirable one, and it is illustrated in golf as in no other game; for in no other, probably, does one's play so vary from day to day, in no other is there such need of patience under discouragement or of restraint in good fortune. To aim at a high average of performance, and not to be overmindful either of temporary fallings off or streaks of brilliancy, is the principle turned into rule. Does life enforce another so wise, so practical, or so fine?

If it does, then it is true the rule of self-study, and that too is a rule of golf, commended by like rewards, enforced by penalties as logical and as sure. This is the demand of golf that is oftenest discussed in the treatises, and set forth with the greatest fulness of illustration and analysis. But the true nature of it, the extent and limit of it, the little more and little less of it, is best made plain, I fancy, only by persisting with this same analogy to life, which already, no doubt, is growing tiresome. For the line between the self-study which is needful and self-consciousness, which is fatal, is precisely the same in both. You discover, let us say, that the position of your left foot in driving is wrong, and by practice ascertain that you

should set it thus, and not so. Nothing, surely, can be simpler; you will thenceforth avoid the error and slice or pull no more. But it is not merely necessary to place that left foot properly; it is necessary to leave it there, to withdraw your mind from it, to redistribute your attention, or will, or whatever may be the right term, throughout all the parts of your anatomy. A hang, a catch, a snap o' the lid, and you are snared. That left foot will not down. At every stroke it will offend you. It is no longer yours, but it becomes a foreign and an alien thing. It rises up and kicks you. It shall be set upon your neck. Rebellion and civil war is let loose within your state. Conquer it you may, but you know not when it will again grow outrageous. You are cursed with a besetting sin, and in the time of stress it will find you out. Henceforth, only by a constant watching and willing can you doubtfully maintain your poise between the outward and the inward thought, and precariously regain the wholeness you have lost.

# FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

[1849— ]

ROSA NAOMI SCOTT

FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT is not included in a history of Southern literature by right of birth. But the significant facts that most of her youth was spent in Tennessee, and that she had already become a popular author before she left there, give the South just reason to claim part ownership in her and in her contributions to literature.

Frances Hodgson was born in 1849 at Manchester, England. She spent her childhood in that city, a typical factory town, where she learned the Lancashire dialect, later one of her distinctive literary assets. There, also, she received all that the schoolroom ever contributed to her development, for she never attended school after leaving Manchester at the age of fifteen. But during these years she had read widely in a library to which she had access. Her father, who died when Frances was a child, had been a prosperous merchant, and in obedience to his dying injunction, his widow undertook to carry on his business, but found herself incompetent for the task. Her property dwindling away, upon consultation with a brother—living at Knoxville, Tennessee—Mrs. Hodgson wound up her disordered affairs and removed with her family to America. They came directly to New Market, Tennessee, a village about twenty miles from Knoxville.

The change from the sooty shabbiness of an English manufacturing town to a new world of open skies and picturesque mountain scenery, could not fail of effect upon an imaginative girl of fifteen. This is vividly set forth in Mrs. Burnett's autobiographical work, 'The One I Knew The Best Of All,' in which after a lapse of nearly thirty years, she recalls accurately the successive changes of foliage that go on in a Tennessee forest in autumn, and indicates with minuteness the birds which then frequented that region. These fresh impressions gave food to her creative sense, and quickened her impulse to become an author. New types and phases of life, to which she was sensitively alive, suggested to her their reproduction in characters and situations of her own devising.

In 1866 the Hodgsons moved to the vicinity of Knoxville, where they lived three miles out of town. Residence in that city was

a significant period in Frances Hodgson's literary fortune. 'That Lass o' Lowrie's' was conceived and written out there, and her first stories were written and published in *Godey's Lady's Book* in 1867. These were love tales, the scenes laid in England, and are not now included in Mrs. Burnett's works. *Peterson's Magazine* also gladly published her productions, and then commenced a continuous stream of story writing that has flowed on evenly for forty years. From that period, too, dates the author's association with the drama. In both New Market and Knoxville she took part in amateur theatricals, and acted with marked ability. The persistency of this dramatic instinct has followed her throughout her career, and kept her productions in close touch with the stage.

In 1870 Frances accompanied her family to Knoxville, and shortly afterwards Mrs. Hodgson died. Her grief in this bereavement is reflected in the pathos of the story that is the next notable event in Miss Hodgson's life. "Surly Tim," Frances Hodgson's best story, a sketch that now ranks as a classic, was published in *Scribner's* in 1872. It was the first of her strong portraits of homely character. The exquisite pathos and human interest of the sketch, apart from the novelty of the dialect, commanded instant notice. The unknown story-teller passed at a bound from a writer of mediocre love stories to an author of promise. She was thereafter pointed out in Knoxville as the Miss Hodgson who wrote "Surly Tim."

Possibly under the stimulus of this success, certainly while she was still living in Knoxville, under the same influences that went to make "Surly Tim," she wrote the book that brought her into immediate notice in England and America, and is still ranked by many critics as her best. 'That Lass o' Lowrie's' came into being in Knoxville, then a sleepy old town, and was pronounced by a literary friend who read it in manuscript, to be the great American novel. It was not published until 1867, but it soon became widely popular and was translated into several foreign languages. Discriminating critics consider it, with "Surly Tim," the finest fruit of her genius.

Later Miss Hodgson spent a year in England visiting an aunt. A letter written then to a child in Knoxville, dated Manchester, 1873, gives a picture of old England's holiday-cheer and reveals the writer's ability to apply the touchstone to the hearts of children and evoke their sympathies with the same subtle power that was afterward to enthrall the juvenile world in 'Little Lord Fauntleroy.' The same year Miss Hodgson returned to Knoxville, and a few months afterwards she was united in marriage to Dr. Swann Burnett, who several years before, while an ambitious medical student,

had become interested in her and her aspirations. For a time they remained in the neighborhood, as inmates of the Burnett household at New Market, where was born Lionel, their eldest son. The second son, Vivian, was the prototpye of Lord Fauntleroy. Later Dr. and Mrs. Burnett visited in Europe, and upon their return resided for a time in Washington. Mrs. Burnett now spends half of her time in her English home and half in New York. In October, 1907, she appeared as editor-in-chief of *The Children's Magazine,* New York.

Mrs. Burnett's productions include three distinct kinds of fiction: the dialect story, the novel, and the story of child-life. These types hardly group her work into corresponding periods but there are strong hints of such division. 'Through One Administration' is the dividing line. The dialect period falls before this, with but one exception, and the child story afterward.

One marked characteristic of Mrs. Burnett's style, even in her early stories, is her simple English. She writes directly from her own absorption in her subject, with no consciousness of other standards and with the simplicity of Saxon English. She possesses the inimitable power of telling a story. Her most immature tales have the element of interest. This largely inheres in the normal atmosphere she creates and in her gift of bringing to pass unexpected good. Mrs. Burnett seldom exploits the tortures of realism. These qualities, with her unusual pure-mindedness, have largely contributed to her phenomenal success as a writer for children. She is also preëminently a portrait painter of a single character. She is hardly the magician of fiction who calls up living groups, moving intricately in the stress and semblance of life, but in the creation of bold single outlines she has few equals. Her inclination to depict the feminine and child mind has given us many complex women and delightful children, but Mrs. Burnett has contributed to contemporary fiction only three living men: Big Tom, Tredennis, and Ha'worth. Ha'worth belongs to the dialect stories and is said to be the author's favorite creation.

Mrs. Burnett has shown the power of growth in an unusual degree. No writer offers fairer opportunity for the analysis of the development of the creative impulse. Her earliest stories, preserved through an accident, give a standard of comparison for her later works, and the fact that she began writing when very young makes it possible to follow her development through a period of forty years. The autobiographical sketch is a further aid, as it traces with skilled analysis the nebulous beginnings of imagination in the child mind. The steady progress of her stories from an artificial world to a grasp of life, with corresponding ripeness of

heart and hand, is intensely interesting. But Mrs. Burnett's power to rise suddenly above her average productions into something truly fine, seems temperamental and not a matter of growth. It occurs in her first years of authorship, when 'Surly Tim' and 'That Lass o' Lowrie's,' rise abruptly above her immature love stories; in the middle period, when 'Through One Administration' passes all her novels at a bound; and when 'Little Lord Fauntleroy' and 'The Closed Door' differentiate the child classic from her merely interesting child stories.

Mrs. Burnett has been compared to Dickens. Her Saxon English, her gift in delineating homely character, her sympathy with childhood, her blending of pathos and humor, and her interest in the drama suggest a similarity to her great countryman. She does not, however, possess his magic power of plot. Had she even the ingenuity of Wilkie Collins she would rank indisputably higher. The three-cornered plot, two women and a man, occupies her early stories. The growth of Mrs. Burnett's art is marked by the growth of this second woman. She develops from a figure-head in the first stories to a foil for the heroine: from a minor individuality to a pathetic, full-length woman with a history of her own, as Agatha in 'Through One Administration,' and Lady Anstruthers in 'The Shuttle.' This second woman is an admirable exponent of the broadening spirit and technique of Mrs. Burnett's growth. The construction is clear and the characters have the dramatic power of unfolding themselves.

In 'Through One Administration' Mrs. Burnett achieved her greatest success as a novelist. 'The Shuttle,' issued in 1907, may take rank beside it. But the difference between 'Through One Administration' and all that went before is very marked. 'Surly Tim' and 'That Lass o' Lowrie's' are strong outlines of a single figure drawn with pathos and simplicity. They are not, strictly speaking, novels. 'Through One Administration' is a vital illustration of the English novel; a presentation of complex, contemporary life, the interest driven by the forces of great human emotions. In no other book has Mrs. Burnett shown better the range of character drawing, the balanced vivid interpretation of life that is worthy to rank with the work of the English masters of fiction. The emotional power, the brilliant dialogue, the glittering social atmosphere, the figure of Tredennis, the only virile, normal man of breeding Mrs. Burnett ever drew, are comparable to Thackeray. Before this Mrs. Burnett's characters had been limited to age seen through filial eyes, the reserved delicacies of young girls with undeveloped emotions, or true womanliness under a rough exterior. But the bold sincerity of passion in 'Through One Administration,' the

finished maturity and complex charm of Bertha, the living group of Washington men and women, are handled with fuller skill. The perilous emotional pitch of increasing intensity to the sombre climax, shows masterly dramatic power.

'Little Lord Fauntleroy,' written three years later, is the best known of Mrs. Burnett's works. It has had an immense circulation in England and America, and is easily the most popular of modern child stories. It established the Fauntleroy costume as a fashion in the United States. The lovable figure of the little Lord was the first of Mrs. Burnett's sympathetic interpretations of child life for a juvenile audience. Others followed—'Sara Crewe,' 'Editha's Burglar'—but none has rivalled Lord Fauntleroy in the affection of the public.

The simplicity and charm of the plot against the rich ancestral background of England, the fine figure of the old Earl, the throb of mother love, and the human quaintness of a delightful child have given 'Little Lord Fauntleroy' permanent rank as a child classic. A discussion of plagiarism arose about this book upon its publication. But the child-story Mrs. Burnett was accused of purloining was so trite, the situation so totally unlike that of 'Little Lord Fauntleroy' that the charge was too trivial for any sort of credence.

'Little Lord Fauntleroy' has been dramatized with enormous success in America and England. Mrs. Burnett won a suit against an unauthorized dramatization of the story in England. This decision was the first recognition in English law of an author's power over the dramatization of his work, a right Dickens and Reade contended for vainly, through years of litigation and with the expenditure of thousands of pounds. When the verdict was made public the authors of England presented Mrs. Burnett with an address and a diamond bracelet.

The scene of 'In Connection with the De Willoughby Claim' is laid in the streets and atmosphere of Knoxville, Tennessee. This book furnishes another proof of the influence Mrs. Burnett's residence in Tennessee has had on her art. It is interesting to trace the curious persistency with which her Tennessee impressions reappear in types, in her mountain stories, in east Tennessee idiom, in characterization and plot, as in 'The De Willoughby Claim.' The watering-place, the social movement, the thread of the plot, are locally recognizable, though the author is believed to have exaggerated somewhat the exclusiveness she depicts.

Mrs. Burnett is not generally associated with the mountain dialect of Tennessee and North Carolina, but she has strong claims as pioneer in this field of literature, if we except Gilmore Simms's

ante-bellum productions. 'Esmeralda,' published in book form in 1877, contains vital portraits of mountaineer type and realistic dialect. It precedes by ten years any recognized work of Charles Egbert Craddock, who is ranked as the first writer of the contemporary group occupied with Tennessee or North Carolina dialect. 'Louisiana,' a more pretentious mountain story, is an excellent interpretation of the loyalty and sensitiveness of the mountaineer's character. This appeared in 1880, and without 'Esmeralda's' claim would establish Mrs. Burnett's priority in presenting the mountaineer in contemporary literature.

'The Closed Door,' Mrs. Burnett's latest child story, is her most artistic creation. It will never enjoy the popularity of 'Little Lord Fauntleroy' but ranks higher as literature. The subtle suggestiveness of the dividing line between reality and the spiritual world that lies about infancy, an æsthetic child-soul struggling in commonplace surroundings to an exquisite kinship with the mystic children, is a poetic conception executed with genius.

Mrs. Burnett's equal facility in depicting English and American life is the inheritance of her residence in both countries. No contemporary writer is comparable with her in this field. 'The Shuttle,' published in October, 1907, is an exponent of these intimate associations gathered through a ripened career, and presented with a plot of superior interest and finished craftsmanship. 'The Shuttle' may take place with the five productions that give Mrs. Burnett rank as an author. 'Surly Tim,' 'That Lass o' Lowrie's,' 'Through One Administration,' 'Little Lord Fauntleroy,' and 'The Closed Door' are Mrs. Burnett's most permanent contributions to literature.

Rosa Naomi Scott.

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## SURLY TIM

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* * * * * *

"It wur welly about six year ago I comn here," he said, "more or less, welly about six year. I wur a quiet chap then, Mester, an' had na many friends, but I had more than I ha' now. Happen I wur better nater'd, but just as loike I wur loighter-hearted—but that's nowt to do wi' it.

"I had na been here more than a week when theer comes a young woman to moind a loom i' th' next room to me, an' this young woman bein' pretty an' modest takes my fancy. She wur na loike th' rest o' the wenches—loud talkin' an' slattern i' her ways; she wur just quiet loike and nowt else. First time I seed her I says to mysen, 'Theer's a lass 'at's seed trouble;' an' somehow every toime I seed her afterward I says to mysen, 'Theer's a lass 'at's seed trouble.' It wur i' her eye—she had a soft loike brown eye, Mester—an' it wur i' her voice—her voice wur soft loike, too—I sometimes thowt it wur plain to be seed even i' her dress. If she'd been born a lady she'd ha' been one o' th' foine soart, an' as she'd been born a factory-lass she wur one o' th' fine soart still. So I took to watchin'

her an' tryin' to mak' friends wi' her, but I never had much luck wi' her till one neet I was goin' home through th' snow, and I seed her afore fighten' th' drift wi' nowt but a thin shawl over her head; so I goes up behind her an' I says to her, steady and respectful, so as she wouldna be feart, I says:—

" 'Lass, let me see thee home. It's bad weather fur thee to be out in by thysen. Tak' my coat an' wrap thee up in it, an' tak' hold o' my arm an' let me help thee along.'

"She looks up right straightforred i' my face wi' her brown eyes, an' I tell yo' Mester, I wur glad I wur a honest man 'stead o' a rascal, fur them quiet eyes 'ud ha' fun me out afore I'd ha' done sayin' my say if I'd meant harm.

" 'Thank yo' kindly, Mester Hibblethwaite,' she says, 'but dunnot tak' off tha' coat fur me; I'm doin' pretty nicely. It is Mester Hibblethwaite, beant it?'

" 'Aye, lass,' I answers, 'it's him. Mought I ax yo're name.'

" 'Aye, to be sure,' said she. 'My name's Rosanna—'Sanna Brent th' folk at th' mill allus ca's me. I work at th' loom i' the next room to thine. I've seed thee often an' often.'

"So we walks home to her lodgins, an' on th' way we talks together friendly an' quiet like, an' th' more we talks th' more I sees she's had trouble, an' by an' by—bein' on'y common workin' folk, we're straightforred to each other in our plain way—it comes out what her trouble has been.

" 'Yo' p'raps wouldn't think I've been a married woman, Mester,' she says; 'But I ha' 'an I wedded an' rued. I married a sojer when I wur a giddy young wench, four years ago, an' it wur th' worst thing as ever I did i' aw my days. He wur one o' yo're handsome, fastish chaps, an' he tired o' me as men o' his stripe allus do tire o' poor lasses, an' then he ill-treated me. He went to th' Crimea after we'n been wed a year, an' left me to shift fur mysen. An' I heard six month after he wur dead. He'd never writ back to me nor sent me no help, but I couldna think he wur dead till th' letter comn. He wur killed th' first month he wur out fightin' th' Rooshians. Poor fellow! Poor Phil! Th' Lord ha' mercy on him!'

"That wur how I found out about her trouble, an' somehow it seemed to draw me to her, an' mak' me feel kindly to'ards

her; 'twur so pitiful to hear her talk about th' rascal, so sorrowful an' gentle, an' not gi' him a real hard word for a' he'd done. But that's allus th' way wi' women folk—th' more yo' harry's them, th' more they'll pity yo' an' pray for yo'. Why she wurna more than twenty-two then, an' she must ha' been nowt but a slip o' a lass when they wur wed.

"Hows'ever, Rosanna Brent an' me got to be good friends, an' we walked home together o' nights, an' talked about our bits o' wage, an' our bits o' debt, an' th' way that wench 'ud keep me up i' spirits when I wur a bit down-hearted about owt, wur just a wonder. She wur so quiet an' steady, an' when she said owt she meant it, an' she never said too much or too little. Her brown eyes allus minded me o' my mother, though th' old woman deed when I were nobbut a little chap, but I never seed 'Sanna Brent smile th'out thinkin' o' how my mother looked when I wur kneelin' down sayin' my prayers after her. An' bein' as the lass wur so dear to me, I made up my mind to ax her to be summat dearer. So once goin' home along wi' her, I takes hold o' her hand an' lifts it up an' kisses it gentle—as gentle an' wi' summat th' same feelin' as I'd kiss th' Good Book.

" ' 'Sanna,' I says, 'bein' as yo've had so much trouble wi' yo're first chance, would yo' be afeard to try a second? Could yo' trust a mon again? Such a mon as me, 'Sanna?'

" 'I wouldna be feart to trust thee, Tim,' she answers back soft an' gentle after a manner. 'I wouldna be feart to trust thee any time.'

"I kisses her hand again, gentler still.

" 'God bless thee, lass,' I says. 'Does that mean yes?'

"She crept up closer to me i' her sweet, quiet way.

" 'Aye, lad,' she answers. 'It means yes, an' I'll bide by it.'

" 'An' tha shalt never rue it, lass,' said I. 'Tha's gi'en thy life to me, an' I'll gi' mine to thee, sure and true.'

"So we wur axed i' th' church th' next Sunday, an' a month fro' then we wur wed, an' if ever God's sun shone on a happy mon, it shone on one that day, when we come out o' church together—me and Rosanna—an' went to our bit o' a home to begin life again. I couldna tell thee, Mester—theer beant no words to tell how happy an' peaceful we lived fur two year after that. My lass never altered her sweet ways,

an' I just loved her to make up to her fur what had gone by. I thanked God-a'-moighty fur his blessing every day, and every day I prayed to be made worthy of it. An' here's just wheer I'd like to ax a question, Mester, about summat 'ats worretted me a good deal. I dunnot want to question th' Maker, but I would loike to know how it is 'at sometime it seems 'at we're clean forgot—as if He couldna fash hissen about our troubles, and most loike left 'em to work out their-sens. Yo' see, Mester, an' we aw see sometime He thinks on us an' gi's us a lift, but hasna tha thysen, seen times when tha stopt short an' axed thysen, 'Wheer's God-a'-moighty 'at he isna straighten things out a bit?' Th' world's i' a power o' a snarl. Th' righteous is forsaken, 'n his seed's beggin' bread. An' th' devil's topmost agen'. I've talked to my lass about it sometimes, an' I dunnot think I meant harm, Mester, for I felt humble enough—an' when I talked, my lass she'd listen an' smile soft an' sorrowful, but she never gi' me but one answer.

" 'Tim,' she'd say, 'this is on'y th' skoo' an' we're th' scholars, an' He's teachin' us his way. We munnot be loike th' children o' Israel i' th' Wilderness, an' turn away fro' th' cross 'casse o' th' Sarpent. We munnot say, "Theer's a snake:" we mun say, "Theer's th' Cross, an' th' Lord gi' it to us." Th' teacher wouldna be o' much use, Tim, if th' scholars knew as much as he did, an' I allus think it's th' best to comfort mysen wi' sayin', "Th' Lord-a'-moighty, He knows."

"An' she allus comforted me too when I wur worretted. Life looked smooth somehow them three year. Happen th' Lord sent 'em to me to make up for what wur comin'.

"At th' eend o' th' first year th' child wur born, th' little lad here," touching the turf with his hand, " 'Wee Wattie' his mother ca'd him, an' he wur a fine lightsome little chap. He filled th' whole house wi' music day in an' day out, crowin' and crowin'—an' cryin' too sometime. But if ever yo're a feyther, Mester, yo'll find out 'at a baby's cry's music often enough, an' yo'll find too, if yo' ever lose one, 'at yo'd give all yo'd getten just to hear even th' worst o' cryin'. Rosanna she couldna find i' her heart to set th' little un out o' her arms a minnit, an' she'd go about th' room wi' her eyes aw leeted up, an' her face bloomin' like a slip o' a girl's, an' if she laid him i' th' cradle her head 'ud be turnt o'er her shoulder aw th' time

lookin' at him an' singin' bits o' sweet-soundin' foolish woman-folks' songs. I thowt then 'at them old nursery songs wur th' happiest music I ever heard, an' when 'Sanna sung 'em they minded me o' hymn-tunes.

"Well, Mester, before th' spring wur out Wee Wat was toddlin' round holdin' to his mother's gown, an' by th' middle o' th' next he was cooin' like a dove, an' prattlin' words i' a voice like hers. His eyes wur big an' brown an' straight-forrad like hers, an' his mouth was like hers, an' his curls wur the color o' a brown bee's back. Happen we set too much store by him, or happen it wur on'y th' Teacher again teachin' us his way, but hows-ever that wur, I came home one sunny mornin' fro' th' factory, an' my dear lass met me at th' door, all white an' cold, but tryin' hard to be brave an' help me to bear what she had to tell.

" 'Tim,' said she, 'th' Lord ha' sent us a trouble; but we can bear it together, canna we, dear lad?'

"That wur aw, but I knew what it meant, though th' poor little lamb had been well enough when I kissed him last.

"I went i' an' saw him lyin' theer on his pillows strugglin' an' gaspin' in hard convulsions, an' I seed aw was over. An' in half an hour, just as th' sun crept across th' room an' touched his curls, th' pretty little chap opens his eyes aw at once.

" 'Daddy!' he crows out. 'Sithee Dad—!' an' he lifts hissen up, catches at th' floatin' sunshine, laughs at it, an' fa's back—dead, Mester.

"I've allus thowt 'at th' Lord-a'-moighty knew what He wur doin' when he gi' th' woman t' Adam i' th' Garden o' Eden. He knowed he wur nowt but a poor chap as couldna do fur hissen; an' I suppose that's th' reason he gi' th' woman th' strength to bear trouble when it comn. I'd ha' gi'en clean in if it hadna been fur my lass when th' little chap deed. I never tackledt owt i' aw my days 'at hurt me as heavy as losin' him did. I couldna abear th' sight of his cradle, an' if ever I comn across any o' his bits o' playthings, I'd fa' to cryin' an' shakin' like a babby. I kept out o' th' way o' th' neebor's children even. I wasna like Rosanna. I couldna see quoite clear what th' Lord meant, an' I couldna help murmuring sad and heavy. That's just loike us men, Mester; just as if th' dear wench as

had give him her life fur food day an' neet, hadna fur th' best reet o' th' two to be weak an' heavy-hearted.

"But I getten welly over it at last, an' we was beginnin' to come round a bit an' look forrard to th' toime we'd see him agen 'stead o' lookin' back to th' toime we shut th' round bit of a face under th' coffin-lid. Th' day comn when we could bear to talk about him an' moind things he'd said an' tried to say i' his broken babby way. An' so we wur creepin' back again to th' old happy quiet, an' we had been for welly six month, when summat fresh come. I'll never forget it, Mester, th' neet it happened. I'd kissed Rosanna at th' door an' left her standin' theer when I went up to th' village to buy summat she wanted. It wur a bright moonlight neet, just such a neet as this, an' th' lass had followed me out to see th' moonshine, it wur so bright an' clear; an' just before I starts she folds both her hands on my shoulder an' says, soft an' thoughtful:—

" 'Tim, I wonder if th' little chap sees us?'

" 'I'd loike to know, dear lass,' I answers back. An' then she speaks again:

" 'Tim, I wonder if he'd know he was ours if he could see, or if he'd ha' forgot? He wur such a little fellow.'

"Them wur th' last peaceful words I ever heerd her speak. I went up to the village an' getten what she sent me fur, an' then I comn back. Th' moon wur shinin' as bright as ever, an' th' flowers i' her slip o' a garden wur aw sparklin' wi' dew. I seed 'em as I went up th' walk, and I thowt again of what she'd said bout th' little lad.

"She wasna outside, an' I couldna see a leet about th' house, but I heerd voices, so I walked straight in—into th' entry an' into th' kitchen, an' theer she wur, Mester—my poor wench, crouchin' down by th' table, hidin' her face i' her hands, an' close beside her wur a mon—a mon i' red sojer clothes.

"My heart leaped into my throat, an' fur a minnit I hadna a word, fur I saw summat wur up, though I couldna tell what it wur. But at last my voice come back.

" 'Good evenin', Mester,' I says to him; 'I hope yo' ha' not broughten ill-news? What ails thee, dear lass?'

"She stirs a little, an' gives a moan like a dyin' child; and then she lifts up her wan, broken-hearted face, an' stretches out both her hands to me.

" 'Tim,' she says, 'dunnot hate me, lad, dunnot. I thowt he wur dead long sin'. I thowt 'at th' Rooshans killed him an' I wur free, but I amna. I never wur. He never deed, Tim, an' theer he is—the man as I wur wed to an' left by. God forgi' him, an' oh, God forgi' me!'

"Theer, Mester, theer's a story fur thee. What dost th' think o't? My poor lass wasna my wife at aw—th' little chap's mother wasna his feyther's wife, an' never had been. That theer worthless fellow as beat an' starved her an' left her to fight th' world alone, had comn back alive an' well, ready to begin agen. He could tak' her away fro' me any hour i' th' day, and I couldna say a word to bar him. Th' law said my wife—th' little dead lad's mother—belonged to him, body an' soul. Theer was no law to help us—it wur aw on his side.

"Theer's no use o' goin' o'er aw we said to each other i' that dark room theer. I raved an' prayed an' pled wi' th' lass to let me carry her across th' seas, wheer I'd heerd tell theer was help fur such loike; but she pled back i' her broken, patient way that it wouldna be reet, an' happen it wur the Lord's will. She didna say much to th' sojer. I scarce heerd her speak to him more than once, when she axed him to let her go away by hersen.

" 'Tha conna want me now, Phil,' she said. 'Tha conna care fur me. Tha must know I'm more this mon's wife than thine. But I dunnot ax thee to gi' me to him because I know that wouldna be reet; I on'y ax thee to let me aloan. I'll go fur enough off an' never see him more.'

"But th' villain held to her. If she didna come wi' him, he said, he'd ha' her up before th' court fur bigamy. I could ha' done murder then, Mester, an' I would ha' done if it hadna been for th' poor lass runnin' in betwixt us an' pleadin' wi' aw her might. If we'n been rich foak theer might ha' been some help fur her, at least; th' law might ha' been browt to mak' him leave her be, but bein' poor workin' foak theer wur on'y one thing: th' wife mun go wi' th' husband, an' theer th' husband stood—a scoundrel, cursin', wi' his black heart on his tongue.

" 'Well,' says th' lass at last, fair wearied out wi' grief, 'I'll go wi' thee, Phil, an' I'll do my best to please thee, but I

wunnot promise to forget th' mon as has been true to me, an' has stood betwixt me an' th' world.'

"Then she turned round to me.

" 'Tim,' she said to me, as if she wur haaf feart—aye, feart o' him, an' me standin' by. Three hours afore, th' law ud ha' let me mill any mon 'at feart her. 'Tim,' she says, 'surely he wunnot refuse to let us go together to th' little lad's grave—fur th' last time.' She didna speak to him but to me, an' she spoke still an' strained as if she wur too heart-broke to be wild. Her face was as white as th' dead, but she didna cry, as ony other woman would ha' done. 'Come, Tim,' she said, 'he conna say no to that.'

"An' so out we went 'thout another word, an' left th' black-hearted rascal behind, sittin' i' th' very room th' little un deed in. His cradle stood theer i' th' corner. We went out into th' moonlight 'thout speakin', an' we didna say a word until we come to this very place, Mester.

"We stood here for a minute silent, an' then I sees her begin to shake, an' she throws hersen down on th' grass wi' her arms flung o'er th' grave, an' she cries out as if her death-wound had been give to her.

" 'Little lad,' she says, 'little lad, dost ta see thy mother? Canst na tha hear her callin' thee? Little lad, get nigh to th' Throne an' plead!'

"I fell down beside o' th' poor crushed wench an' sobbed wi' her. I couldna comfort her, fur wheer wur there any comfort for us? Theer wur none left—theer wur no hope. We was shamed an' broke down—our lives was lost. Th' past wur nowt—th' future wur worse. Oh, my poor lass, how hard she tried to pray—fur me, Mester—yes, fur me, as she lay theer wi' her arms round her dead babby's grave, an' her cheek on th' grass as grew o'er his breast. 'Lord God-a-moighty, she says, 'help us—dunnot gi' us up—dunnot, dunnot. We conna do 'thowt thee now, if the time ever wur when we could. Th' little chap mun be wi' thee, I mоind th' bit o' comfort about gethrin' th' lambs i' his bosom. An' Lord, if tha could spare him a minnit, send him down to us wi' a bit o' leet. Oh, Feyther! help th' poor lad here—help him. Let th' weight fa' on me, not on him. Just help th' poor lad to bear it. If ever I did owt as wur worthy i' thy sight, let that be my reward.

Dear Lord-a'-moighty, I'd be willin' to gi' up a bit o' my own heavenly glory fur th' dear lad's sake.'

"Well, Mester, she lay theer on th' grass prayin' an' cryin', wild but gentle, fur nigh haaf an hour, an' then it seemed 'at she got quoite loike, an' she got up. Happen th' Lord had hearkened an' sent th' child—happen He had, fur when she getten up her face looked to me aw white an' shinin' i' th' clear moonlight.

" 'Sit down by me, dear lad,' she said, 'an' hold my hand a minnit.' I set down an' took hold of her hand, as she bid me.

" 'Tim,' she said, 'this wur why th' little chap deed. Dost na tha see now 'at th' Lord knew best?'

" 'Yes, lass,' I answers humble, an' lays my face on her hand, breakin' down again.

" 'Hush, dear lad,' she whispers, 'we hannot time fur that. I want to talk to thee. Wilta listen?'

" 'Yes, wife,' I says, an' I heerd her sob when I said it, but she catches hersen up again.

" 'I want thee to mak' me a promise,' said she. 'I want thee to promise never to forget what peace we ha' had. I want thee to remember it allus, an' to moind him 'at's dead, an' let his little hond howd thee back fro' sin an' hard thowts. I'll pray fur thee neet an' day, Tim, an' tha shalt pray fur me, an' happen theer'll come a leet. But if theer dunnot, dear lad—an' I dunnot see how theer could—if theer dunnot, an' we never see each other agen, I want thee to mak' me a promise that if tha sees th' little chap first tha'lt moind him o' me, and watch out wi' him nigh th' gate, and I'll promise thee that if I see him first, I'll moind him o' thee an' watch out true an' constant.'

"I promised her, Mester, as yo' can guess, an' we kneeled down an' kissed th' grass, an' she took a bit o' th' sod to put i' her bosom. An' then we stood up an' looked at each other, an' at last she put her dear face on my breast an' kissed me, as she had done every neet sin' we were mon an' wife.

" 'Good-bye, dear lad,' she whispers—her voice aw broken. 'Doant come back to th' house till I'm gone. Good-bye, dear, dear, lad, an' God bless thee.' An' she slipped out o' my arms an' wur gone in a moment awmost before I could cry out.

* * * * * *

"Theer isna much more to tell, Mester—th' eend's comin' now, an' happen it'll shorten off th' story, so 'at it seems suddent to thee. But it were no suddent to me. I lived alone here, an' worked, an' moinded my own business, an' answered no questions fur nigh about a year, hearin' nowt, an' seein' nowt, an' hopin' nowt, till one toime when th' daisies were blowin' on th' little grave here, theer come to me a letter fro' Manchester fro' one o' th' medical chaps i' th' hospital. It wur a short letter wi' prent on it, an' the moment I seed it I knowed summat wur up, an' I opened it tremblin'. Mester, theer wur a woman lyin' i' one o' th' wards dyin' o' some long-named heart-disease, an' she'd prayed 'em to send fur me, an' one o' th' young soft-hearted ones had writ me a line to let me know.

"I started a'most afore I'd finished readin' th' letter, an' when I getten to th' place I fun just what I knowed I should. I fun her—my wife—th' blessed lass, an' if I'd been an hour later I wouldna ha' seen her alive, fur she were nigh past knowin' me then.

"But I knelt down by th' bedside, an' I plead wi' her as she lay theer, until I browt her back to th' world again fur one moment. Her eyes flew wide open aw at onct, an' she seed me an' smiled, aw her dear face quiverin' i' death.

" 'Dear lad,' she whispered, 'th' path was na so long after aw. Th' Lord knew—He trod it hissen' onct, yo' know. I knowed tha'd come—I prayed so. I've reached th' very eend now, Tim, an' I shall see th' little lad first. But I wunnot forget my promise—no. I'll look out—fur thee—fur thee—at th' gate.'

"An' her eyes shut slow an' quiet, an' I knowed she was dead.

"Theer, Mester Doncaster, theer it aw is, fur theer she lies under th' daisies cloost by her child, fur I browt her here an' buried her. Th' fellow as come betwixt us had tortured her fur a while an' then left her again, I fun out—an' she wur so afeard of doin' me some harm that she wouldna come nigh me. It wur heart disease as killed her, th' medical chaps said, but I knowed better—it wur heart-break. That's aw. Sometimes I think o'er it till I conna stand it any longer, an' I'm fain to come here an' lay my hand on the grass—

an' sometimes I ha' queer dreams about her. I had one last neet. I thowt 'at she comn to me aw at onct just as she used to look, on'y, wi' her white face shinin' loike a star, an' she says, 'Tim, th' path isna so long after aw—tha's come nigh to th' eend, an' me an' th' little chap is waitin'. He knows thee, dear lad, fur I've towt him.'

"That's why I comn here to-neet, Mester; an' I believe that's why I've talked so free to thee. If I'm near th' eend I'd loike some one to know. I ha' meant no hurt when I seemed grum an' surly. It wurna ill-will, but a heavy heart."

* * * * * *

He stopped here, and his head drooped upon his hands again, and for a minute or so there was another dead silence. Such a story as this needed no comment. I could make none. It seemed to me that the poor fellow's sore heart could bear none. At length he rose from the turf and stood up, looking out over the graves into the soft light beyond with a strange wistful sadness.

"Well, I mun go now," he said slowly. "Good-neet, Mester, good-neet, an' thank yo' fur listenin'."

"Good night," I returned, adding, in an impulse of pity that was almost a passion, "and God help you!"

"Thank yo' again, Mester!" he said, and then turned away; and as I sat pondering I watched his heavy drooping figure threading its way among the dark mounds and white marble, and under the shadowy trees, and out into the path beyond. I did not sleep well that night. The strained, heavy tones of the man's voice were in my ears, and the homely yet tragic story seemed to weave itself into all my thoughts, and keep me from rest. I could not get it out of my mind.

In consequence of this sleeplessness I was later than usual in going down to the factory, and when I arrived at the gates I found an unusual bustle there. Something out of the ordinary routine had plainly occurred, for the whole place was in confusion. There was a crowd of hands grouped about one corner of the yard, and as I came in a man ran against me, and showed me a terribly pale face.

"I ax pardon, Mester Doncaster," he said in a wild hurry, "but there's an accident happened. One o' th' weavers is hurt

bad, an' I'm goin' fur th' doctor. Th' loom caught an' crushed him afore we could stop it."

For some reason or other my heart misgave me that very moment. I pushed forward to the group in the yard corner, and made my way through it.

A man was lying on a pile of coats in the middle of the by-standers—a poor fellow crushed and torn and bruised, but lying quite quiet now, only for an occasional little moan, that was scarcely more than a quick gasp for breath. It was Surly Tim!

"He's nigh th' eend o' it now!" said one of the hands pityingly. "He's nigh th' last now, poor chap! What's that he's sayin', lads?"

For all at once some flickering sense seemed to have caught at one of the speaker's words, and the wounded man stirred, murmuring faintly—but not to the watchers. Ah, no! to something far, far beyond their feeble human sight—to something in the broad Without.

"Th' eend!" he said, "aye, this is th' eend, dear lass, an' th' path's aw shinin' or summat an—Why, lass, I can see thee plain, an' th' little chap too!"

Another flutter of the breath, one slight movement of the mangled hand, and I bent down closer to the poor fellow—closer, because my eyes were so dimmed that I could not see.

"Lads," I said aloud a few seconds later, "you can do no more for him. His pain is over!"

For with a sudden glow of light which shone upon the shortened path and the waiting figures of his child and its mother, Surly Tim's earthly trouble had ended.

## DRYAD DAYS IN THE TENNESSEE MOUNTAINS

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And from a life where a growing green thing was a marvel and a mystery, and a pimpernel an incongruous impossibility, she went into the Dryad days. They began with a journey of two weeks after land was reached, with the banks of the St. Lawrence, with days of travel through Canadian forests, with speechless, rapt wanderings on the borders of a lake like a sea, with short rests at cities which seemed new and foreign, though they were populated with people who spoke English, and which ended at last in a curious little village—one unpaved street of wooden houses, some painted white and some made of logs, but with trees everywhere, and forests and hills shutting it in from the world.

Then she *lived* in the Story. Quiet English people, who, driven by changes of fortune, wandered thousands of miles and lived without servants in a log cabin, were a Story themselves. The part of the house which was built of logs enchanted her. It was quite like Fenimore Cooper, but that there were no Indians. She yearned inexpressibly for the Indians. There must have been Indians some time and there must be some left in the forests. This was what she hoped and tried to find out about. It is possible her inquiries into the subject sometimes rather mystified the owners of these white wooden houses, to whom Indians seemed less thrilling. Occasionally an Indian or two were seen, she found, but they were neither bloodthirsty nor majestic. They did not build wigwams in the forests, or wear moccasins and wampum; they did not say "The words of the Pale Face make warm the heart of the White Eagle."

"They gener'ly come a beggin' somepn good to eat," one of the white house-owners said to her. "Vittles, or a chaw er terbacker or a dram er whiskey is what *they're* arter. An' he'll lie *an'* steal, a Injun will, as long as he's a Injun. I hain't no use for a Injun."

This was not like Fenimore Cooper, but she persuaded herself that the people she questioned had not chanced to meet

the right kind of Aborigine. She preferred Fenimore Cooper's even when he wore his war-paint and was scalping the Pale Face—or rather pursuing him with that intent without attaining his object. She delighted in conversation with the natives—the real native, who had a wonderful dialect. As she had learned to speak Lancashire she learned to speak East Tennesseean and North Carolinian and the negro dialect. Finding that her English accent was considered queer she endeavored to correct it and to speak American. She found American interesting and rather liked it. That was part of the Story, too. To use, herself, in casual conversation, the expressions she had heard in American stories related with delight in England was a joy. She used to wonder what the aunts and cousins and the people in the Square would think if they heard her say "I guess," and "I reckon," if they would be shocked or if they would think it amusing.

* * * * * *

Those were lovely days when she found these violets. They were almost the very first things that came in the spring. First there was a good deal of rain, and when one was getting very tired of it there would come a lull. Perhaps it was only a lull, and the sun only came out and went in with capricious uncertainty. But when the lull came the Small Person issued forth. Everything was wet and smelled deliciously—the mould, the grass, the ferns, the trees, and bushes. She was not afraid of the dampness. She was a strong little thing, and wore cotton frocks. Generally she had no hat. A hat seemed unnecessary and rather in the way. She simply roamed about as a little sheep or cow would have roamed about, going where an odor or a color led her. She went through the bushes and undergrowth, and as she made her way they shook rain-drops on her. As she had not known flowers before, and did not know people then, she did not learn the real names of the flowers she gathered. But she knew their faces and places and ways as she knew her family. The very first small flower of all was a delicate, bounteous thing, which grew in masses and looked like a pale forget-me-not on a fragile stem. She loved it because it was so ready and so free of itself, and it meant that soon the wet grass would be blue with the violets which she loved beyond all else of the

spring or summer. She always lost her head a little when she saw the first of these small things, but when, after a few days more rain, the sun decided to shine with warm softness, and things were pushing up through the mould and bursting from the branches and trunks of trees, and bluebirds began to sing, and all at once the blue violets seemed to *rush* out of the earth and purple places everywhere, she became a little mad—with a madness which was divine. She forgot she was a Small Person with a body, and scrambled about the woods, forgetting everything else also. She knew nothing but the violets, the buds of things, the leaves, the damp, sweet, fresh smell. She knelt down recklessly on the wet grass; if the rain began to fall she was not driven indoors unless it fell in torrents. To make one's way through a wood on a hillside with hands full of cool, wet leaves and flowers, and to feel soft, light, fresh rain-drops on one's cheek is a joy—a joy!

With the violets came the blossoming of the dogwood trees and the wild plum—things to be broken off in branches and carried away over one's shoulder, like sumptuous fair banners of white bloom. And then the peach and apple-blossoms, and new flowers at one's feet on every side as one walked through paths or made new ones through the woods. As the weather became warmer the colors became warmer with it. Then the early mornings were spent in the flower hunt, the heat of the day in the Bower, the evenings in the woods again, the nights upon the porch, looked down upon by myriads of jewels trembling in the vastness of dark blue, or by a moon, never the same or in the same setting, and always sailing like a boat of pearl in a marvellous, mysterious sea.

The Small Person used to sit upon the steps of the porch, her elbows on her knees, her hands supporting her chin, her face upturned, staring, staring, in the moments of silence. Something of the feeling she had had when she lay upon her back upon the grass in the Back Garden of Eden always came back to her when she began to look up at the sky. Though it was so high—so high, so unattainable, yet this too was a world. Was she part of it too, as she was part of the growing things and the world they belonged to? She was not sure of that, but there was a link somewhere—she was something to it all—somehow! In some unknown way she counted as *some-*

*thing* among the myriads in the dark, vast blueness—perhaps for as much as a point of the tiniest star. She knew she could not understand, that she was beyond the things understandable, when she had this weird updrawn, overwhelming feeling, and sat with her chin upon her hands and stared—and stared—and stared so fixedly and with such intensity, that the earth seemed gone—left far behind.

There was not a season of the year, an hour of the day which was not a wonderful and beautiful thing. In the winter there was the snow, the clear, sharp air, which seemed actually to sparkle, the rose and the violet shadows on the mountains, the strange lurid sunsets, with crimsons and scarlets and pale yellows, burning the summits of purple banks of cloud; there was the crisp sound of one's feet treading the hardened snow, the green of the pines looking emerald against the whiteness, the bare tree-tops gray or black against the sky, and making the blue intenser; there were the little brown rabbits appearing with cautious hops, and poised, sniffing with tremulous noses, their large eyes and alert ears alarming them at a breath of sound to a wild skurry and disappearance into space itself. The rabbits were a delightful feature. The Small Person never was able to become intimate with them to the extent of being upon speaking terms. They would come to the Bower and peep at her in the Summer, but in the Winter they always disappeared with that lightning rapidity when they heard her. And yet if they had known her she was conscious that they would have recognized their mistake. She had always deplored seeing them suspended by their hind legs in the poulterers' shops in Manchester. They looked so soft, and their dulled eyes seemed so piteous.

The Spring was the creation of the world—the mysterious, radiant young beginning of living. There were the violets and dogwood blossoms, and every day new life. In the Summer there was the Bower, and the roses, and the bees, and the warm, aromatic smells in the air. In the Autumn a new thing came, and she seemed to have drunk something heady again.

The first Autumn in America was a wondrous thing to her. She existed from day to day in a sort of breathless state of incredulity. In Manchester, the leaves on the trees in the public park, being rained upon until they became sodden and

brown, dropped off dispirited, and life was at an end. Even poetry and imaginative prose only spoke of "Autumn's russet brown."

But here marvels happened. After a few hot days and cool nights, the greenery of the Bower began to look strangely golden. As she lay under her prettiest sassafras-tree, the Small Person found, when she looked up, that something was happening to its leaves. They were still fresh, and waved and rustled, but they were turning pale yellow. Some of them had veins and flushes of rose on them. She gathered some and looked at them closely. They were like the petals of flowers. A few more hot days and cool nights and there were other colors. The maple was growing yellow and red, the dogwood was crimson, the sumach was like blood, the chestnut was pale gold, and so was the poplar—the trailing brambles were painted as if with a brush. The Small Person could not believe her eyes, as she saw what, each day, went on around her. It seemed like a brilliant dream, or some exaggeration of her senses.

"It can't really be as scarlet as that when one holds it in one's hand," she used to say at sight of some high-hued, flauntingly lovely spray.

And she would stand upon her tiptoes and stretch, and struggle to reach it, and stand panting and flushed, but triumphant, with it in her hand, finding it as brilliant as it had seemed.

She began to gather leaves as she had gathered flowers, and went about with bowers of branches, flaming and crimson, in her arms. She made wreaths of sumach and maple leaves, and wore them on her head, and put bunches in her little belt, and roamed about all day in this splendor, feeling flaunting and inclined to sing. Again, she did not know that she was not sober, and that, as Bacchantes of old wore wreaths of vine-leaves and reeled a little with the blood of the new grapes, so she was reeling a little with an exultation beautiful and strange.

There was a certain hollow in a little woodland road she loitered about a great deal, where there was a view which had always a deep effect upon her.

It was not an imposing view, it was a soft and dreamy one. The little road ran between woods and pretty wild places, to a

higher land clothed with forest. The lovely rolling wave of it seemed to shut in the world she looked at when she stood in the little dip of the road, with wood on both sides and the mountains behind her.

When all the land was aflame with Autumn, and she sat on Indian Summer afternoons upon a certain large lichen-covered log, she used to gaze, dreaming, at the massed tree plumes of scarlet and crimson and gold uplifted against the blue sky, and softened with a faint, ethereal haze, until she had strange unearthly fancies of this, too.

"A place might open in the blue," she used to say softly to herself. "It might open at any moment—now—while I am sitting here. And They might come floating over the trees. They would float, and look like faint, white mist at first. And if the place in the blue were left open, I might *see!*"

And at such times all was so *still*—so still and wonderful, that she used to find herself sitting breathless, waiting.

There were many memories of this hollow woodland path. So many flowers grew there, and there were always doves making soft murmurs and most tender, lovelorn plaints, high in the pines' far tops. She used to stand and listen to their cooing, loving, and in her young, she-dove's heart plaining with them, she did not know or ask why.

And there, more than one rainy autumn day, she came and stood with her boughs in her arms, watching the misty rain veiling the sumptuous colors of the woodland hill, feeling, with a kind of joyful pleasure, the light-falling drops caressing her from her red leaf-wreaths to her damp feet, which mattered absolutely nothing. How could the wet grass she seemed to have sprung from earth with, the fresh cool rain she loved, hurt her, a young, young Dryad, in these her Dryad days?

How many times it befell her to follow this road—sometimes running fast, sometimes stealing softly, sometimes breaking away from it to plunge into the wood and run again until she stopped to listen looking up into some tree, or peering into a thicket or brush.

This was when she was giving herself up to what she called "the bird chases." She liked them so—the birds. She knew nothing of them. Birds such as the woods hold had not lived

in the Square. There had been only serious-minded little sparrows nesting in the chimneys and in the gutterings. They brought up large families under the shadows of water-piping, and taught them to fly on the wet slates. They were grateful for crumbs, particularly in snowy weather, and the Nursery patronized them. But they were not bluebirds with a brief little trill of spring carolled persistently from all sorts of boughs and fence corners; they were not scarlet birds with black velvet marks and crests; they were not yellow birds like stray canaries, or chattering jays, or mocking-birds with the songs of all the woods in their throats; they were not thrushes and wrens, or woodpeckers drumming and tapping in that curiously human way.

As there had been no one to tell her the actual names of the flowers, so there was no one to tell her the real names of the birds. She used to ask the negroes who lived at the foot of the Mount Ararat, but the result was so unsatisfactory that she gave it up.

"What is that little bird that sings like this, Aunt Cynthy? she would say, trying to imitate its note. "It is a little blue thing."

"That's the bluebird," seemed rather incomplete to her at the outset.

"And the bright red one with the black marks and crest?"

"That's the redbird," which did not seem much more definite.

"I can *see* they are blue and red," she used to say. "Haven't they a name?"

But they had no other name, and when the birds described were less marked in color there seemed to be no names at all. So she began to commit the birds to memory, learning their notes and colors and forms by heart. In this way were instituted the bird chases.

If she heard a new song or note she ran after it until she saw the bird and could watch him piping or singing. It was very interesting and led her many a mile.

Sometimes she believed birds came and sang near her, under cover, for the mere fun of leading her through the woods. They would begin on a tree near by and then fly away and seem to hide again until she followed them. She always

followed until she caught sight of her bird. But they had wonderful ways of eluding her, and led her over hill and dale, and through thicket and brambles, and even then sometimes got away.

There was one with a yellow breast and a queer little cry which she pursued for several days, but she saw him at last and afterward became quite familiar with him. And there was one, who was always one of two—a tender, sad little thing who could never be alone, and who was always an unanswered problem to her, and somehow, above all, her best beloved. It was a mystery because no one ever seemed to have seen it but herself and her description of it was never recognized.

It was a little bird—a tiny one, a soft, small, rounded one, with a black velvet cap, and on its first appearance it came and sat upon the rail of the veranda, and waited there, uttering a piteous little note. She knew that it was waiting and was calling to its mate because it was a timid little thing, existing only under the cover of his wing and love. He could only be a small creature himself, but the Small Person felt that in the round, bright, timid eyes he was a refuge from the whole large world, the brief, soft, plaintive cry for him was so pathetically trustful in its appealing.

The Small Person, who was sitting on the wooden steps, was afraid to stir for fear of frightening her.

"You poor little mite," she murmured, "don't be so sorrowful. He'll come directly."

And when he did come and was lovingly rejoiced over, and the tiny pair flew away together, she was quite relieved.

There was something in the brief, plaintive note which always led her to follow it when she heard it afterward, which only happened at rare intervals. There seemed to be some sad little question or story in it which she could not help wishing she could understand. But she never did, though each time she heard the sound she ran to look for it, and stood beneath its tree looking up with a sense of a persistent question in her own breast. What was it about? What did it want? What was it sad for? She never heard the tiny thing without finding it huddled down patiently upon some bough or spray, call-

ing for its mate. And to her it never had any other name than the one she gave it of "The little mournful bird."

These Dryad days were of the first years of her teens. They were the early spring of her young life. And she was in Love—in Love with morning, noon, and night; with spring and summer and winter; with leaves and roots and trees; with rain and dew and sun; with shadows and odors and winds; with all the little living things; with the rapture of being and unknowingness and mere Life—with the whole World.

# WILLIAM BYRD

[1674—1744]

WILLIAM LEIGH, JR.

IN all the writings of William Byrd II of Westover, Virginia, we have found no dull paragraph, and very little faulty English. On the contrary, we have been highly entertained and instructed from beginning to end, and have closed the book with a feeling of great respect, not to say thankfulness, towards the author, regretting thoroughly that he found time to write so little—about five hundred octavo pages, exclusive of letters.

William Byrd II, son and heir of the wealthy planter and trader who was first of the name in Virginia, was born at Westover in 1674. Before he was ten years old he was sent to England, where he lived for about five years in the family of his maternal grandparents, the Horsemandens, being taught by a private tutor. He next went to study in Holland, at the instance of Sir Robert Southwell, who took great interest in Byrd, and himself had a son studying in that country.

In 1690 Byrd returned from Holland to London, where he began studying law in the Middle Temple. For the next five years he improved his time, reading, making good friends, and becoming acquainted with the town. The broadening, beneficent influence of his student life in London, where he associated with people of culture and pleasure, conspired with his natural gifts to make him an ornament to society, a finished scholar, and the boast of Virginia aristocracy.

Byrd came to Virginia in 1696 and was given a seat in the Assembly, but returned to England the next year, and in 1698 was made London agent for the Colony. From 1698 to 1704 he was in London, a man of pleasure, a fellow of the Royal Society, and a friend of many distinguished gentlemen, among others, Charles Boyle, Earl of Orrery. In 1704 Byrd was called to Virginia by the death of his father, who made him his chief legatee and executor. He also succeeded to his father's office of auditor and receiver-general, and applied for a seat in the Council. He was obliged, however, to wait five years for the latter honor, which he held until his death.

Between 1705 and 1715, Byrd lived at Westover, managing his

estates, raising a family, and contending with Governor Spotswood, his political enemy. In 1715 he went to London again, where he spent five years, going frequently before the Board of Trade to protect his interests against the policies of Spotswood.

Byrd's last period of residence in London was from 1720 to 1726, in which period he married Miss Maria Taylor; his first wife, Lucy Parke, having died in 1716. At the close of this period he returned to Westover, where he lived until his death in 1744. The last eighteen years of his life were spent in acquiring and managing large tracts of land, and in collecting and enjoying the largest library in Colonial Virginia. He was also, in 1728, appointed one of the two commissioners to represent Virginia in running the dividing line between Virginia and North Carolina.

Of this expedition Byrd made a journal, which he afterwards elaborated into an equivalent to about two hundred and fifty octavo pages. This manuscript, along with the manuscript of an account of a journey which he made four years later to "Eden," a tract of land which he had bought in South Central Virginia, and a narrative of his progress to the mines of Germanna in 1732, besides various other miscellaneous papers, is still preserved at Brandon. All the Byrd manuscripts were reprinted in the Wynne edition of 1866, and in 1901, "The Dividing Line," "A Journey to Eden," and "A Progress to the Mines," with several of his letters and reports, was edited by Mr. Bassett.

So far, Byrd's writings seem to have been published more on account of their historical interest than as pure literature; nor has any attempt been made to popularize the book. Consequently, Byrd's readers have been mostly confined to those interested in Colonial history, and to members of the Byrd family. It is to be hoped, however, that "The Dividing Line," "A Journey to Eden," and "A Progress to the Mines" will be published in a form accessible to the general public; for the good light literature of America is extremely scarce.

Byrd's journals belong distinctly to what is called "light literature." In them one will find no problem, not even the hint of a problem; no purpose save that of making the journal diverting and instructive; no slightest taint of that puritanism which has exerted so paralyzing an influence on American literature. But one will find a simple, vivid manner of narration and description; fluent, forcible diction; a wealth of classical, geographical, and historical allusion, never obscure, but invariably used in some apt and original connection. Above all, Byrd's writings abound in those most important requisites of good light literature, humor and satire.

It may not be unimportant to remark here that the sense of

humor and the appreciation of satire have ever been the most highly prized of modern mankind's endowments. For this reason the books that appeal most keenly to these, our precious faculties, are always dear to our hearts. Byrd's vein of humor, while benevolent and gentlemanly throughout, is surpassed for richness and depth by that of few other American writers.

One critic, commenting on Byrd's writings, has seen fit to apologize for the spiciness of his anecdotes, for his freedom of language, reminding us, forsooth, that the tone of the Eighteenth Century was not so refined as that of to-day. However that may be, the amount of good, light literature written in English since the Eighteenth Century has been wofully small. Nor has any puritanical, word-mincing school of literature ever been known to flourish. So far from apologizing for Colonel Byrd, or from being imprudently disposed to sterilize his writings, we ought rather to be proud of the fact that American literature can boast of at least one good, decent, Christian author who was cursed neither with self-consciousness nor with false modesty, those banes of art.

Here, then, is the sum of Byrd's literary points, points which entitle him to a position among American writers. His language is always clear, simple and concise; his mode of narration and description is highly effective; his writing is rich in apt allusion, acute observation, and spicy digression; and, best of all, his discourse glows with humor and flashes with satire, while the whole is pervaded with a spirit of gentlemanly forbearance, of kindliness, and of reverence.

## BIBLIOGRAPHY

The best edition of Byrd's writings is that of John Spencer Bassett, Doubleday, Page and Company, 1901. In this edition will be found numerous bibliographical references.

## DISMAL SWAMP

From 'The Dividing Line.'

In our Journey we remarkt that the North Side of this great Swamp lies higher than either the East or the West, nor were the approaches to it so full of Sunken Grounds. We passt by no less than two Quaker Meeting Houses, one of which had an Awkward Ornament on the West End of it, that seem'd to Ape a Steeple. I must own I expected no such Piece of Froppery from a Sect of so much outside Simplicity.

That pursuasion prevails much in the lower end of Nansimond county, for want of Ministers to Pilot the People a decenter way to Heaven.

The ill Reputation of Tobacco planted in those lower Parishes makes the Clergy unwilling to accept of them, unless it be such whose abilities are as mean as their Pay. Thus, whether the Churches be quite void or but indifferently filled, the Quakers will have an Opportunity of gaining Proselytes. 'Tis a wonder no Popish Missionaries are sent from Maryland to labour in this Neglected Vineyard, who we know have Zeal enough to traverse Sea and Land on the Meritorious Errand of making converts.

Nor is it less Strange that some Wolf in Sheep's clothing arrives not from New England to lead astray a Flock that has no shepherd. People uninstructed in any Religion are ready to embrace the first that offers. 'Tis natural for helpless man to adore his Maker in Some Form or other, and were there any exception to this Rule, I should expect it to be among the Hottentots of the Cape of Good Hope and of North Carolina.

There fell a great deal of Rain in the Night, accompany'd with a Strong wind. The fellow-feeling we had for the Poor Dismalites, on Account of this unkind Weather, render'd the Down we laid upon uneasy. We fancy'd them half drown'd in their Wet Lodging, with the Trees blowing down about their Ears. These Were the Gloomy Images our Fears Suggested; tho' 'twas so much uneasiness clear gain. They happen'd to come off much better, by being luckily encampt on the dry piece of Ground afore-mention'd.

They were, however, forct to keep the Sabbath in Spite of their Teeth, contrary to the Dispensation our Good Chaplain had given them. Indeed, their Short allowance of Provision would have justify'd their making the best of their way, without Distinction of days. Twas certainly a Work both of Necessity and Self-preservation, to save themselves from Starving. Nevertheless, the hard rain had made everything so thoroughly wet, that it was quite impossible to do any Business. They therefore made a vertue of what they could not help, and contently rested in their dry Situation.

Since the Surveyors had enter'd the Dismal, they had laid Eyes on no living Creature: neither Bird nor Beast, Insect nor Reptile came in View. Doubtless, the Eternal Shade that broods over this mighty Bog, and hinders the sun-beams from blessing the Ground, makes it an uncomfortable Habitation for any thing that has life. Not so much as a Zealand Frog cou'd endure so Aguish a Situation.

It had one Beauty, however, that delighted the Eye, tho' at the Expense of all the other Senses: the Moisture of the Soil preserves a continual Verdure, and makes every Plant an Evergreen, but at the same time the foul Damps ascend without ceasing, currupt the Air, and render it unfit for Respiration. Not even a Turkey-Buzzard will venture to fly over it, no more than the Italian Vultures will over the filthy Lake Avernus, or the Birds in the Holy-Land over the Salt Sea, where Sodom and Gomorrah formerly stood.

In these sad Circumstances, the kindest thing we cou'd do for our Suffering Friends was to give them a place in the Litany. Our Chaplain, for his Part, did his Office, and rubb'd us up with a Seasonable Sermon. This was quite a new thing to our Brethren of North Carolina, who live in a climate where no clergyman can Breathe, any more than Spiders in Ireland.

For want of men in Holy Orders, both the Members of the Council and Justice of the Peace are empower'd by the Laws of that Country to marry all those who will not take One another's Word; but for the ceremony of Christening their children, they trust that to chance. If a Parson come in their way, they will crave a Cast of his office, as they call it, else they are content their Offspring should remain as

Arrant Pagans as themselves. They account it among their greatest advantages that they are not Priest-ridden, not remembering that the Clergy is rarely guilty of Bestriding such as have the misfortune to be poor.

One thing may be said for the Inhabitants of that Province, that they are not troubled with any Religious Fumes, and have the least Superstition of any People living. They do not know Sunday from any other day, any more than Robinson Crusoe did, which would give them a great Advantage were they given to be industrious. But they keep so many Sabbaths every week, that their disregard of the Seventh Day has no manner of cruelty in it, either to Servants or Cattle.

It was with some difficulty we cou'd make our People quit the good chear they met with at this House, so it was late before we took our Departure; but to make us amends, our Landlord was so good as to conduct us Ten Miles on our Way, as far as the Cypress Swamp, which drains itself into the Dismal. Eight Miles beyond that we forded the Waters of Coropeak, which tend the same way as do many others on that side. In Six Miles more we reacht the Plantation of Mr. Thomas Spight, a Grandee of N. Carolina. We found the good Man upon his Crutches, being crippled with Gout in both his Knees. Here we flatter'd ourselves we should by this time meet the good Tydings of the Surveyors, but had reckon'd, alas! without our Host: on the contrary, we were told the Dismal was at least Thirty Miles wide at that Place. However, as nobody could say this on his own knowledge, we Order'd Guns to be fired and a Drum to be beaten, but receiv'd no Answer, unless it was from that prating Nymph Echo, who, like a loquacious Wife, will always have the last Word, and sometimes return three for one.

It was indeed no Wonder our Signal was not heard at that time, by the People in the Dismal, because, in Truth, they had not then penetrated one third of their way. They had that Morning fallen to work with great Vigor; and, finding the Ground better than Ordinary, drove on the Line 2 Miles and 38 poles. This was reckon'd an Herculean day's Work, and yet they would not have Stopp'd there, had not an impenetrable cedar Thicket chekt their Industry. Our Landlord had seated Himself on the Borders of this Dismal,

for the Advantage of the Green Food His Cattle find there all Winter, and for the Rooting that Supports His Hogs. This, I own, is some convenience to his Purse, for which his whole Family pay dear in their Persons, for they are devour'd by musketas all the Summer, and have Agues every Spring and Fall, which Corrupt all the Juices of their Bodies, give them a cadaverous complexion, besides a lazy creeping Habit, which they never get rid of.

## INDIAN CUSTOMS

From 'The Dividing Line.'

And now I mention the Northern Indians, it may not be improper to take Notice of their implacable Hatred to those of the South. Their Wars are everlasting, without any Peace, Enmity being the only Inheritance among them that descends from Father to Son, and either Party will march a thousand Miles to take their Revenge upon such Hereditary Enemies.

These long Expeditions are Commonly carry'd on in the following Manner: Some Indian, remarkable for his Prowess, that has rais'd himself to the Reputation of a War-Captain, declares his Intention of paying a Visit to some Southern Nation; Hereupon as many of the Young Fellows as have either a Strong Thirst of Blood or Glory, list themselves under his command.

With these Volunteers he goes from One Confederate Town to another, listing all the Rabble he can, til he has gather'd together a competent Number for Mischief.

Their Arms are a Gun and Towahawk, and all the Provisions they carry from Home is a Pouch of Rockahominy. Thus provided and accoutr'd they march towards their Enemy's Country, not in a Body, or by a certain Path, but Straggling in Small Numbers, for the greater convenience of Hunting and passing along undiscover'd.

So soon as they approach the Grounds on which the Enemy is used to hunt, they never kindle any Fire themselves, for fear of being found out by the smoke, nor will they Shoot at any kind of Game, tho' they shou'd be half Famisht, lest they might alarm their Foes, and put them upon their Guard.

Sometimes indeed, while they are still at some distance, they roast either Venison or Bear, till it is very dry, and then having Strung it on their Belts, wear it round their Middle, eating very Sparingly of it, because they know not when they shall meet with a fresh Supply. But coming nearer, they begin to look all round the Hemisphere, to watch if any smoke ascends, and listen continually for the Report of Guns, in order to make some happy Discovery for their own advantage.

It is amazing to see their Sagacity in discerning the Track of a Human Foot, even amongst dry leaves, which to our Shorter Sight is quite undiscoverable.

If by one or more of those Signs they be able to find out the Camp of any Southern Indians, they Squat down in some Thicket, and keep themselves hush and Snug till it is dark. Then creeping up Softly, they approach near enough to observe all the Motions of the Enemy. And about two a Clock in the Morning, when they conceive them to be in a Profound Sleep, for they never keep Watch and Ward, pour in a Volley upon them, each Singling out his Man. The Moment they have discharg'd their Pieces, they rush in with their Tomahawks and make sure work of all that are disabled.

Sometimes, when they find the Enemy Asleep around their little Fire, they first Pelt them with little Stones to wake them, and when they get up, fire in upon them, being in that posture a better Mark than when prostrate on the Ground.

Those that are kill'd of the Enemy, or disabled, they Scalp, that is, they cut the Skin all round the Head just below the hair, and then clapping their Feet to the poor Mortal's Shoulders, pull the Scalp off clear, and carry it home in Triumph, being as proud of those Trophies, as the Jews used to be of the Foreskins of the Philistines.

This way of Scalping was practiced by the Ancient Scythians who us'd these hairy Scalps as Towels at Home, and Trappings for their Horses when they went abroad.

They also made Cups of their Enemies' Skulls, in which they drank Prosperity to their country, and Confusion to all their Foes.

The Prisoners they happen to take alive in these expeditions generally pass their time very Scurvily. They put them

to all the Tortures that ingenious Malice and cruelty can invent. And (what shews the baseness of the Indian Temper in Perfection) they never fail to treat those with the greatest Inhumanity that have distinguish'd themselves most by their Bravery; and, if he be a War-Captain, they do him the Honour to roast him alive, and distribute a Collop to all that had a Share in stealing the Victory.*

They are very cunning in finding out new ways to torment their unhappy Captives, tho', like those of Hell, their usual Method is by Fire. Sometimes they Barbecue them over live-Coals, taking them off every now and then, to prolong their Misery; at other times they will Stick Sharp Pieces of Light-wood all over their Body's and setting them afire, let them burn down into the Flesh to the very Bone. And when they take a Stout Fellow, that they believe able to endure a great deal, they will tear all the Flesh off his Bones with red hot Pincers.

While these and such like Barbarities are practicing, the Victors are so far from being touch'd with Tenderness and Compassion, that they dance and Sing round these wretched Mortals, showing all the marks of Pleasure and Jollity. And if such cruelties happened to be executed in their Town, they employ their Children in tormenting the Prisoners, in order to extinguish in them betimes all Sentiments of Humanity.

In the meantime, while these poor Wretches are under the Anguish of all this Inhuman Treatment, they disdain so much as to groan, Sigh, or show the least Sign of Dismay or concern, so much as in their looks; on the Contrary, they make it a Point of Honour all the time to Soften their features, and look as pleas'd as if they were in the Actual Enjoyment of Some Delight; and if they never sang before in their Lives, they will be sure to be Melodious on this sad and Dismal Occasion.

So prodigious a degree of Passive Valour in the Indians is the more to be wonder'd at, because in all Articles of Dan-

*Tho' who can reproach the poor Indians for this, when Homer makes his celebrated hero, Achilles, drag the Body of Hector at the Tail of his Chariot, for having fought gallantly in defense of his Country. Nor was Alexander the Great, with all his Fam'd Generosity, less inhuman to the brave Tyrians, 2,000 of whom he ordered to be crucified in cold Blood, for no other fault but for having defended their City most corageously against Him, dureing a Siege of Seven Months. And what was still more brutal, he dragg'd alive—at the Tail of his Chariot, thro' all the Streets, for defending the Town with so much Vigour. (Original note.)

ger they are apt to behave like Cowards. And what is still more Surprizeing, the very women discover, on such Occasions, as great Fortitude and Contempt, both of Pain and Death, as the Gallantest of their Men can do.

## A STORM IN THE FOREST

From 'The Dividing Line.'

The Heavens frowned this Morning, and threaten'd abundance of Rain, but our Zeal for returning made us defy the Weather, and decamp a little before Noon. Yet we had not advanced two Miles, before a Soaking Shower made us glad to pitch our Tent as fast as we could. We chose for that purpose a rising Ground, half a mile to the East of MATRIMONY CREEK. This was the first and only time we were caught in the Rain, during the whole Expedition. It us'd before to be so civil as to fall in the Night, after we were safe in our Quarters, and had trencht ourselves in; or else it came upon us on Sundays, when it was no Interruption to our Progress, nor any Inconvenience to our Persons.

We had, however, been so lucky in this Particular before, that we had abundant Reason to take our present soaking patiently, and the Misfortune was the less, because we had taken the Precaution to keep all our Baggage and Bedding perfectly dry.

This Rain was enliven'd with very loud Thunder, which was echo'd back by the Hills in the Neighborhood in a frightful Manner. There is something in the Woods that makes the Sound of this Meteor more awfull, and the Violence of the Lightning more Visible. The Trees are frequently Shiver'd quite down to the Root, and sometimes perfectly twisted. But of all the Effects of Lightning that ever I heard of, the most amazing happen'd in this country, in the Year 1736.

In the Summer of that year a Surgeon of a Ship, whose Name was Davis, came ashoar at York to visit a Patient. He was no sooner got into the House, but it began to rain with many terrible Claps of Thunder. When it was almost dark there came a dreadful Flash of Lightning, which Struck the

Surgeon dead as he was walking about the Room, but hurt no other Person, tho' several were near him. At the same time it made a large Hole in the Trunk of a Pine Tree, which grew about Ten Feet from the Window. But what was most surprising in this Disaster was, that on the Breast of the unfortunate man that was kill'd was the Figure of a Pine Tree, as exactly delineated as any Limner in the World could draw it, nay, the Resemblance went so far as to represent the colour of the Pine, as well as the Figure. The Lightning must probably have passed thro' the Tree first before it struck the Man, and by that means have printed the Icon of it on his breast.

But whatever may have been the cause, the Effect was certain, and can be attested by a Cloud of Witnesses who had the curiosity to go and see this Wonderful Phenomenon.

## INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL

From 'A Journey to Eden.'

Majr. Mayo's Survey being no more than half done, we were oblig'd to amuse Ourselves another day in this Place. And that the time might not be quite lost, we put our Garments and Baggage into good repair. I for my part never spent a day so well during the whole Voyage. I had an impertinent Tooth in my upper Jaw, that had been loose for some time, and made me chew with great Caution. Particularly I cou'd not grind a Biscuit but with much deliberation and presence of mind. Tooth-Drawers we had none amongst us, nor any of the Instruments they make use of. However, Invention supply'd this want very happily, and I contriv'd to get rid of this troublesome Companion by cutting a Caper. I caused a Twine to be fasten'd round the Root of my Tooth, about a Fathom in Length, and then ty'd the other End to the Snag of a Log that lay upon the Ground, in such a Manner that I cou'd just stand upright. Having adjusted my String in this Manner I bent my knees enough to enable me to spring vigourously off the Ground, as perpendicularly as I cou'd. The force of the Leap drew out the Tooth with so much ease that I felt nothing of it, nor should have believ'd

it was come away, unless I had seen it dangling at the End of the String. An under tooth may be fecht out by standing off the Ground and fastning your String at due distance above you. And having so fixt your Gear, jump off your Standing, and the weight of your body, added to the force of the Spring, will poize out your Tooth with less pain than any Operator upon Earth cou'd draw it. This new way of Tooth-Drawing, being so silently and deliberately perform'd, both surprized and delighted all that were present, who cou'd not guess what I was going about. I immediately found the benefit of getting rid of this Troublesome Companion, by eating my Supper with more comfort than I had done during the whole Expedition.

In the Morning we made an End of our Bread, and all the rest of Our Provision, so that now we began to travel pretty light. All the Company were Witnesses how good the Land was upon Sugar Tree Creek, because we rode down it 4 Miles, till it fell into Hico River. Then we directed our Course over the High Land, thinking to Shorten our way to Tom Wilson's Quarter. Nevertheless, it was our Fortune to fall upon the Hico again, and then kept within sight of it several Miles together, till we came near the Mouth. Its Banks were high and full of precipices on the East Side, but it afforded some Low-Grounds on the West. Within 2 Miles of the Mouth are good Shews of Copper Mines, as Harry Morris told me, but we saw nothing of them. It runs into the Dan Just below a large Fall, but the chain of Rocks don't reach quite cross the River, to intercept the Navigation. About a Mile below lives Aaron Pinston, at a Quarter belonging to Thomas Wilson, upon Tewahominy Creek. This man is the highest Inhabitant on the South side of the Dan, and yet reacons himself perfectly safe from danger. And if the Bears, Wolves, and Panthers were as harmless as the Indians, his Stock might be so too. Tom Wilson offer'd to knock down a Steer for us, but I would by no means accept of his Generosity. However, we were glad of a few of his Peas and Potatos, and some Rashers of his Bacon, upon which we made good Chear. This Plantation lys about a Mile from the Mouth of Tewahominy, and about the same distance from the Mouth of the Hico River, and contains a good piece of

Land. The Edifice was only a Log House, affording a very free passage for the Air thro' every part of it, nor was the cleanliness of it any temptation to lye out of our Tents, so we encampt once more, for the last time, in the open Field.

I tippt our Landlady with what I imagined a full Reward for the Trouble we had given her, and then mounted our Horses, which prickt up their Ears after the 2 Meals they had eaten of Corn. In the Distance of about a Mile we reacht the Dan, which we forded with some difficulty into the Fork. The Water was pretty high in the River, and the Currant something Rapid, nevertheless all the Company got over safe, with only a little Water in their Boots. After traversing the Fork, which was there at least 2 good Miles across, We forded the Stanton into a little Island, & then the narrow Branch of the same to the main Land. We took Majr. Mumford's Tenant in Our way, where we moisten'd Our Throats with a little Milk, and then proceeded in good Order to Blue Stone Castle. My Landlady received us with a grim Sort of a welcome, which I did not expect, since I brought her Husband back in good Health, tho' perhaps that might be the Reason. Tis sure something or other did teize her, and she was a female of too strong Passions to know how to dissemble. However, she was so Civil as to get us a good Dinner, which I was the better pleas'd with because Colo. Cock and Mr. Mumford came time enough to partake of it. The Colo. had been Surveying Land in these parts, and particularly that on which Mr. Stith's Copper Mine lys, as likewise a Tract on which Cornelius Cargill has fine Appearances. He had but a poor Opinion of Mr. Stith's Mine, foretelling it would be all labour in vain, but thought something better of Mr. Cargill's. After Dinner these Gentlemen took their Leaves, and at the same time I discharg'd 2 of my fellow travellors, Thomas Wilson and Joseph Colson, after having made their Hearts merry, and giving each of them a piece of Gold to rub their Eyes with. We now return'd to that Evil Custom of lying in a house, and an evil one it is, when ten or a dozen People are forct to pig together in a Room, as we did, and were troubled with the Squalling of peevish, dirty Children into the Bargain.

We eat our Fill of Potatos and Milk, which seemed de-

licious Fare to those who have made a Campaign in the Woods. I then took my first Minister, Harry Morris, up to the Hill, & markt out the place where Blue Stone Castle was to Stand, and overlook the Adjacent Country. After that I put my Friend in mind of many things he had done amiss, which he promis'd faithfully to reform. I was so much an Infidel to his fair Speeches (having been many times deceiv'd by them), that I was forc'd to threaten him with my highest displeasure, unless he mended his Conduct very much. I also let him know, that he was not only to Correct his own Errors, but likewise those of his Wife, since the power certainly belong'd to him, in Vertue of his Conjugal Authority. He Scratcht his head at this last Admonition, from which I inferred that the Gray Mare was the better Horse. We gave our heavy Baggage 2 hours' Start, and about noon follow'd them, and in 12 Miles reacht John Butcher's, calling by the way for Master Mumford,in order to take him along with us. Mr. Butcher receiv'd us kindly, and we had a true Roanoke Entertainment of Pork upon Pork, and Pork again upon that. He told us he had been one of the first Seated in that remote part of the Country, and in the beginning had been forct like the great Nebuchadnezzar, to live a considerable time upon Grass. This honest man sat a mighty Value on the Mine he fancyed he had in his Pasture, and shew'd Us some of the Oar, which he was made to believe was a Gray Copper, and wou'd certainly make his Fortune. But there is a bad Distemper rages in these parts, that grows very Epidemical. The people are all Mine mad, and neglecting to make Corn, starve their Familys in hopes to live in great Plenty hereafter. Mr. Stith was the first that was seiz'd with the Frenzy, and has spread the Contagion far and near. As you ride along the Woods, you see all the large Stones knockt to pieces, nor can a poor Marcasite rest quietly in its Bed for these Curious Inquirers. Our conversation ran altogether upon this darling Subject, till the hour came for our lying in bulk together.

After breaking our fast with a Sea of Milk and potatos, we took our leave, and I crosst my Landlady's hand with a piece of Money. She refus'd the Offer at first, but, like a true Woman, accepted of it when it was put Home to Her. She told me the utmost she was able to do for me was a trifle in

Comparison of some favour I had formerly done her; but what that favour was, neither I cou'd recollect, nor did she think proper to explain. Tho' it threaten'd Rain, we proceeded on our Journey, and jogg'd on in the New Road for 20 Miles, that is as far as it was clear'd at that time, and found it wou'd soon come to be a very good one after it was well grubb'd. About 9 Miles from John Butcher's we crosst Allen's Creek, 4 Miles above Mr. Stith's Mine. Near the Mouth of this Creek is a good Body of rich Land, whereof Occaneechy Neck is a part. It was enter'd for many years ago by Colo. Harrison and Colo. Allen, but to this day is held without Patent or Improvement. And they say Mr. Bolling dos the same, with a Thousand Acres lying below John Butcher's. After beating the New Road for 20 Miles, we struck off toward Meherrin, which we reacht in 8 Miles farther, & then came to the Plantation of Joshua Nicholson, where Daniel Taylor lives for Halves. There was a poor dirty house, with hardly anything in it but Children, that wallow'd about like so many Pigs. It is a common Case in this part of the Country, that People live worst upon good Land; and the more they are befriended by the Soil and the clymate, the less they will do for themselves. This man was an instance of it, for tho' his Plantation would make Plentiful returns for a little Industry, yet he wanting that, wanted everything. The Woman did all that was done in the Family, and the few Garments that they had to cover their dirty Hides were owing to her Industry. We cou'd have no Supplies from such Neighbors as these, but depended on our own Knap Sacks, in which we had some Remnants of cold Fowls that we brought from Bluestone Castle. When my House was in order, the whole Family came and admir'd it, as much as if it had been the Grand Vizier's Tent in the Turkish Army.

The Sabbath was now come round again, and altho' our Horses wou'd have been glad to take the benefit of it, yet we determin'd to make a Sunday's Journey to Brunswick Church, which lay about 8 Miles off. Tho' our Landlord cou'd do little for us, nevertheless, we did him all the good we were able, by bleeding his sick Negro, and giving him a Dose of Indian Physick. We got to Church in decent time, and Mr. Betty, the Parson of the Parish, entertain'd us with a good honest

Sermon, but whether he bought it, or borrow'd it, would have been uncivil in us to inquire. Be that as it will, he is a decent Man, with a double Chin that fits gracefully over his Band, and his Parish, especially the Female part of it, like him well. We were not crowded at Church, tho' it was a new thing in that remote part of the Country. What Women happen'd to be there, were very gim and tydy in the work of their own hands, which made them look tempting in the Eyes of us Foresters. When Church was done, we refresht our Teacher with a Glass of Wine, and then receiving his Blessing, took Horse and directed Our course to Maj'r Embry's. The distance thither was reputed 15 Miles, but appeared less by the Company of a Nymph of those Woods, whom Innocence, and wholesome Flesh and Blood made very alluring. In our way we crost Sturgeon Creek and Queochy Creek, but at our Journey's end were so unlucky as not to find either Master or Mistress at home. However, after 2 hours of hungry Expectation, the good Woman luckily found her way home, and provided very hospitably for us. As for the Major, he had profited so much by my Prescription, as to make a Journey to Williamsburgh, which required pretty good health, the distance being little short of 100 Miles.

After our Bounteous Landlady had cherisht us with Roast Beef and Chicken-Pye, we thankfully took Leave. At the same time we separated from our good Friend and Fellow Traveler, Maj'r Mayo, who steer'd directly home. He is certainly a very useful, as well as an agreeable Companion in the Woods, being ever cheerful and good-humour'd, under all the little Crosses, disasters, and disappointments of that rambling Life. As many of us as remain'd jogg'd on together to Saponi Chapel, were I thankt Major Mumford and Peter Jones for the trouble he had taken in this long Journey. That Ceremony being duly perform'd I filed off with my honest Friend, Mr. Banister, to his Habitation on Hatcher's Run, which lay about 14 Miles from the Chapel above-mention'd. His good-humour'd little Wife was glad to see her Runaway Spouse return'd in Safety, and treated us kindly. It was no small pleasure to me, that my worthy Friend found his Family in good Health, and his Affairs in good Order. He came into this Ramble so frankly, that I shou'd have been sorry if he

had been a Sufferer by it. In the Gaiety of our Hearts we drank our bottle a little too freely, which had an unusual Effect on Persons so long accustom'd to Simple Element. We were both of us rais'd out of our Beds in the same Manner, and near the same time, which was a fair proof that people who breath the same Air, and are engaged in the same Way of living, will be very apt to fall into the same Indispositions. And this may explain why Distempers sometimes go round a Family, without any reason to believe they are infectious, according to the Superstition of the Vulgar.

## AT SPOTSWOOD'S HOME

From 'A Progress to the Mines.'

Having now pretty well exhausted the Subject of Sow Iron, I askt my Friend some Questions about Bar Iron. He told me we had as yet no Forge erected in Virginia, tho' we had 4 Furnaces. But there was a very good one set up at the Head of the Bay in Maryland, that made exceeding good Work. He let me know that the duty in England upon Bar Iron was 24s a Tun, and that it sold there from Ten to 16 pounds a Tun. This wou'd pay the Charge of Forging abundantly, but he doubted the Parliament of England would soon forbid us that Improvement, lest after that we shou'd go farther, and manufacture Our Bars into all Sorts of Iron Ware, as they already do in New England & Pennsylvania. Nay, he question'd whether we shou'd be suffer'd to cast any Iron, which they can do themselves at their Furnaces. Thus ended our Conversation, and I thank't my Friend for being so free in communicating everything to me. Then, after tipping a Pistole to the Clerk, to drink prosperity to the Mines with all the Workmen, I accepted the kind offer of going part of my Journey in the Phaeton. I took my Leave about ten, and drove over a Spacious level Road ten miles, to a Bridge built over the River Po, which is one of the 4 Branches of the Mattapony, about 40 Yards wide. Two Miles beyond that, we pass'd by a Plantation belonging to the Company, of about 500 Acres, where they keep a great Number of Oxen to relieve those that have dragg'd their loaded Carts thus far.

Three Miles farther we came to the Germanna Road, where I quitted the Chair, and continued my Journey on Horseback. I rode 8 miles together over a Stony road, and had on either side continual poisen'd fields, with nothing but Saplins growing on them. Then I came into the Main County Road, that leads from Fredericksburgh to Germanna, which last place I reacht in ten miles more. The famous Town consists of Col. Spotswood's enchanted castle on one side of the street, and a baker's dozen of ruinous tenements on the other, where so many German Families had dwelt some Years ago; but are now remov'd ten Miles higher, in the fork of Rappahannock, to Land of their Own. There had also been a Chapel about a bow-shot from the Colonel's house at the End of an Avenue of Cherry Trees, but some pious people had lately burnt it down, with intent to get another built nearer to their own homes. Here I arriv'd about three a'clock, and found only Mrs. Spotswood at Home, who receiv'd her old acquaintance with many a gracious Smile. I was carried into a Room elegantly set off with Pier Glasses, the largest of which came soon after to an odd Misfortune. Amongst other favourite animals that cheer'd this Lady's Solitude, a Brace of Tame Deer ran familiarly about the House, and one of them came to stare at me as a Stranger. But unluckily, Spying his own Figure in the Glass, he made a spring over the Tea Table that stood under it, and shattered the Glass to pieces, and falling back upon the Tea Table, made a terrible Fracas among the China. This Exploit was so sudden, and accompany'd with such a Noise, that it surpriz'd me, and perfectly frighten'd Mrs. Spotswood. But twas worth all the Damage to shew the Moderation and good humour with which she bore this disaster. In the Evening the noble Colo. came home from his Mines, who saluted me very civilly, and Mrs. Spotswood's Sister, Miss Theky, who had been to meet him *en Cavalier,* was so kind too as to bid me welcome. We talkt over a Legend of old Storys, supp'd about 9, and then prattl'd with the Ladys, til 'twas time for a Travellour to retire. In the meantime I observ'd my old Friend to be very Uxorious, and exceedingly fond of his Children. This was so opposite to the Maxims he us'd to preach up before he was marry'd, that I cou'd not forbear rubbing up the Memory of them. But he gave a

very good-natur'd turn to his Change of Sentiments, by alleging that whoever brings a poor Gentlewoman into so solitary a place, from all her Friends and acquaintance, wou'd be ungrateful not to use her and all that belongs to her with all possible Tenderness.

We all kept Snug in our several apartments till Nine, except Miss Theky, who was the House-wife of the Family. At that hour we met over a Pot of Coffee, which was not quite strong enough to give us the Palsy. After Breakfast the Colo. and I left the Ladys to their Domestick Affairs, and took a turn in the Garden, which has nothing beautiful but 3 Terrace Walks that fall in Slopes one below another. I let him understand, that besides the pleasure of paying him a Visit, I came to be instructed by so great a Master in the Mystery of Making of Iron, wherein he had led the way, and was the Tubal Cain of Virginia. He corrected me a little there, by assuring me he was not only the first in this Country, but the first in North America, who had erected a regular Furnace. That they ran altogether upon Bloomerys in New England and Pennsilvania, til his Example had made them attempt greater Works. But in this last Colony, they have so few Ships to carry their Iron to Great Britain, that they must be content to make it only for their own use, and must be oblig'd to manufacture it when they have done. That he hoped he had done the Country very great Service by setting so good an Example. That the 4 Furnaces now at work in Virginia circulated a great Sum of Money for Provisions and all other necessarys in the adjacent Countys. That they took off a great Number of Hands from Planting Tobacco, and employ'd them in Works that produced a large Sum of Money in England to the persons concern'd, whereby the Country is so much the Richer. That they are besides a considerable advantage to Great Britain, because it lessens the Quantity of Bar Iron imported from Spain, Holland, Sweden, Denmark and Muscovy, which used to be no less than 20,000 Tuns yearly, tho' at the same time no Sow Iron is imported thither from any Country, but only from the Plantations. For most of this Bar Iron they do not only pay Silver, but our Friends in the Baltick are so nice, they even expect to be paid all in Crown Pieces. On the contrary, all the Iron they receive

from the Plantations, they pay for it in their own Manufactures, and send for it in their own Shipping. Then I inquired after his own Mines, and hoped, as he was the first that engaged in this great undertaking, that he had brought them to the most perfection. He told me he had Iron in several Parts of his great Tract of Land, consisting of 45,000 Acres. But that the Mine he was at work upon was thirteen Miles below Germanna. That his Oar (which was very rich) he rais'd a Mile from his Furnace, and was oblig'd to Cart the Iron, when it was made, fifteen Miles to Massaponux, a Plantation he had upon Rappahannock River; But that the Road was exceeding good, gently declining all the way, and had no more than one Hill to go up in the whole Journey. For this reason his loaded carts went it in a day without difficulty. He said it was true His works were of the oldest Standing; but that his long absence in England, and the wretched Management of Mr. Greame, whom he had entrusted with his Affairs, had put him back very much. That what with Neglect and Severity above 80 of his Slaves were lost while he was in England, and most of his Cattle starved. That his Furnace stood still great part of the time, and all his Plantations ran to ruin. That indeed he was rightly serv'd for committing his Affairs to the care of a Mathematician, whose thoughts were always among the Stars. That, nevertheless, since his return, he had apply'd himself to rectify his Steward's Mistakes, and bring his Business again into Order. That now he had contriv'd to do everything with his own People, except raising the Mine and running the Iron, by which he had contracted his Expence very much. Nay, he believ'd that by his directions he cou'd bring sensible Negroes to perform those parts of the Work tolerably well. But at the same time he gave me to understand, that his Furnace had done no great feats lately, because he had been taken up in building an Air Furnace at Massaponux, which he had now brought to perfection, and shou'd be thereby able to furnish the whole Country with all Sorts of Cast Iron, as cheap and as good as ever came from England. I told him he must do one thing more to have a full Vent for those Commoditys, he must keep a Chaloupe running into all the Rivers, to carry his Wares home to people's own Doors. And if he wou'd do that I

wou'd set a good Example, and take a whole Tun of them. Our Conversation on this Subject continued till Dinner, which was both elegant and plentifull. The afternoon was devoted to the Ladys, who shew'd me one of their most beautiful Walks. They conducted me thro' a Shady Lane to the Landing, and by the way made me drink some very fine Water that issued from a Marble Fountain, and ran incessantly. Just behind it was a cover'd Bench, where Miss Theky often sat and bewail'd her Virginity. Then we proceeded to the River, which is the South Branch of Rappahannock, about 50 Yards wide, and so rapid that the Ferry Boat is drawn over by a Chain, and therefore called the Rapidan. At night we drank prosperity to all the Colonel's projects in a Bowl of Rack Punch, and then retired to our Devotions.

## HOME AGAIN

From 'A Progress to the Mines.'

When I got up about Sunrise, I was surpriz'd to find that a a Fog had covered this high Hill; but there is a Marsh on the Other side the River that sends its filthy Exhalation up to the Clouds. On the Borders of that Morass lives Mr. Lomax, a situation fit only for Frogs and Otters. After fortifying myself with Toast and Cyder and sweetening my lips with saluteing the Lady, I took leave, and the 2 Maj'rs conducted me about 4 miles on my way, as far as the Church. After that Ben Robinson order'd his East Indian to conduct me to Colo. Martin's. In about ten Miles, we reacht Caroline Court-house, where Colo. Armstead and Colo. Will. Beverly have each of 'em, erected an ordinary, well supply'd with Wine and other Polite Liquors, for the Worshipful Bench. Besides these, there is a Rum Ordinary for Persons of a more Vulgar tast. Such liberal Supplys of Strong Drink often make Justice Nod, and drop the Scales out of her hands. Eight Miles beyond the Ordinary, I arriv'd at Colo. Martin's, who received me with more gravity than I expected. But, upon inquiry, his Lady was Sick, which had lengthened his Face, and gave him a very mournful Air. I found him in his Night Cap and Banian, which is his ordinary dress in that

retired Part of the Country. Poorer Land I never saw than what he lives upon; but the wholesomeness of the Air, and the goodness of the Roads, make some amends. In a clear day the Mountains may be seen from hence, which is, in truth, the only Rarity of the Place. At my first Arrival, the Colo. saluted me with a Glass of good Canary, and soon after filled my Belly with good Mutton and Cauliflowers. Two People were as indifferent Company as a man and his Wife, without a little Inspiration from the Bottle; and then we were forced to go as far as the Kingdom of Ireland to help out Conversation. There, it seems, the Colo had an Elder Brother, a Physician, who threatens him with an Estate some time or other; Tho' possibly it might come to him sooner if the Succession depended on the death of one of his Patients. By 8 a'clock at Night we had no more to say, and I gaped wide as a Signal for retiring, whereupon I was conducted to a clean Lodging, where I would have been glad to exchange one of the Beds for a Chimney.

This Morning Mrs. Martin was worse, so that there was no hopes of seeing how much she was alter'd. Nor was this all, but the Indisposition of his consort made the Colo. intolerably grave and thoughtful. I prudently eat Meat Breakfast, to give me Spirits for a long Journey, and a long Fast.

My Landlord was so good as to send his Servant along with me, to guide me thro' all the turnings of a difficult way. In about 4 miles we crost Mattaponi River at Norman's Ford, and then Slanted down to King William County Road. We kept along that for about 12 Miles, as far as the New Brick Church. After that I took a blind Path, that carry'd me to several of Colo. Jones' Quarters, which border upon my Own. The Colonel's Overseers were all abroad, which made me fearful I shou'd find mine as Idle as them. But I was mistaken, for when I came to Gravel Hall, the first of my Plantations in King William, I found William Snead (that looks after 3 of them) very honestly about his business. I had the Pleasure to see my People all well, and my Business in good forwardness. I visited all the 5 Quarters on that Side, which spent so much of my time, that I had no leizure to see any of those on the Other side the River; Tho' I discourst Thomas Tinsley, one of the Overseers, who informed

me how matters went. In the Evening, Tinsley conducted me to Mrs. Sym's House, where I intended to take up my Quarters. This Lady, at first Suspecting I was Some Lover, put on a Gravity that becomes a Weed; but so soon as she learnt who I was, brighten'd up into an unusual cheerfulness and Serenity. She was a portly, handsome Dame, of the Family of Esau, and seem'd not to pine too much for the Death of her Husband, who was of the Family of Saracens. He left a Son by her, who has all the Strong Features of his Sire, not soften'd in the least by any of hers, so that the most malicious of her Neighbours cant bring his Legitimacy in question, not even the Parson's Wife, whose unruly tongue, they say 'dont Spare even the Reverent Doctor, her Husband. This Widow is a Person of lively & cheerful Conversation, with much less Reserve than most of her Countrywomen. It becomes her very well, and sets off her other agreeable Qualities to Advantage. We tost off a Bottle of Honest Port, which we Relisht with a broil'd Chicken. At Nine I retir'd to my Devotions, And then Slept so Sound that Fancy itself was Stupify'd, else I shou'd have dreamt of my most obliging Landlady.

I moisten'd my Clay with a Quart of Milk and Tea, which I found altogether as great a help to discourse as the Juice of the Grape. The courteous Widow invited me to rest myself there that good day, and go to Church with Her, but I excus'd myself, by telling her she wou'd certainly spoil my Devotions. Then she civilly entreated me to make her House my Home whenever I visited my Plantations, which made me bow low, and thank her very kindly. From thence I crost over to Shaccoe's and took Thomas Tinsley for my guide, finding the Distance about 15 miles. I found every Body well at the Falls, blessed be God, tho' the Bloody Flux raged pretty much in the neighbourhood. Mr. Booker had receiv'd a letter the day before from Mrs. Byrd, giving an Account of great desolation made in our Neighbourhood, by the Death of Mr. Lightfoot, Mrs. Soan, Capt. Gerald and Col. Henry Harrison. Finding the Flux had been so fatal, I desired Mr. Booker to make use of the following Remedy, in case it shou'd come amongst my People. To let them Blood immediately about 8 Ounces; the next day to give them a Dose of Indian Physic,

and to repeat the Vomit again the Day following; unless the Symptoms abated. In the meantime, they shou'd eat nothing but Chicken Broth, and Poacht Eggs, and drink nothing but a Quarter of a Pint of Milk boil'd with a quart of Water, and Medicated with a little Mullein Root, or that of the Prickly Pear,to restore the Mucus of the Bowels, and heal the Excoriation. At the same time, I ordered him to communicate this Method to all the poor Neighbours, and especially to my Overseers, with Strict Orders to use it on the first appearance of the Distemper, because in that, and all other Sharp Diseases, Delays are very dangerous. I also instructed Mr. Booker in the way I had learnt of Blowing up the Rocks, which were now Drill'd pretty full of Holes, and he promised to put it in Execution. After discoursing seriously with the Father about my Affairs, I joked with the Daughter in the evening, and about 8 retired to my Castle, and recollected all the Follys of the Day, the little I had learnt, and still less good I had done.

My long Absence made me long for the Domestick Delights of my own Family, for the Smiles of an Affectionate Wife, and the prattle of my Innocent Children. As soon as I sally'd out of my Castle, I understood that Colo. Carter's Samm was come, by his Master's leave, to shew my people how to blow up the Rocks in the Canal. He pretended to great Skill in that matter, but perform'd very little, which however, might be the Effect of Idleness rather than Ignorance. He came upon one of my Horses, which he ty'd to a Tree at Shaccoe's, where the poor Animal kept a Fast of a Night and a day. Tho' this Fellow workt very little at the Rocks, yet my Man, Argalus, stole his Trade, and perform'd as well as he. For this good turn, I order'd Mr. Samuel half a Pistole, all which he laid out with a New England Man for Rum, and made my Weaver and Spinning Woman, who has the happiness to be called his Wife, exceedingly drunk. To punish the Varlet for all these Pranks, I ordered him to be banisht from thence forever, under the penalty of being whipt home, from Constable to Constable, if he presum'd to come again. I left my Memorandums with Mr. Booker, of everything I order'd to be done, and mounted my Horse about ten, and in a little more reacht Bermuda Hundred, and

crost over to Colo. Carter's. He, like an Industrious Person, was gone to oversee his overseers at North Wales, but his Lady was at home, and kept me till supper time before we went to dinner. As soon as I had done Justice to my Stomach, I made my honours to the good humour'd little Fairy, and made the best of my way home, where I had the great Satisfaction to find all that was dearest to me in good health, nor had any disaster happen'd in the Family since I went away. Some of the neighbours had Worm fevers, with all the symptoms of the Bloody Flux; but, blessed be God! their Distempers gave way to proper Remedys.

# JAMES BRANCH CABELL

[1879— ]

ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

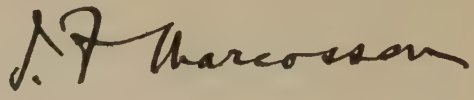
AMONG the younger Southern writers, James Branch Cabell has taken a peculiarly distinctive place because he has become the interpreter and historian of an old world romance that seems to have had hitherto a small place in our fiction product. Mr. Cabell was born in Richmond, April 14, 1879, and is the son of Robert Gamble Cabell and Anne Harris Branch Cabell. In him unite two of the oldest and proudest Virginia strains. He received his early education at Richmond, then entered William and Mary College and was graduated there in 1898. Subsequently he took up newspaper work in New York and served for two years on the *Herald.* Returning to Richmond in 1901, he worked for a time on the *Richmond News,* but the following year he gave up journalism to devote all his time to magazine and book writing. Since that time he has contributed about forty short stories and novelettes to the leading magazines and weeklies.

In book form Mr. Cabell has published 'The Eagle's Shadow,' a novel of modern Virginia life; 'The Line of Love,' a series of mediæval tales of France and England; 'Branchiana,' which was privately printed and which is an account of the well-known Branch family in Virginia from 1620 to the present time; and 'Gallantry,' a story of France and England in 1750. He has also contributed to *Harper's Magazine* a series of connected romances retold from the French of Nicolas de Caen, a little known Burgundian author of the Fifteenth Century.

To speak of Mr. Cabell's work generally is to make comment on an altogether winning and charming output. He has preferred the graceful and sprightly romance to the big and virile epic kind. There is about his French and English stories a quaintness of glamor and sentiment which makes them very individual. To read most of his stories, therefore, is to get the impression of having seen a pageant of the Arthurian days. Few, if any, of the younger American writers approach him in the delicacy and ease of his style. He has delved into the half-forgotten sanctuaries of Continental lore and brought forth a succession of truly exquisite tales. Yet in 'The Eagle's Shadow' he proved his ability to do a really modern story with all the accessories and high lights necessary to such a

performance. He is at his best, however, in those luminous old-world studies, so filled with grace and beauty.

It is noteworthy in any estimate of Mr. Cabell's work to say that he has gone about his task with a very keen and high appreciation of the ideals of his profession. As a result his product has been comparatively slight as compared with some other outputs of a strenuous, best-selling era of publishing and writing. His reward is therefore the appreciation that only goes out to worthy work well done.



## LOVE LETTERS OF FALSTAFF

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She was by no means what he had expected in her personal appearance; at first sight Sir John estimated her age as a trifle upon the staider side of sixty. But to her time had shown consideration, even kindliness, as though he touched her less with intent to mar than to caress; her form was still unbent, and her countenance, bloodless and deep-furrowed, bore the traces of great beauty; and, whatever the nature of her errand, the woman who stood in the doorway was unquestionably a person of breeding.

Sir John advanced toward her with such grace as he might muster; to speak plainly, his gout, coupled with his excessive bulk, did not permit an overpowering amount.

"*See, from the glowing East, Aurora comes,*" he chirped. "Madam, permit me to welcome you to my poor apartments; they are not worthy—"

"I would see Sir John Falstaff, sir," said the lady courteously, but with some reserve of manner, looking him full in the face as she said this.

"Indeed, madam," suggested Sir John, "and those bright eyes—whose glances have already cut my poor heart into as many pieces as the man i' the front of the almanac—will but desist for a moment from such butcher's work and do their proper duty, you will have little trouble in finding the man you seek."

"Are you Sir John?" asked the lady, as though suspecting a jest, or, perhaps, in sheer astonishment. "The son of old Sir John Falstaff, of Norfolk?"

"His wife hath frequently assured me so," Sir John protested, very gravely; "and to confirm her evidence I have a certain villainous thirst about me that did plague the old Sir John sorely in his lifetime, and came to me with his other chattels. The property I have expended long since; but no Jew will advance me a maravedi on the Falstaff thirst. 'Tis not to be bought or sold; you might quench it as soon."

"I would not have known you," said the lady, wonderingly; "but," she added, "I have not seen you these forty years."

"Faith, madam," grinned the knight, "the great pilferer Time hath since then taken away a little from my hair, and added somewhat (saving your presence) to my belly; and my face hath not been improved by being the grindstone for some hundred swords. But I do not know you."

"I am Sylvia Vernon," said the lady. "And once, a long while ago, I was Sylvia Darke."

"I remember," said the knight. His voice was strangely altered. Bardolph would not have known it; nor, perhaps, would he have recognized his master's manner as he handed Mistress Vernon to a seat.

"A long while ago," she repeated, sadly, after a pause during which the crackling of the fire was very audible. "Time hath dealt harshly with us both, John—the name hath a sweet savor. I am an old woman now. And you—"

"I would not have known you," said Sir John; then asked, almost resentfully, "What do you here?"

"My son goes to the wars," she answered, "and I am come to bid him farewell, yet I may not tarry in London, for my lord is feeble and hath constant need of me. And I, an old woman, am yet vain enough to steal these few moments from him who needs me to see for the last time, mayhap, him who was once my very dear friend."

"I was never your friend, Sylvia," said Sir John.

"Ah, the old wrangle!" said the lady, and smiled a little wistfully. "My dear and very honored lover, then; and I am come to see him here."

"Ay!" interrupted Sir John, rather hastily; then proceeded,

glowing with benevolence: "A quiet, orderly place, where I bestow my patronage; the woman of the house had once a husband in my company. God rest his soul! he bore a good pike. He retired in his old age and 'stablished this tavern, where he passed his declining years, till death called him gently away from this naughty world. God rest his soul, say I!"

This was a somewhat euphemistic version of the taking-off of Goodman Quickly, who had been knocked over the head with a joint-stool while rifling pockets of a drunken guest; but perhaps Sir John wished to speak well of the dead.

"And you for old memories' sake yet aid his widow?" the lady murmured. " 'Tis like you, John."

There was another silence, and the fire crackled more loudly than ever.

"You are not sorry that I came?" Mistress Vernon asked, at last.

"Sorry?" echoed Sir John; and, ungallant as it was, hesitated a moment before replying: "No, i' faith! But there are some ghosts that will easily bear raising, and you have raised one."

"We have summoned up no very fearful ghost, I think," said the lady; "at most, no worse than a pallid, gentle spirit that speaks—to me, at least—of a boy and a girl that loved one another and were very happy a great while ago."

"Are you come hither to seek that boy?" asked the knight, and chuckled, though not merrily. "The boy that went mad and rhymed of you in those far-off dusty years? He is quite dead, my lady; he was drowned, mayhap, in a cup of wine. Or he was slain, perchance, by a few light women. I know not how he died. But he is quite dead, my lady, and I was not haunted by his ghost until to-day."

He stared down at the floor as he ended; then choked, and broke into a fit of coughing that he would have given ten pounds, had he possessed them, to prevent.

"He was a dear boy," she said, presently; "a boy who loved a woman very truly; a boy that, finding her heart given to another, yielded his right in her, and went forth into the world without protest."

"Faith!" admitted Sir John, "the rogue had his good points."

"Ah, John, you have not forgotten, I know," the lady said, looking up into his face, "and you will believe me that I am very heartily sorry for the pain I brought into your life?"

"My wounds heal easily," said Sir John.

"For though I might not accept your love, believe me—ah, believe me, John, I always knew the value of that love; 'tis an honor that any woman might be proud of."

"Dear lady," the knight suggested, with a slight grimace, "the world is not altogether of your opinion."

"I know not of the world," she said; "for we live very quietly. But we have heard of you ever and anon; I have your life quite letter-perfect for these forty years or more."

"You have heard of me?" asked Sir John; and he looked rather uncomfortable.

"As a gallant and brave soldier," she answered; "of how you fought at sea with Mowbray that was afterward Duke of Norfolk; of your knighthood by King Richard; and how you slew the Percy at Shrewsbury; and captured Coleville o' late in Yorkshire; and how the Prince, that now is King, did love you above all men; and, in fine, I know not what."

Sir John heaved a sigh of relief. He said, with commendable modesty: "I have fought somewhat. But we are not Bevis of Southampton; we have slain no giants. Heard you naught else?"

"Little else of note," replied the lady; and went on, very quietly: "But we are proud of you at home. And such tales as I have heard I have woven together in one story; and I have told it many times to my children as we sat on the old Chapel steps at evening, and the shadows lengthened across the lawn; and bid them emulate this, the most perfect knight and gallant gentleman that I have known. And they love you, I think, though but by repute."

Once more silence fell between them; and the fire grinned wickedly at the mimic fire reflected by the old chest, as though it knew of a most entertaining secret.

"Do you yet live at Winstead?" asked Sir John, half idly.

"Yes," she answered; "in the old house. It is little changed, but there are many changes about."

"Is Moll yet with you that did once carry our letters?" queried the knight,

"Married to Hodge, the tanner," the lady said; "and dead long since."

"And all our merry company?" Sir John demanded. "Marian? And Tom and little Osric? And Phyllis? And Adelais? 'Tis like a breath of country air to speak their names once more."

"All dead," she answered, in a hushed voice, "save Adelais, and she is very old; for Robert was slain in the French wars, and she hath never married."

"All dead," Sir John informed the fire, confidentially; then laughed, though his bloodshot eyes were not merry. "This same death hath a wide maw! 'Tis not long before you and I, my lady, will be at supper with the worms. But you, at least have had a happy life."

"I have been happy," she said, "but I am a little weary now. My dear lord is very infirm, and hath grown querulous of late, and I, too, am old."

"Faith!" agreed Sir John, "we are both old; and I had not known it, my lady, until to-day."

Again there was silence; and again the fire leapt with delight at the jest.

Mistress Vernon rose suddenly and cried, "I would I had not come!"

" 'Tis but a feeble sorrow you have brought," Sir John reassured her. He continued, slowly, "Our blood runs thinner than of yore; and we may no longer, I think, either sorrow or rejoice very deeply."

"It is true," she said; "but I must go; and, indeed, I would to God I had not come!"

Sir John was silent; he bowed his head, in acquiescence perhaps, in meditation it may have been; but he said nothing.

"Yet," said she, "there is something here that I must keep no longer; 'tis all the letters you ever writ me."

Whereupon she handed Sir John a little packet of very old and very faded papers. He turned them over awkwardly in his hand once or twice; then stared at them; then at the lady.

"You have kept them—always?" he cried.

"Yes," she responded, wistfully; "but I must not any longer. 'Tis a villainous example to my grandchildren," Mistress Vernon added, and smiled. "Farewell."

Sir John drew close to her and caught her by both wrists. He looked into her eyes for an instant, holding himself very erect, and it was a rare event when Sir John looked anyone squarely in the eyes—and said, wonderingly, "How I loved you!"

"I know," she murmured. Sylvia Vernon gazed up into his bloated face with a proud tenderness that was half-regretful. A catch came into her gentle voice. "And I thank you for your gift, my lover—O brave true lover, whose love I was ne'er ashamed to own! Farewell, my dear; yet a little while, and I go to seek the boy and girl we wot of."

"I shall not be long, madam," said Sir John. "Speak a kind word for me in Heaven; for," he added, slowly, "I shall have sore need of it."

She had reached the door by this. "You are not sorry that I came?" she pleaded.

Sir John answered, very sadly: "There are many wrinkles now in your dear face, my lady; the great eyes are a little dimmed, and the sweet laughter is a little cracked; but I am not sorry to have seen you thus. For I have loved no woman truly save you alone; and I am not sorry. Farewell." And he bowed his gray head over her shrivelled fingers.

* * * * * *

"Lord, Lord, how subject we old men are to the vice of lying!" chuckled Sir John, and threw himself back in his chair and mumbled over the jest.

"Yet 'twas not all a lie," he confided, in some perplexity, to the fire; "but what a coil over a youthful green-sickness 'twixt a lad and a wench more than forty years syne!

"I might have had money of her for the asking," he presently went on; "yet I am glad I did not; which is a parlous sign and smacks of dotage."

He nodded very gravely over this new and alarming phase of his character.

"Were't not a quaint conceit, a merry tickle-brain of Fate," he asked of the leaping flames, after a still longer pause, "that this mountain of malmsey were once a delicate stripling with apple cheeks and a clean breath, smelling o' civet, and as mad for love, I warrant you, as any Amadis of them all? For, if a man were to speak truly, I did love her.

"I had the special marks of the pestilence," he assured a particularly incredulous and obstinate-looking coal—a grim, black fellow that, lurking in a corner, scowled forbiddingly and seemed to defy both the flames and Sir John: "Not all the flagons and apples in the universe might have comforted me; I was wont to sigh like a leaky bellows; to weep like a wench that hath lost her grandam; to lard my speech with the fag-ends of ballads like a man milliner; and did, indeed, indite sonnets, canzonets, and what not of mine own.

"And Moll did carry them," he continued; "Moll that hath married Hodge, the tanner, and is dead long since." But the coal remained incredulous, and the flames crackled merrily.

"Lord, Lord, what did I not write?" said Sir John, drawing out a paper from the packet, and deciphering the faded writing by the firelight.

Read Sir John:

> Have pity, Sylvia! For without thy door
> Now stands with dolorous cry and clamoring
> Faint-hearted Love, that there hath stood of yore:
> Though Winter draweth on, and no birds sing
> Within the woods, yet as in wanton Spring
> He follows thee; and never will have done,
> Though nakedly he die, from following
> Whither thou leadest.
>
> Canst thou look upon
> His woes, and laugh to see a goddess' son
> Of wide dominion and great empery,
> More strong than Jove, more wise than Solomon,
> Too weak to combat thy severity?
> Have pity, Sylvia! And let Love be one
> Among the folk that bear thee company.

"Is't not the very puling speech of your true lover?" he chuckled; and the flames spluttered assent. "*Among the folk that bear thee company,*" he repeated, and afterward looked about him with a smack of gravity. "Faith, Adam Cupid hath forsworn my fellowship long since; he hath no score chalked up against him at the Boar's Head Tavern; or, if he have, I doubt not a beggar might discharge it.

"And she hath commended me to her children as a very gallant gentleman and a true knight," he went on, reflectively.

He cast his eyes toward the ceiling, and grinned at invisible deities. "Jove that sees all hath a goodly commodity of mirth; I doubt not his sides ache at times, as they had conceived another wine-god.

"Yet, by my honor," he insisted to the fire; then added, apologetically—"if I had any, which, to speak plain, I have not—I am glad; it is a brave jest; and I did love her once." He picked out another paper and read:

"My dear lady—That I am not with thee to-night is, indeed, no fault of mine; for Sir Thomas Mowbray hath need of me, he saith. Yet the service that I have rendered him thus far is but to cool my heels in his antechamber and dream of two great eyes and of that net of golden hair wherewith Lord Love hath lately snared my poor heart. For it comforts me—" And so on, and so on, the pen trailing most juvenal sugar, like a fly newly crept out of the honey-pot. And ending with a posy, filched, I warrant you, from some ring.

"I remember when I did write her this," he explained to the fire. "Lord, Lord, and the fire of grace were not quite out of me, now should I be moved. For I did write it; and 'twas sent with a sonnet, all of Hell, and Heaven, and your pagan gods, and other tricks o' speech. It should be somewhere." He fumbled with uncertain fingers among the papers. "Ah, here 'tis," he said at last, and again began to read aloud.

Read Sir John:

> Cupid invaded Hell, and boldly drove
> Before him all the hosts of Erebus
> Till he had conquered; and grim Cerberus
> Sang madrigals, the Furies rhymed of love.
>
> Old Charon sighed, and sonnets rang above
> The gloomy Styx, and even as Tantalus
> Was Proserpine discrowned in Tartarus,
> And Cupid regnant in the place thereof.
>
> Thus Love is monarch throughout Hell today,
> In Heaven we know his power was always great;
> And Earth acclaimed Love's mastery straightway
> When Sylvia came to gladden Earth's estate:
> Thus Hell and Heaven and Earth his rule obey,
> And Sylvia's heart alone is obdurate.

"Well, well," sighed Sir John, " 'twas a goodly rogue that writ it, though the verse runs but lamely! A goodly rogue!

"He might," he suggested, tentatively, "have lived cleanly, and forsworn sack; he might have been a gallant gentleman, and begotten grandchildren, and had a quiet nook at the ingle-side to rest his old bones; but he is dead long since. He might have writ himself *armigero* in many a bill, or obligation, or quittance, or what not; he might have left something behind him save unpaid tavern bills; he might have heard cases, harried poachers, and quoted old saws; and slept through sermons yet unwrit, beneath his presentment, done in stone, and a comforting bit of Latin; but," he reassured the fire, "he is dead long since."

Sir John sat meditating for a while; it had grown quite dark in the room as he muttered to himself. Suddenly he rose with a start.

"By'r lady!" he cried. "I prate like a death's-head! What's done is done, God ha' mercy on us all! And I'll read no more of the rubbish."

He cast the packet into the heart of the fire; the yellow papers curled at the edges, rustled a little, and blazed; he watched them burn to the last spark.

"A cup of sack to purge the brain!" cried Sir John, and filled one to the brim. "And I'll go sup with Doll Tearsheet."

# GEORGE WASHINGTON CABLE

[1844— ]

MRS. JOHN S. KENDALL

GEORGE WASHINGTON CABLE, the second of his name, was born in New Orleans, Louisiana, October 12, 1844, in a house standing on the corner of Race and Annunciation streets, facing the Annunciation Square, and built by Mr. John Walton.

His father, George Washington Cable the first, although born in Virginia in 1811, had at an early age been taken to Pennsylvania by his parents, and had subsequently removed to Indiana, where, in 1834, he had married Rebecca Boardman, a lady born in Indiana, of English-Puritan ancestry. On the paternal side Mr. Cable, the author, was of German descent although his grandfather, George Cable, was a Virginian by birth. Margaret Stott Cable, his paternal grandmother, was born in Pennsylvania, of Dutch ancestry. Hence we see the German, English, and Dutch elements combining to make the stock of the American novelist.

His grandfather, George Cable, had held radical opinions about the ownership of slaves, and while living in Pennsylvania had, with his wife, Margaret Cable, agreed to free their negroes. Some time after this event they removed to Indiana, where they were residing when their son George Washington Cable, the father of the novelist, was married to Rebecca Boardman, in Ripley County, about eighteen miles from Lawrenceburgh, on the Ohio River.

About three years after their marriage, Mr. Cable having failed in business, owing to the great financial crisis of 1837, this courageous woman, Rebecca Boardman, persuaded Mr. Cable to try the renewal of their fortunes in New Orleans, the quaint French city of the South. Previous to her marriage Mrs. Cable had made frequent visits to an older sister, whose husband traded with the Indians, and traveled on store-boats and rafts down the Mississippi to New Orleans, whence he brought back beautiful goods, handsome gifts for the wife and little sister, and, more thrilling than all, wonderful accounts of the great city near the mouth of the "Father of Waters." To this city the little woman turned her eyes longingly, when removal from her home seemed a necessity.

Settling in New Orleans, Mr. Cable did a thriving business, as a dealer in western produce, furnishing supplies to the groceries

and to the magnificent river steamers, which, until the outbreak of the Civil War, plied between New Orleans and St. Louis, and Cincinnati. Mr. and Mrs. Cable never regretted their seemingly rash venture in removing to New Orleans, for Mr. Cable prospered and was able to provide generously for his family.

Six children were born to them, two, however, dying in childhood. Of the four who remained, two sons and two daughters, it is interesting to note that one daughter became a gifted artist, the other a successful teacher, and the other son a talented writer of short stories. The children were taught first at home, by their mother, and a love of reading was early inculcated in their minds. Their education was continued in the public schools of New Orleans.

The death of the father left the family in reduced circumstances, and George, at the age of fifteen, was obliged to find remunerative employment. His first "job" was a clerkship in the business house of Violet and Black, commission merchants, but when the war broke out he finally enlisted, in the year 1863, in the Fourth Mississippi Cavalry of the Confederate Army. He was then but nineteen years of age, and so small of size and so youthful in appearance as to elicit the query from the Union soldiers, "Are you sending babies to fight us?"

Wounded in battle, he returned to New Orleans, destitute, and accepted a position in a store as errand-boy. An opportunity offering to join a surveying-party, he left New Orleans to follow the career of a civil engineer, but contracting "breakbone fever," on the banks of the Atchafalaya River, he returned to New Orleans, and during a two-year period of poor health wrote poems and humorous sketches for the *New Orleans Picayune,* under the signature of "Drop Shot." Later on he became a reporter on the staff of the *Picayune.* He resigned this position because, as the story goes, he was ordered to write the dramatic criticism of Sunday theatrical performances. In those days he objected very strenuously to the theatre, and had very stern ideas in regard to other so-called "worldly amusements." He also objected to dancing and to all forms of Sabbath-breaking, even having a cold dinner served in his home on Sunday. His church duties were always faithfully and conscientiously performed, his membership being with the Prytania Street Presbyterian Church of New Orleans, in which church organization he held the position of deacon.

Leaving the *Picayune* he became bookkeeper for a cotton dealer, but continued to write, publishing his sketches in the *Century.* Not long after the war Mr. Cable married Miss Louise Bartlett, daughter of Mr. W. A. Bartlett, a prominent merchant of New Orleans. She was a very lovely woman and an ideal wife. Several houses are

pointed out as residences of Mr. and Mrs. Cable during the early years of their marriage. One of these is in Seventh Street, another on Louisiana Avenue, while the last place of residence before Mr. Cable's final removal to the North is in Eighth Street, a large, "raised-cottage," with a high, roomy basement, and plenty of yard-room for playground for his four children. Here a number of his sketches and short stories were written, and here Joaquin Miller, "the poet of the Sierras," visited him, interesting and baffling alike the neighbors, with his long gray-white hair, swart complexion, and large, dreamy, dark eyes.

In 1879, 'Old Creole Days,' a collection of seven short stories, was published by the Scribners, and met with such success that two years later a second edition appeared, followed after another two years by a third, and subsequently by three more editions, the latest appearing in 1906. In this year of 1879, also, Mr. Cable's employer died, and sufficient success having by this time smiled upon the labors of his pen, he resolved to devote himself to his Muse, relying upon her for a livelihood for himself and family.

In 1880, 'The Grandissimes,' a novel of Creole life, appeared, also published by the Scribners. This gave Mr. Cable an assured position among American men of letters, presenting as it did an artistic, and at the same time true, picture of the Creoles of Louisiana, a most picturesque type, never before appreciated by the writer of fiction. In the North it was received with *éclat,* as offering an entirely novel field of romance; in the South, and especially in New Orleans, where the scene of his story was laid, and where his types were only too real and numerous, with resentment and indignation. The Creoles themselves were aggrieved, and expressed their feelings without restraint. Indeed, even in the American quarter of New Orleans, Mr. Cable lost many friends by his bold sketches of Creole life. As a matter of fact, however, 'The Grandissimes' is remarkable in its portrayal of that class, which though now rapidly being replaced by Anglo-Saxon stock, for so long shaped the policy of the far-away Southern city.

About this time, Mr. Cable's success in the North led him to contemplate a change of residence. There an easy market for his stories awaited him, and the cordial recognition of a people whose sympathies had already been publicly manifested for that class known among Northern reformers as "the freedman." In his Southern home, on the other hand, a feeling was slowly rising that their quondam comrade-in-arms was yielding to Northern influence, and especially to the Abolitionist's point of view as regarded the negro. Many of his old friends considered him a traitor to the cause for which he had fought. Certainly, strange and conflicting

forces were at work in the mind of the rising novelist. All of these earlier works turned on the relations, most frequently reprehensible, of the white and the black races. The quadroon and the mulatto, more often than otherwise, figured as the hero or heroine of his tales. Miscegenation, "the red flag before the bull" to the Southern man or woman, formed the theme of his stories—miscegenation as it really existed, in the illegal relations of the Southern slave-owner or the so-called "gentleman," with the quadroon woman, or the black slave, as the case might be, with its consequent progeny of half-breeds. This topic seemed to have taken possession of Mr. Cable's mind, and the result was that he wrote as though his pen had been dipped in blood. Tragedy, pathos, crime —all the ills consequent on this foul sin of race—were drawn by his pen in colors of life. It was a daring attempt for those times, and the man who dared it found existence more comfortable at a place remote from the scene of his novels.

A wealthy and influential woman, a resident of Northampton, ambitious to make her own town a center of culture, and admiring Mr. Cable's work extravagantly, resolved that his name would add luster to the place, and forthwith proceeded to set before him the advantages of residence there, even adding inducements to him to remove to Northampton. A strong natural attraction already existed in its close proximity to Boston, and in the possession of its institution of learning—Smith College—even then famous but now known widely for its broad and high scholarship. Mr. Cable's children at that time were all girls, his only son being born after his removal to Northampton. It was decided, therefore, that he would make a permanent change of residence to Northampton, and thus, some years before the publication of the treatise which stirred up so heated a controversy, a treatise of some ten pages appearing in the January issue, 1885, of the *Century Magazine,* entitled "The Freedmen's Case in Equity," Mr. Cable and his family were safely established in their Northern home. In this treatise Mr. Cable espoused warmly the interests of the negro, much to the dislike and disapproval of his brethren of the South. Bitter invectives were hurled at his head—bitterer than any called forth by his stories of creole or quadroon types—the outcome of deep resentment and injured pride. Spirited replies were published by the leading men in the South. The April number of the *Century* for the same year printed a stirring polemic from the pen of Henry W. Grady in answer to Mr. Cable's article. However, as the years have passed, and a new generation has arisen, the old feeling against Mr. Cable has died out, and even in the South there are not lacking to-day warm admirers who realize now that he was merely a man of deeper

penetration and foresight than most of his contemporaries; one who, with the mind of a seer, wrote of that which not only would, but has, come to pass. The man in advance of his generation always suffers at the hands and judgment of his contemporaries.

Besides the works already mentioned, Mr. Cable has also produced 'Madame Delephine,' 'Dr. Sevier,' 'John March, Southerner,' 'The Creoles of Louisiana,' 'The Silent South,' 'Bonaventure,' and numerous sketches and short stories for the magazines, notably for *Scribner's* and the *Century*. An unusually able collection of short stories was published a few years ago, under the title, 'Strong Hearts.' These tales were not restricted in subject to the types of his earlier efforts, but found themes among other races and lands. An increased strength and beauty of style characterized these stories, as though the analytic faculty had grown with all the years of portrayal of character. 'The Cavalier,' a novel of war-times, published in 1903, is marked by the characteristic atmosphere so apparent in all Mr. Cable's writings, but lacks the depth and artistic finish of 'Strong Hearts.'

During his early years of residence at Northampton, he traveled extensively, appearing on the lecture platform, and giving "Author's Readings" with great success. In 1897, he became editorial supervisor of *Current Literature*. He was always deeply interested in the work of the Sunday-school, and while in New Orleans superintended an institution of this kind for negroes, under the general supervision of the church of which he was a member. After his removal to the North, he conducted a very large Bible class in Northampton. He also wrote expositions of the International Sunday-school Lessons for publication in leading journals. In 1891, his work 'The Busy Man's Bible' was published. He enjoys a royalty on several of his works, and his children have been given every advantage in educational lines.

In his methods of work he was always thorough, accurate, and conscientious. If he wished to describe so trifling a matter as the disease of one of his characters, he mastered every symptom and detail of the malady before attempting to write about it. He was ambitious for his children to emulate this trait of character, and was always much pleased with any evidence of good work done by them. In his relations, he was very genial and lovable. He was devoted to his children and to their mother, who though always very attractive, became a very beautiful woman in her riper years.

Life has dealt kindly with Mr. Cable since his removal to his Northern home. Fame and prosperity have attended his way. Of his six children, three have married and have homes of their own. His daughter, Miss Lucy Cable, is living in Philadelphia, where she

is proofreader for the *Ladies' Home Journal.* His only son, William, is a student at Williams College. The beautiful wife of his earlier years closed her eyes to this world's glories some six or seven years ago, not long after a happy visit to New Orleans, the home of her youth, where many friends greeted her return. After two years, Mr. Cable married a cultured lady of Louisville, Kentucky, Miss Eva Stevenson. Their home in Northampton is very attractive, its interest and charm being greatly enhanced by the beautiful trees planted around it, each one of which has been placed there by the hand of some illustrious brother author, Mark Twain, Joaquin Miller, Henry James, J. M. Barrie, and many others. But the most attractive feature of the place is Mr. Cable's study, designed by the wealthy lady who induced him to make his home in Northampton. It is a model of its kind, standing in a spot sufficiently remote from the house to secure needed retirement. The study-window looks out upon a most beautiful ravine on the shady banks of which Mr. Cable sits and dreams by the hour, seeing in vision the matchless heroes and heroines of the stories which the American public has learned to love so well. Probably few names in all American literature will live so enduringly as that of George W. Cable when time has proven who is best worthy to survive.

Isolene Rodd Kendall.

## JEAN-AH POQUELIN

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In the first decade of the present century, when the newly-established American Government was the most hateful thing in Louisiana—when the Creoles were still kicking at such vile innovations as the trial by jury, American dances, anti-smuggling laws, and the printing of the Governor's proclamation in English—when the Anglo-American flood that was presently to burst in a crevasse of immigration upon the delta had thus far been felt only as a slippery seepage which made the Creole tremble for his footing—there stood, a short distance above what is now Canal Street, and considerably back from the line of villas which fringed the river-bank on Tchoupitoulas Road, an old colonial plantation-house half in ruin.

It stood aloof from civilization, the tracts that had once been its indigo fields given over to their first noxious wildness, and grown up into one of the horridest marshes within a circuit of fifty miles.

The house was of heavy cypress, lifted up on pillars, grim, solid, and spiritless, its massive build a strong reminder of days still earlier, when every man had been his own peace officer and the insurrection of the blacks a daily contingency. Its dark weather-beaten roof and sides were hoisted up above the jungly plain in a distracted way, like a gigantic ammunition-wagon stuck in the mud and abandoned by some retreating army. Around it was a dense growth of low water willows, with half a hundred sorts of thorny or fetid bushes, savage strangers alike to the "language of flowers" and to the botanist's Greek. They were hung with countless strands of discolored and prickly smilax and the impassable mud below bristled with *chevaux de frise* of the dwarf palmetto. Two lone forest-trees, dead cypresses, stood in the center of the marsh, dotted with roosting vultures. The shallow strips of water were hid by myriads of aquatic plants, under whose coarse and spiritless flowers, could one have seen it, was a harbor of reptiles, great and small, to make one shudder to the end of his days.

The house was on a slightly raised spot, the levee of a draining canal. The waters of this canal did not run; they crawled, and were full of big, ravening fish and alligators, that held it against all comers.

Such was the home of old Jean Marie Poquelin, once an opulent indigo planter, standing high in the esteem of his small, proud circle of exclusively male acquaintances in the old city; now a hermit, alike shunned by and shunning all who had ever known him. "The last of his line," said the gossips. His father lies under the floor of the St. Louis Cathedral, with the wife of his youth on one side, and the wife of his old age on the other. Old Jean visits the spot daily. His half-brother—alas! there was a mystery; no one knew what had become of the gentle, young half-brother, more than thirty years his junior, whom once he seemed so fondly to love, but who, seven years ago, had disappeared suddenly, once for all, and left no clew of his fate.

They had seemed to live so happily in each other's love.

No father, mother, wife to either, no kindred upon earth. The elder a bold, frank, impetuous, chivalric adventurer; the younger a gentle, studious, book-loving recluse; they lived upon the ancestral estate like mated birds, one always on the wing, the other always in the nest.

There was no trait in Jean Marie Poquelin, said the old gossips, for which he was so well known among his few friends as his apparent fondness for his "little brother." "Jacques said this," and "Jacques said that;" he "would leave this or that, or anything to Jacques," for "Jacques was a scholar," and "Jacques was good," or "wise," or "just," or "far-sighted," as the nature of the case required; and "he should ask Jacques as soon as he got home," since Jacques was never elsewhere to be seen.

It was between the roving character of the one brother, and the bookishness of the other, that the estate fell into decay. Jean Marie, generous gentleman, gambled the slaves away one by one, until none was left, man or woman, but one old African mute.

The indigo-fields and vats of Louisiana had been generally abandoned as unremunerative. Certain enterprising men had substituted the culture of sugar; but while the recluse was too apathetic to take so active a course, the other saw larger, and, at that time, equally respectable profits, first in smuggling, and later in the African slave-trade. What harm could he see in it? The whole people said it was vitally necessary, and to minister to a vital public necessity—good enough, certainly, and so he laid up many a doubloon, that made him none the worse in the public regard.

One day old Jean Marie was about to start upon a voyage that was to be longer, much longer, than any that he had yet made. Jacques had begged him hard for many days not to go, but he laughed him off, and finally said, kissing him:

*"Adieu, 'tit frère."*

"No," said Jacques, "I shall go with you."

They left the old hulk of a house in the sole care of the African mute, and went away to the Guinea coast together.

Two years after, old Poquelin came home without his vessel. He must have arrived at his house by night. No one saw him come. No one saw "his little brother;" rumor whis-

pered that he, too, had returned, but he had never been seen again.

A dark suspicion fell upon the old slave-trader. No matter that the few kept the many reminded of the tenderness that had ever marked his bearing to the missing man. The many shook their heads. "You know he has a quick and fearful temper;" and "why does he cover his loss with mystery?" "Grief would out with the truth."

"But," said the charitable few, "look in his face; see that expression of true humanity." The many did look in his face, and, as he looked in theirs, he read the silent question: "Where is thy brother Abel?" The few were silenced, his former friends died off, and the name of Jean Marie Poquelin became a symbol of witchery, devilish crimes, and hideous nursery fictions.

The man and his house were alike shunned. The snipe and duck hunters forsook the marsh, and the wood-cutters abandoned the canal. Sometimes the hardier boys who ventured out there snake-shooting heard a low thumping of oar-locks on the canal. They would look at each other for a moment half in consternation, half in glee, then rush from their sport in wanton haste to assail with their gibes the unoffending, withered old man who, in rusty attire, sat in the stern of a skiff, rowed homeward by his white-headed African mute.

"O Jean-ah Poquelin! O Jean-ah! Jean-ah Poquelin!"

It was not necessary to utter more than that. No hint of wickedness, deformity, or any physical or moral demerit; merely the name and tone of mockery: "Oh Jean-ah Poquelin!" and while they tumbled one over another in their needless haste to fly, he would rise carefully from his seat, while the aged mute, with downcast face, went on rowing, and rolling up his brown fist and extending it toward the urchins, would pour forth such an unholy broadside of French imprecation and invective as would all but craze them with delight.

Among both blacks and whites the house was the object of a thousand superstitions. Every midnight, they affirmed, the *feu follet* came out of the marsh and ran in and out of the rooms, flashing from window to window. The story of some lads, whose word in ordinary statements was worth-

less, was generally credited, that the night they camped in the woods, rather than pass the place after dark, they saw, about sunset, every window blood-red, and on each of the four chimneys an owl sitting, which turned his head three times round, and moaned and laughed in a human voice. There was a bottomless well, everybody professed to know, beneath the sill of the big front door under the rotten veranda; whoever set his foot upon that threshold disappeared forever in the depth below.

What wonder the marsh grew as wild as Africa? Take all the Faubourg Ste. Marie, and half the ancient city, you would not find one graceless dare-devil reckless enough to pass within a hundred yards of the house after nightfall.

The alien races pouring into old New Orleans began to find the few streets named for the Bourbon princes too strait for them. The wheel of fortune, beginning to whirl, threw them off beyond the ancient corporation lines, and sowed civilization and even trade upon the lands of the Graviers and Girods. Fields became roads, roads streets. Everywhere the leveller was peering through his glass, rodsmen were whacking their way through willow-brakes and rose-hedges, and the sweating Irishmen tossed the blue clay up with their long-handled shovels.

"Ha! that is all very well," quoth the Jean-Baptistes, feeling the reproach of an enterprise that asked neither coöperation nor advice of them, "but wait till they come yonder to Jean Poquelin's marsh; ha! ha! ha!" The supposed predicament so delighted them, that they put on a mock terror and whirled about in an assumed stampede, then caught their clasped hands between their knees in excess of mirth, and laughed till the tears ran; for whether the street-makers mired in the marsh, or contrived to cut through old "Jean-ah's" property, either event would be joyful. Meantime a line of tiny rods, with bits of white paper in their split tops, gradually extended its way straight through the haunted ground, and across the canal diagonally.

"We shall fill that ditch," said the man in mud-boots, and brushed close along the chained and padlocked gate of the haunted mansion. Ah, Jean-ah Poquelin, those were not Creole boys, to be stampeded with a little hard swearing.

He went to the Governor. That official scanned the odd figure with no slight interest. Jean Poquelin was of short, broad frame, with a bronzed leonine face. His brow was ample and deeply furrowed. His eye, large and black, was bold and open like that of a war-horse, and his jaws shut together with the firmness of iron. He was dressed in a suit of Attakapas cottonade, and his shirt unbuttoned and thrown back from the throat and bosom, sailor-wise, showed a herculean breast, hard and grizzled. There was no fierceness or defiance in his look, no harsh ungentleness, no symptom of his unlawful life or violent temper; but rather a peaceful and peaceable fearlessness. Across the whole face, not marked in one or another feature, but as it were laid softly upon the countenance like an almost imperceptible veil, was the imprint of some great grief. A careless eye might easily overlook it, but, once seen, there it hung—faint, but unmistakable.

The Governor bowed.

"*Parlez-vous français?*" said the figure.

"I would rather talk English, if you can do so," said the Governor.

"My name, Jean Poquelin."

"How can I serve you, Mr. Poquelin?"

"My 'ouse is yond'; *dans le marais là-bas.*

The Governor bowed.

"Dat *marais* billong to me."

"Yes, sir."

"To me; Jean Poquelin; I hown 'in meself."

"Well, sir?"

"He don't billong to you; I get him from me father."

"That is perfectly true, Mr. Poquelin, as far as I am aware."

"You want to make strit pass yond'?"

"I don't know, sir; it is quite probable; but the city will indemnify you for any loss you may suffer—you will get paid, you understand."

"Strit can't pass dare."

"You will have to see the municipal authorities about that, Mr. Poquelin."

A bitter smile came upon the old man's face:

"*Pardon, Monsieur,* you is not *le Gouverneur?*"

"Yes."

"*Mais,* yes. You har *le Gouverneur*—yes. Vehwell. I come to you. I tell you, strit can't pass at me 'ouse."

"But you will have to see"—

"I come to you. You is *le Gouverneur.* I know not the new laws. I ham a Fr-r-rench-a-man. Fr-rench-a-man have something *aller au contraire*—he come at his *Gouverneur.* I come at you. If me not had been bought from me king like *bossals* in the hold time, ze king gof—France would-a-show *Monsieur le Gouverneur* to take care of his men to make strit in right places. *Mais,* I know we billong to *Monsieur le Président.* I want you to do somesin for me, eh?"

"What is it?" asked the patient Governor.

"I want you tell *Monsieur le Président,* strit—can't—pass —at—me—'ouse."

"Have a chair, Mr. Poquelin;" but the old man did not stir. The Governor took a quill and wrote a line to a city official, introducing Mr. Poquelin and asking for him every possible courtesy. He handed it to him, instructing him where to present it.

"Mr. Poquelin," he said, with a conciliatory smile, "tell me, is it your house that our Creole citizens tell such odd stories about?"

The old man glared sternly upon the speaker, and with immovable features said:

"You don't see me trade some Guinea nigga'?"

"Oh, no."

"You don't see me make some smugglin'?"

"No, sir; not at all."

"But, I am Jean Marie Poquelin. I mine me hown bizness. Dat all right? Adieu."

He put his hat on and withdrew. By and by he stood, letter in hand, before the person to whom it was addressed. This person employed an interpreter.

"He says," said the interpreter to the officer, "he come to make you fair warning how you muz not make the street pas' at his 'ouse."

The officer remarked that "such impudence was refreshing;" but the experienced interpreter translated freely.

"He says: 'Why you don't want?' " said the interpreter.

The old slave-trader answered at some length.

"He says," said the interpreter, again turning to the officer, "the marass is a too unhealth' for peopl' to live."

"But we expect to drain his old marsh; it's not going to be a marsh."

"*Il dit*"—the interpreter explained in French.

The old man answered tersely.

"He says the canal is a private," said the interpreter.

"Oh! *that* old ditch; that's to be filled up. Tell the old man we're going to fix him up nicely."

Translation being duly made, the man in power was amused to see a thunder-cloud gathering on the old man's face.

"Tell him," he added, "by the time we finish, there'll not be a ghost left in his shanty."

The interpreter began to translate, but—

"*J' comprends, J' comprends,*" said the old man, with an impatient gesture, and burst forth, pouring curses upon the United States, the President, the Territory of Orleans, Congress, the Governor and all his subordinates, striding out of the apartment as he cursed, while the object of his maledictions roared with merriment and rammed the floor with his foot.

"Why, it will make his old place worth ten dollars to one," said the official to the interpreter.

" 'Tis not de worse of de property," said the interpreter.

"I should guess not," said the other, whittling his chair—"seems to me as if some of these old Creoles would liever live in a crawfish hole than to have a neighbor."

"You know what make old Jean Poquelin make like that? I will tell you. You know—"

The interpreter was rolling a cigarette, and paused to light his tinder; then, as the smoke poured in a thick double stream from his nostrils, he said, in a solemn whisper:

"He is a witch."

"Ho, ho, ho!" laughed the other.

"You don't believe it? What you want to bet?" cried the interpreter, jerking himself up and thrusting out one arm while he bared it of its coat-sleeve with the hand of the other. "What you want to bet?"

"How do you know?" asked the official.

"Dass what I goin' to tell you. You know, one evening I was shooting some *grosbec*. I killed three; but I had trouble to fine them, it was becoming so dark. When I have them I start' to come home; then I got to pas' at Jean Poquelin's house."

"Ho, ho, ho!" laughed the other, throwing his leg over the arm of his chair.

"Wait," said the interpreter. "I come along slow, not making some noises; still, still—"

"And scared," said the smiling one.

"*Mais,* wait. I get all pas' the 'ouse. 'Ah' I say; 'all right'! Then I see two thing' before! Hah! I get as cold and humide, and shake like a leaf. You think it was nothing? There I see, so plain as can be (though it was making nearly dark), I see Jean—Marie—Poquelin walkin' right in front, and right there beside of him was something like a man—but not a man—white like paint!—I dropp' on the grass from scared—they pass'; so sure as I live 'twas the ghos' of Jacques Poquelin, his brother!"

"Pooh!" said the listener.

"I'll put my han' in the fire," said the interpreter.

"But did you never think," asked the other, "that that might be Jacques Poquelin, as you call him, alive and well, and for some cause hid away by his brother?"

"But there har' no cause!" said the other, and the entrance of third parties changed the subject.

Some months passed and the street was opened. A canal was first dug through the marsh, the small one which passed so close to Jean Poquelin's house was filled, and the street, or rather a sunny road, just touched a corner of the old mansion's dooryard. The morass ran dry. Its venomous denizens slipped away through the bulrushes; the cattle roaming freely upon its hardened surface trampled the superabundant undergrowth. The bellowing frogs croaked to westward. Lilies and the flower-de-luce sprang up in the place of reeds; smilax and poison-oak gave way to the purple-plumed iron-weed and pink spiderwort; the bindweeds ran everywhere blooming as they ran, and on one of the dead cypresses a giant creeper hung its green burden of foliage and lifted its scarlet trumpets. Sparrows and red-birds flitted through the bushes, and dewberries

grew ripe beneath. Over all these came a sweet, dry smell of salubrity which the place had not known since the sediments of the Mississippi first lifted it from the sea.

But its owner did not build. Over the willow-brakes, and down the vista of the open street, bright new houses, some singly, some by ranks, were prying in upon the old man's privacy. They even settled down toward his southern side. First a wood-cutter's hut or two, then a market gardener's shanty, then a painted cottage, and all at once the faubourg had flanked and half surrounded him and his dried-up marsh.

Ah! then the common people began to hate him. "The old tyrant!" "You don't mean an old *tyrant?*" "Well, then why don't he build when the public need demands it? What does he live in that unneighborly way for?" "The old pirate!" "The old kidnapper!" How easily even the most ultra Louisianians put on the imported virtues of the North when they could be brought to bear against the hermit. "There he goes, with the boys after him! Ah! ha! ha! Jean-ah Poquelin! Ah! Jean-ah! Aha! aha! Jean-ah Marie! Jean-ah Poquelin! The old villain!" How merrily the swarming *Américains* echo the spirit of persecution! "The old fraud," they say—"pretends to live in a haunted house, does he? We'll tar and feather him some day. Guess we can fix him."

He cannot be rowed home along the old canal, now; he walks. He has broken sadly of late, and the street urchins are ever at his heels. It is like the days when they cried: "Go up, thou bald-head," and the old man now and then turns and delivers ineffectual curses.

To the Creoles—to the incoming lower class of superstitious Germans, Irish, Sicilians, and others—he became the omen and embodiment of public and private ill-fortune. Upon him all the vagaries of their superstitions gathered and grew. If a house caught fire, it was imputed to his machinations. Did a woman go off in a fit, he had bewitched her. Did a child stray off for an hour, the mother shivered with the apprehension that Jean Poquelin had offered him to strange gods. The house was the subject of every bad boy's invention who loved to contrive ghostly lies. "As long as that house stands we shall have bad luck. Do you not see our pease and beans dying, our cabbages and lettuce going to seed and our

gardens turning to dust, while every day you can see it raining in the woods? The rain will never pass old Poquelin's house. He keeps a fetich. He has conjured the whole Faubourg Ste. Marie. And why, the old wretch? Simply because our playful and innocent children call after him as he passes."

A "Building and Improvement Company" which had not yet got its charter, "but was going to," and which had not, indeed, any tangible capital yet, but "was going to have some," joined the "Jean-ah Poquelin" war. The haunted property would be such a capital site for a market-house! They sent a deputation to the old mansion to ask its occupant to sell. The deputation never got beyond the chained gate and a very barren interview with the African mute. The president of the board was then empowered (for he had studied French in Pennsylvania and was considered qualified) to call and persuade Mr. Poquelin to subscribe to the company's stock; but—

"Fact is, gentlemen," he said at the next meeting, "it would take us at least twelve months to make Mr. Pokaleen understand the rather original features of our system, and he wouldn't subscribe when we'd done; besides, the only way to see him is to stop him on the street."

There was a great laugh from the board; they couldn't help it. "Better meet a bear robbed of her whelps," said one.

"You're mistaken as to that," said the president. "I did meet him, and stopped him, and found him quite polite. But I could get no satisfaction from him; the fellow wouldn't talk in French, and when I spoke in English he hoisted his old shoulders up, and gave the same answer to everything I said."

"And that was—?" asked one or two, impatient of the pause.

"That is 'don't worse w'ile.'"

One of the board said: "Mr. President, this market-house project, as I take it, is not altogether a selfish one; the community is to be benefited by it. We may feel that we are working in the public interest (the board smiled knowingly), if we employ all possible means to oust this old nuisance from among us. You may know that at the time the street was cut through, this old Poquelin did all he could to prevent it. It was owing to a certain connection which I had with that affair that I heard a ghost story (smiles, followed by a sudden dignified

check)—ghost story, which, of course, I am not going to relate; but I *may* say that my profound conviction, arising from a prolonged study of that story, is, that this old villain, John Poquelann, has his brother locked up in that old house. Now, if this is so, and we can fix it on him, I merely *suggest* that we can make the matter highly useful. I don't know," he added, beginning to sit down, "but that it is an action we owe to the community—hem!"

"How do you propose to handle the subject?" asked the president.

"I was thinking," said the speaker, "that, at a board of directors, it would be unadvisable for us to authorize any action involving trespass; but if you, for instance, Mr. President, should, as it were, for mere curiosity *request* some one, as, for instance, our excellent secretary, simply as a personal favor, to look into the matter—this is merely a suggestion."

The secretary smiled sufficiently to be understood that, while he certainly did not consider such preposterous service a part of his duties as secretary, he might, notwithstanding, accede to the president's request; and the board adjourned.

Little White, as the secretary was called, was a mild, kind-hearted little man, who, nevertheless, had no fear of any thing, unless it was the fear of being unkind.

"I tell you frankly," he privately said to the president, "I go into this purely for reasons of my own."

The next day, a little after nightfall, one might have descried this little man slipping along the rear fence of the Poquelin place, preparatory to vaulting over into the rank, grass-grown yard, and bearing himself altogether more after the manner of a collector of rare chickens than according to the usage of secretaries.

The picture presented to his eye was not calculated to enliven his mind. The old mansion stood out against the western sky, black and silent. One long, lurid pencil-stroke along a sky of slate was all that was left of daylight. No sign of life was apparent; no light at any window, unless it might have been on the side of the house hidden from view. No owls were on the chimneys, no dogs were in the yard.

He entered the place, and ventured up behind a small cabin which stood apart from the house. Through one of its many

crannies be easily detected the African mute crouched before a flickering pine-knot, his head on his knees, fast asleep.

He concluded to enter the mansion, and, with that view, stood and scanned it. The broad rear steps of the veranda would not serve him; he might meet some one midway. He was measuring, with his eye, the proportions of one of the pillars which supported it, and estimating the practicability of climbing it, when he heard a footstep. Some one dragged a chair out toward the railing, then seemed to change his mind and began to pace the veranda, his footfalls resounding on the dry boards with singular loudness. Little White drew a step backward, got the figure between himself and the sky, and at once recognized the short, broad shouldered form of old Jean Poquelin.

He sat down upon a billet of wood, and, to escape the stings of a whining cloud of mosquitoes, shrouded his face and neck in his handkerchief, leaving his eyes uncovered.

He had sat there but a moment when he noticed a strange, sickening odor, faint, as if coming from a distance, but loathsome and horrid.

Whence could it come? Not from the cabin; not from the marsh, for it was as dry as powder. It was not in the air; it seemed to come from the ground.

Rising up, he noticed, for the first time, a few steps before him a narrow footpath leading toward the house. He glanced down it—ha! right there was some one coming—ghostly white!

Quick as thought, and as noiselessly, he lay down at full length against the cabin. It was bold strategy, and yet, there was no denying it, little White felt that he was frightened. "It is not a ghost," he said to himself. "I *know* it cannot be a ghost;" but the perspiration burst out at every pore, and the air seemed to thicken with heat. "It is a living man," he said in his thoughts. "I hear his footstep, and I hear old Poquelin's footsteps, too, separately, over on the veranda. I am not discovered; the thing has passed; there is that odor again; what a smell of death! Is it coming back? Yes. It stops at the door of the cabin. Is it peering in at the sleeping mute? It moves away. It is in the path again. Now it is gone." He shuddered. "Now, if I dare venture, the mystery is solved." He

rose cautiously, close against the cabin, and peered along the path.

The figure of a man, a presence if not a body—but whether clad in some white stuff or naked the darkness would not allow him to determine—had turned, and now, with a seeming painful gait, moved slowly from him. "Great Heavens! can it be that the dead do walk?" He withdrew again the hands which had gone to his eyes. The dreadful object passed between two pillars and under the house. He listened. There was a faint sound as of feet upon a staircase; then all was still except the measured tread of Jean Poquelin walking on the veranda, and the heavy respirations of the mute slumbering in the cabin.

The little secretary was about to retreat; but as he looked once more toward the haunted house a dim light appeared in the crack of a closed window, and presently old Jean Poquelin came, dragging his chair, and sat down close against the shining cranny. He spoke in a low, tender tone in the French tongue, making some inquiry. An answer came from within. Was it the voice of a human? So unnatural was it—so hollow, so discordant, so unearthly—that the stealthy listener shuddered again from head to foot, and when something stirred in some bushes near by—though it may have been nothing more than a rat—and came scuttling through the grass, the little secretary actually turned and fled. As he left the enclosure he moved with bolder leisure through the bushes; yet now and then he spoke aloud: "Oh, oh! I see, I understand!" and shut his eyes in his hands.

How strange that henceforth little White was the champion of Jean Poquelin! In season and out of season—wherever a word was uttered against him—the secretary, with a quiet, aggressive force that instantly arrested gossip, demanded upon what authority the statement or conjecture was made; but as he did not condescend to explain his own remarkable attitude, it was not long before the disrelish and suspicion which had followed Jean Poquelin so many years fell also upon him.

It was only the next evening but one after his adventure that he made himself a source of sullen amazement to one hundred and fifty boys, by ordering them to desist from their wanton hallooing. Old Jean Poquelin, standing and shaking his cane, rolling out his long-drawn maledictions, paused and

stared, then gave the secretary a courteous bow and started on. The boys, save one, from pure astonishment ceased; but a ruffianly little Irish lad, more daring than any had been, threw a big hurtling clod, that struck old Poquelin between the shoulders and burst like a shell. The enraged old man wheeled with uplifted staff to give chase to the scampering vagabond; and—he may have tripped, or he may not, but he fell full length. Little White hastened to help him up, but he waved him off with a fierce imprecation and staggering to his feet resumed his way homeward. His lips were reddened with blood.

Little White was on his way to the meeting of the board. He would have given all he dared spend to have staid away, for he felt both too fierce and too tremulous to brook the criticisms that were likely to be made.

"I can't help it, gentlemen; I can't help you to make a case against the old man, and I'm not going to."

"We did not expect this disappointment, Mr. White."

"I can't help that, sir. No, sir; you had better not appoint any more investigations. Somebody'll investigate himself into trouble. No, sir; it isn't a threat, it is only my advice, but I warn you that whoever takes the task in hand will rue it to his dying day—which may be hastened, too."

The president expressed himself "surprised."

"I don't care a rush," answered little White, wildly and foolishly. "I don't care a rush if you are, sir. No, my nerves are not disordered; my head's as clear as a bell. No, I'm *not* excited."

A director remarked that the secretary looked as though he had waked from a nightmare.

"Well, sir, if you want to know the fact, I have; and if you choose to cultivate old Poquelin's society you can have one, too."

"White," called a facetious member, but White did not notice. "White," he called again.

"What?" demanded White, with a scowl.

"Did you see the ghost?"

"Yes, sir; I did," cried White, hitting the table, and handing the president a paper which brought the board to other business.

The story got among the gossips that somebody (they were afraid to say little White) had been to the Poquelin mansion by night and beheld something appalling. The rumor was but a shadow of the truth, magnified and distorted as is the manner of shadows. He had seen skeletons walking, and had barely escaped the clutches of one by making the sign of the cross.

Some madcap boys with an appetite for the horrible plucked up courage to venture through the dried marsh by the cattle-path, and come before the house at a spectral hour when the air was full of bats. Something which they but half saw—half a sight was enough—sent them tearing back through the willow-brakes and acacia bushes to their homes, where they fairly dropped down, and cried:

"Was it white?" "No—yes—nearly so—we can't tell—but we saw it." And one could hardly doubt, to look at their ashen faces, that they had, whatever it was.

"If that old rascal lived in the country we come from," said certain *Américains,* "he'd have been tarred and feathered before now, wouldn't he, Sanders?"

"Well, now, he just would."

"And we'd have rid him on a rail, wouldn't we?"

"That's what I allow."

"Tell you what you *could* do." They were talking to some rollicking Creoles who had assumed an absolute necessity for doing *something.* "What is it you call this thing where an old man marries a young girl, and you come out with horns and"—

"*Charivari?*" asked the Creoles.

"Yes, that's it. Why don't you shivaree him?" Felicitous suggestion.

Little White, with his wife beside him, was sitting on their doorsteps on the sidewalk, as Creole custom had taught them, looking toward the sunset. They had moved into the lately-opened street. The view was not attractive on the score of beauty. The houses were small and scattered, and across the flat commons, spite of the lofty tangle of weeds and bushes, and spite of the thickets of acacia, they needs must see the dismal old Poquelin mansion, tilted awry and shutting out the

declining sun. The moon, white and slender, was hanging the tip of its horn over one of the chimneys.

"And you say," said the secretary, "the old black man has been going by here alone? Patty, suppose old Poquelin should be concocting some mischief; he don't lack provocation; the way that clod hit him the other day was enough to have killed him. Why, Patty, he dropped as quick as *that!* No wonder you haven't seen him. I wonder if they haven't heard something about him up at the drug-store. Suppose I go and see."

"Do," said his wife.

She sat alone for half an hour, watching that sudden going out of the day peculiar to the latitude.

"That moon is ghost enough for one house," she said, as her husband returned. "It has gone right down the chimney."

"Patty," said little White, "the drug-clerk says the boys are going to shivaree old Poquelin to-night. I'm going to try to stop it."

"Why, White," said his wife, "you'd better not. You'll get hurt."

"No, I'll not."

"Yes, you will."

"I'm going to sit out here until they come along. They're compelled to pass right by here."

"Why, White, it may be midnight before they start; you're not going to sit out here till then."

"Yes, I am."

"Well, you're very foolish," said Mrs. White in an undertone, looking anxious, and tapping one of the steps with her foot.

They sat a very long time talking over little family matters.

"What's that?" at last said Mrs. White.

"That's the nine-o'clock gun," said White, and they relapsed into a long sustained, drowsy silence.

"Patty, you'd better go in and go to bed," said he at last.

"I'm not sleepy."

"Well, you're very foolish," quietly remarked little White, and again silence fell upon them.

"Patty, suppose I walk out to the old house and see if I can find out anything."

"Suppose," said she, "you don't do any such—listen!"

Down the street arose a great hubbub. Dogs and boys were howling and barking; men were laughing, shouting, groaning, and blowing horns, whooping and clanking cowbells, whinnying, and howling, and rattling pots and pans.

"They're coming this way," said little White. "You had better go into the house, Patty."

"So had you."

"No. I'm going to see if I can't stop them."

"Why, White!"

"I'll be back in a minute," said White, and went toward the noise.

In a few moments the little secretary met the mob. The pen hesitates on the word, for there is a respectable difference, measurable only on the scale of the half century, between a mob and a *charivari*. Little White lifted his ineffectual voice. He faced the head of the disorderly column, and cast himself about as if he were made of wood and moved by the jerk of a string. He rushed to one who seemed, from the size and clatter of his tin pan, to be a leader. *"Stop these fellows, Bienvenu, stop them just a minute, till I tell them something."* Bienvenu turned and brandished his instruments of discord in an imploring way to the crowd. They slackened their pace, two or three hushed their horns and joined the prayer of little White and Bienvenu for silence. The throng halted. The hush was delicious.

"Bienvenu," said little White, "don't shivaree old Poquelin to-night; he's—"

"My fwang," said the swaying Bienvenu, "who tail you I goin' chahivahi somebody, eh? You sink bickause I make a little playfool wiz zis tin pan zat I am *dhonk*?"

"Oh, no, Bienvenu, old fellow, you're all right. I was afraid you might not know that old Poquelin was sick, you know, but you're not going there, are you?"

"My fwang, I vay soy to tail you zat you ah dhonk as de dev'. I am *shem* of you. I ham ze servan' of ze *publique*. Zese *citoyens* goin' to wickwest Jean Poquelin to give to the Ursuline' two hondred fifty dolla'—"

*"Hé quoi!"* cried a listener. *"Cinq cent piastres, oui!"*

*"Oui!"* said Bienvenu, "and if he wiffuse we make him some lit' *musique;* ta-ra ta!" He hoisted a merry hand and

foot, then frowning added, "Old Poquelin got no bizniz dhink s'much w'isky."

"But, gentlemen," said little White, around whom a circle had gathered, "the old man is very sick."

"My faith!" cried a tiny Creole, "we did not make him to be sick. W'en we have say we going make *le charivari,* do you want that we hall tell a lie? My faith! 'sfools!"

"But you can shivaree somebody else," said desperate little White.

"*Oui!*" cried Bienvenu, "*et chahivahi* Jean-ah Poquelin tomo'w!"

"Let us go to Madame Schneider!" cried two or three, and amid huzzas and confused cries, among which was heard a stentorian Celtic call for drinks, the crowd again began to move.

"*Cent piastres pour l'hôpital de charité!*"

"Hurrah!"

"One hondred dolla' for Charity Hospital!"

"Hurrah!"

"Whang!" went a tin pan, the crowd yelled, and Pandemonium gaped again. They were off at a right angle.

Nodding, Mrs. White looked at the mantel-clock.

"Well, if it isn't away after midnight."

The hideous noise down street was passing beyond earshot. She raised a sash and listened. For a moment there was silence. Someone came to the door.

"Is that you, White?"

"Yes." He entered. "I succeeded, Patty."

"Did you?" said Patty, joyfully.

"Yes. They've gone down to shivaree the old Dutchwoman who married her step-daughter's sweetheart. They say she has got to pay a hundred dollars to the hospital before they stop."

The couple retired, and Mrs. White slumbered. She was awakened by her husband snapping the lid of his watch.

"What time?" she asked.

"Half-past three. Patty, I haven't slept a wink. Those fellows are out yet. Don't you hear them?"

"Why, White, they're coming this way!"

"I know they are," said White, sliding out of bed and draw-

ing on his clothes, "and they're coming fast. You'd better go away from that window, Patty. My! what a clatter!"

"Here they are," said Mrs. White, but her husband was gone. Two or three hundred men and boys passed the place at a rapid walk straight down the broad, new street, toward the hated house of ghosts. The din was terrific. She saw little White at the head of the rabble brandishing his arms and trying in vain to make himself heard; but they only shook their heads, laughing and hooting the louder, and so passed, bearing him on before them.

Swiftly they pass out from among the houses, away from the dim oil lamps of the street, out into the broad starlit commons, and enter the willowy jungles of the haunted ground. Some hearts fail and their owners lag behind and turn back, suddenly remembering how near morning it is. But the most part push on, tearing the air with their clamor.

Down ahead of them in the long, thicket-darkened way there is—singularly enough—a faint, dancing light. It must be very near the old house; it is. It has stopped now. It is a lantern, and is under a well-known sapling which has grown up on the wayside since the canal was filled. Now it swings mysteriously to and fro. A goodly number of the more ghost-fearing give up the sport; but a full hundred move forward at a run, doubling their devilish howling and banging.

Yes; it is a lantern, and there are two persons under the tree. The crowd draws near—drops into a walk; one of the two is the old African mute; he lifts the lantern up so that it shines on the other; the crowd recoils; there is a hush of all clangor, and all at once, with a cry of mingled fright and horror from every throat, the whole throng rushes back, dropping everything, sweeping past little White, and hurrying on, never stopping until the jungle is left behind, and then to find that not one in ten has seen the cause of the stampede, and not one of the tenth is certain what it was.

There is one huge fellow among them who looks capable of any villainy. He finds something to mount on, and, in the Creole *patois,* calls a general halt. Bienvenu sinks down, and, vainly trying to recline gracefully, resigns the leadership. The herd gather round the speaker; he assures them that they have been outraged. Their right peaceably to traverse the public

streets has been trampled upon. Shall such encroachments be endured? It is now daybreak. Let them go now by the open light of day and force a free passage of the public highway!

A scattering consent was the response, and the crowd, thinned now and drowsy, straggled quietly down toward the old house. Some drifted ahead, others sauntered behind, but every one, as he again neared the tree, came to a stand-still. Little White sat upon a bank of turf on the opposite side of the way looking very stern and sad. To each newcomer he put the same question:

"Did you come here to go to old Poquelin's?"

"Yes."

"He's dead." And if the shocked hearer started away he would say: "Don't go away."

"Why not?"

"I want you to go to the funeral presently."

If some Louisianian, too loyal to dear France or Spain to understand English, looked bewildered, some one would interpret for him; and presently they went. Little White led the van, the crowd trooping after him down the middle of the way. The gate, that had never been seen before unchained, was open. Stern little White stopped a short distance from it; the rabble stopped behind him. Something was moving out from under the veranda. The many whisperers stretched upward to see. The African mute came very slowly toward the gate, leading by a cord in the nose a small brown bull, which was harnessed to a rude cart. On the flat body of the cart, under a black cloth, were seen the outlines of a long box.

"Hats off, gentlemen," said little White, as the box came in view, and the crowd silently uncovered.

"Gentlemen," said little White, "here come the last remains of Jean Marie Poquelin, a better man, I'm afraid, with all his sins—yes, a better—a kinder man to his blood—a man of more self-forgetful goodness—than all of you put together will ever dare to be."

There was a profound hush as the vehicle came creaking through the gate; but when it turned away from them toward the forest those in front started suddenly. There was a backward rush, then all stood still again staring one way; for there, behind the bier, with eyes cast down and labored step, walked

the living remains—all that was left—of little Jacques Poquelin, the long-hidden brother—a leper, as white as snow.

Dumb with horror, the cringing crowd gazed upon the walking death. They watched in silent awe, the slow *cortège* creep down the long, straight road and lessen on the view, until by and by it stopped where a wild, unfrequented path branched off into the undergrowth toward the rear of the ancient city.

"They are going to the *Terre aux Lépreux*," said one in the crowd. The rest watched them in silence.

The little bull was set free; the mute, with the strength of an ape, lifted the long box to his shoulder. For a moment more the mute and the leper stood in sight, while the former adjusted his heavy burden; then, without one backward glance upon the unkind human world, turning their faces toward the ridge in the depths of the swamp known as the Lepers' Land, they stepped into the jungle, disappeared, and were never seen again.

## WAS IT HONORE GRANDISSIME?

From 'The Grandissimes.'

A Creole gentleman, on horseback one morning with some practical object in view—drainage, possibly—had got what he sought—the evidence of his own eyes on certain points—and now moved quietly across some old fields toward the town, where more absorbing interests awaited him in the Rue Toulouse; for this Creole gentleman was a merchant, and because he would presently find himself among the appointments and restraints of the counting-room, he heartily gave himself up, for the moment, to the surrounding influences of Nature.

It was late in November; but the air was mild and the grass and foliage green and dewy. Wild flowers bloomed plentifully and in all directions; the bushes were hung, and often covered, with vines of sprightly green, sprinkled thickly with smart looking little worthless berries, whose sparkling complacency the combined contempt of man, beast and bird could not dim. The call of the field-lark came continually out of the grass, where now and then could be seen his yellow breast; the orchard oriole was executing his fantasias in every tree; a covey

of partridges ran across the path close under the horse's feet, and stopped to look back almost within reach of the riding-whip; clouds of starling, in their odd, irresolute way, rose from the high bulrushes and settled again without discernible cause; little wandering companies of sparrows undulated from hedge to hedge; a great rabbit-hawk sat alone in the top of a lofty pecan-tree; that petted rowdy, the mocking-bird, dropped down into the path to offer fight to the horse, and, failing in that, flew up again and drove a crow into ignominious retirement beyond the plain; from a place of flags and reeds a white crane shot upward, turned, and then, with the slow and stately beat peculiar to her wing, sped away until, against the tallest cypress of the distant forest, she became a tiny white speck on its black and suddenly disappeared like one flake of snow.

The scene was altogether such as to fill any hearty soul with impulses of genial friendliness and gentle candor; such a scene as will sometimes prepare a man of the world, upon the least direct incentive, to throw open the windows of his private thought with a freedom which the atmosphere of no counting-room or drawing-room tends to induce.

The young merchant—he was young—felt this. Moreover, the matter of business which had brought him out had responded to his inquiring eye with a somewhat golden radiance; and your true man of business—he who has reached that elevated pitch of serene, good-nature reserve which is of the high art of his calling—is never so generous with his pennyworth of thought as when newly in possession of some little secret worth many pounds.

By and by the behavior of the horse indicated the near presence of a stranger; and the next moment the rider drew rein under an immense live-oak where there was a bit of paling about some graves, and raised his hat.

"Good-morning, sir." But for the silent r's, his pronunciation was exact, yet evidently an acquired one. While he spoke his salutation in English, he was thinking in French: "Without doubt, this rather oversized, bareheaded, interrupted-looking convalescent who stands before me, wondering how I should know in what language to address him, is Joseph Frowenfeld, of whom Doctor Keene has had so much to say to me. A good face—unsophisticated, but intelligent, mettle-

some and honest. He will make his mark; it will probably be a white one; I will subscribe to the adventure."

"You will excuse me, sir?" he asked after a pause, dismounting, and noticing as he did so, that Frowenfeld's knees showed recent contact with the turf; "I have, myself, some interest in two of these graves, sir, as I suppose—you will pardon my freedom—you have in the other four."

He approached the old but newly whitened paling, which encircled the tree's trunk as well as the six graves about it. There was in his face and manner a sort of impersonal human kindness, well calculated to engage a diffident and sensitive stranger, standing in dread of gratuitous benevolence or pity.

"Yes, sir," said the convalescent, and ceased; but the other leaned against the palings in an attitude of attention, and he felt induced to add: "I have buried here my father, mother and two sisters," he had expected to continue in an unemotional tone; but a deep respiration usurped the place of speech. He stooped quickly to pick up his hat, and, as he rose again and looked into his listener's face, the respectful, unobtrusive sympathy there expressed went directly to his heart.

"Victims of the fever," said the Creole with great gravity. "How did that happen?"

As Frowenfeld, after a moment's hesitation, began to speak, the stranger let go the bridle of his horse and sat down upon the turf. Joseph appreciated the courtesy and sat down, too; and thus the ice was broken.

The immigrant told his story; he was young—often younger than his years—and his listener several years his senior; but the Creole, true to his blood, was able at any time to make himself as young as need be, and possessed the rare magic of drawing one's confidence without seeming to do more than merely pay attention. It followed that the story was told in full detail, including grateful acknowledgment of the goodness of an unknown friend, who had granted this burial-place on condition that he should not be sought out for the purpose of thanking him.

So a considerable time passed by, in which acquaintance grew with great rapidity.

"What will you do now?" asked the stranger, when a short silence had followed the conclusion of the story.

"I hardly know. I am taken somewhat by surprise. I have not chosen a definite course in life—as yet. I have been a general student, but have not prepared myself for any profession; I am not sure what I shall be."

A certain energy in the immigrant's face half redeemed this child-like speech. Yet the Creole's lips, as he opened them to reply, betrayed amusement; so he hastened to say:

"I appreciate your position, Mr. Frowenfeld—excuse me, I believe you said that was your father's name. And yet"—the shadow of an amused smile lurked another instant about a corner of his mouth—"if you would understand me kindly I would say, take care—"

What little blood the convalescent had rushed violently to his face, and the Creole added:

"I do not insinuate you would willingly be idle. I think I know what you want. You want to make up your mind *now* what you will *do,* and at your leisure what you will *be;* eh? To be, it seems to me," he said in summing up—"that to be is not necessary as to do, eh? or am I wrong?"

"No, sir," replied Joseph, still red, "I was feeling that just now. I will do the first thing that offers; I can dig."

The Creole shrugged and pouted.

"And be called a *dos brilée*—a 'burnt-back.'"

"But"—began the immigrant, with overmuch warmth.

The other interrupted him, shaking his head slowly, and smiling as he spoke.

"Mr. Frowenfeld, it is of no use to talk; you may hold in contempt the Creole scorn of toil—just as I do, myself, but in theory, my-de-seh, not too much in practice. You cannot afford to be *entirely* different to the community in which you live; is that not so?"

"A friend of mine," said Frowenfeld, "has told me I must 'compromise.'"

"You must get acclimated," responded the Creole; "not in body only, that you have done; but in mind—in taste—in conversation—and in convictions too, yes, ha, ha! They all do it—all who come. They hold out a little while—a very little; then they open their stores on Sunday, they import cargoes of Africans, they bribe the officials, they smuggle

goods, they have colored housekeepers. My-de-seh, the water must expect to take the shape of the bucket; eh?"

"One need not be water!" said the immigrant.

"Ah!" said the Creole, with another amiable shrug, and a wave of his hand; "certainly you do not suppose that is my advice—that those things have my approval."

Must we repeat already that Frowenfeld was abnormally young?

"Why have they not your condemnation?" cried he with an earnestness that made the Creole's horse drop the grass from his teeth and wheel half around.

The answer came slowly and gently.

"Mr. Frowenfeld, my habit is to buy cheap and sell at a profit. My condemnation? My-de-seh, there is no sa-a-ale for it! it spoils the sale of other goods, my-de-seh. It is not to condemn that you want; you want to suc-*ceed*. Ha, ha, ha! you see I am a merchant, eh? My-de-seh, can *you afford* not to succeed?"

The speaker had grown very much in earnest in the course of these few words, and as he asked the closing question, arose, arranged his horse's bridle and with his elbow in the saddle, leaned his handsome head on his equally beautiful hand. His whole appearance was dazzling contradiction of the notion that a Creole is a person of mixed blood.

"I think I can!" replied the convalescent, with much spirit rising with more haste than was good, and staggering a moment.

The horseman laughed outright.

"Your principle is the best, I cannot dispute that; but whether you can act it out—reformers do not make money, you know." He examined his saddle-girth and began to tighten it. "One can condemn—too cautiously—by a kind of —elevated cowardice (I have that fault); but one cannot condemn too rashly; I remember when I did so. One of the occupants of those two graves you see yonder side by side—I think might have lived longer if I had not spoken so rashly for his rights. Did you ever hear of Bras-Coupé, Mr. Frowenfeld?"

"I have heard only the name."

"Ah! Mr. Frowenfeld, *there* was a bold man's chance to

denounce wrong and oppression! Why, that negro's death changed the whole channel of my convictions"

The speaker had turned and thrown up his arm with frowning earnestness; he dropped it and smiled at himself.

"Do not mistake me for one of your new-fashioned Philadelphia *'negrhophiles';* I am a merchant, my-de-seh, a good subject of His Catholic Majesty, a Creole of the Creoles, and so forth, and so forth. Come!"

He slapped the saddle.

To have seen and heard them a little later as they moved toward the city, the Creole walking before the horse, and Frowenfeld sitting in the saddle, you might have supposed them old acquaintances. Yet the immigrant was wondering who his companion might be. He had not introduced himself —seemed to think that even an immigrant might know his name without asking. Was it Honoré Grandissime? Joseph was tempted to guess so; but the initials inscribed on the silver mounted pommel of the fine old Spanish saddle did not bear out that conjecture.

The stranger talked freely. The sun's rays seemed to set all the sweetness in him a-working, and his pleasant wordly wisdom foamed up and out like fermenting honey.

By and by the way led through a broad, grassy lane where the path turned alternately to right and left among some wild acacias. The Creole waved his hand toward one of them and said:

"Now, Mr. Frowenfeld, you see? one man walks where he sees another's track; that is what makes a path; but you want a man, instead of passing around this prickly bush, to lay hold of it with his naked hands and pull it up by the roots."

"But a man armed with the truth is far from being barehanded," replied the convalescent, and they went on, more and more interested at every step—one in this very raw imported material for an excellent man, the other in so striking an exponent of a unique land and people.

They came at length to the crossing of two streets, and the Creole, pausing in his speech, laid his hand upon the bridle.

Frowenfeld dismounted.

"Do we part here?" asked the Creole. "Well, Mr. Frowenfeld, I hope to meet you soon again."

"Indeed, I thank you, sir," said Joseph, "and I hope we shall, although—"

The Creole paused with a foot in the stirrup and interrupted him with a playful gesture; then the horse stirred, he mounted and drew in the rein.

"I know you want to say you cannot accept my philosophy and I cannot appreciate yours; but I appreciate it more than you think, my-de-seh."

The convalescent's smile showed much fatigue.

The Creole extended his hand; the immigrant seized it, wished to ask his name, but did not; and the next moment he was gone.

The convalescent walked meditatively toward his quarters, with a faint feeling of having been found asleep on duty, and awakened by a passing stranger. It was an unpleasant feeling, and he caught himself more than once shaking his head. He stopped, at length, and looked back; but the Creole was long since out of sight. The mortified self-accuser little knew how very similar a feeling that vanished person was carrying away with him. He turned and resumed his walk, wondering who Monsieur might be, and a little impatient with himself that he had not asked.

"It is Honoré Grandissime; it must be he!" he said.

Yet see how soon he felt obliged to change his mind.

## THE TORNADO

From 'Bonaventure.'

Soon the stars are hidden. A light breeze seems rather to tremble and hang poised than to blow. The rolling clouds, the dark wilderness, and the watery waste shine out every moment in the wide gleams of lightnings still hidden by the wood, and are wrapped again in ever-thickening darkness over which thunders roll and jar, and answer one another across the sky. Then, like a charge of ten thousand lancers, come the wind and the rain, their onset covered by all the artillery of heaven. The lightnings leap, hiss, and blaze; the thunders crack and roar; the rain lashes; the waters writhe; the wind smites and howls. For five, for ten, for twenty minutes—for an hour,

for two hours—the sky and the flood are never for an instant wholly dark, or the thunder for one moment silent; but while the universal roar sinks and swells, and the wide, vibrant illumination shows all things in ghostly half-concealment, fresh floods of lightning every moment rend the dim curtain and leap forth; the glare of the day falls upon the swaying wood, the reeling, bowing, tossing willows, the seething waters, the whirling rain, and in the midst the small form of the distressed steamer, her revolving paddle-wheels toiling behind to lighten the strain upon her anchor-chains; then all are dim ghosts again, while a peal, as if the heavens were rent, rolls off around the sky, comes back in shocks and throbs, and sinks in a long roar that before it can die is swallowed up in the next flash and peal.

The deserted lugger is riding out the tornado. Whirled one moment this way and another that, now and again taking in water, her forest-shelter breaks the force of many a gust that would have destroyed her out in the open. But in the height of the storm her poor substitute for an anchor lets go its defective hold on the rushy bottom and drags, and the little vessel backs, backs, into the willows. She escapes such entanglement as would capsize her, and by and by, when the wind lulls for a moment and then comes with all its wrath from the opposite direction, she swings clear again and drags back nearly to her first mooring and lies there, swinging, tossing, and surviving still—a den of snakes.

The tempest was still fierce, though abating, and the lightning still flashed, but less constantly, when at a point near the lugger the pirogue came out of the forest, laboring against the wind and half-filled with water. On the face of the storm-beaten man in it each gleam of the lightning showed the pallid confession of mortal terror. Where that frail shell had been, or how often had it cast its occupant out, no one can ever know. He was bareheaded and barefooted. One cannot swim in boots; without them, even one, who has never dared to learn how, may hope to swim a little.

In the darkness he drew alongside the lugger, rose, balanced skilfully, seized his moment, and stepped safely across her gunwale. A light lurch caused him to throw his arms to regain his poise; the line by which he still held the canoe straightened

out its length and slipped from his grasp. In an instant the pirogue was gone. A glimmer of lightning showed her driving off sidewise before the wind. But it revealed another sight also. It was dark again, black; but the outcast stood freezing with horror and fright, gazing just in advance of his feet and waiting for the next gleam. It came, brighter than the last; and scarcely a step before him he saw three great serpents moving towards the spot that gave him already such slender footing. He recoiled a step—another; but instantly as he made the second a cold living form was under his foot, its folds flew round his ankle, and once! twice! it struck! With a frantic effort he spurned it from him; all in the same instant a blaze of lightning discovered the maimed form and black and red markings of a "bastard hornsnake," and with one piercing wail of despair, that was drowned in the shriek of the wind and roar of the thunder, he fell.

A few hours later the winds were still, the stars were out, a sweet silence had fallen upon water and wood, and from her deck the watchman on the steamer could see in the northeastern sky a broad, soft, illumination, and he knew it was the lights of slumbering New Orleans, eighteen miles away.

By and by, farther to the east, another brightness began to grow and gather this light into its outstretched wings. In the nearest wood a soft twitter came from a single tiny bird. Another voice answered it. A different note came from a third quarter; there were three or four replies; the sky turned to blue, and began to flush; a mocking-bird flew out of the woods on her earliest quest for family provisions; a thrush began to sing; and in a moment more the whole forest was one choir.

What wonderful purity was in the fragrant air; what color was on the calm waters and in the deep sky; how beautiful, how gentle was Nature after her transport of passion! Shall we ever subdue her and make her always submissive and compliant? Who knows? Who knows what man may do with her when once he has got self, the universal self, under perfect mastery? See yonder huge bull-alligator swimming hitherward out of the swamp. Even as you point he turns again in alarm and is gone. Once he was man's terror, Leviathan. The very lions of Africa and the grizzlies of the Rockies, so they tell us, are no longer the bold enemies of man they once were. "Sub-

due the earth"—it is being done. Science and art, commerce and exploration, are but parts of religion. Help us, brothers all, with every possible discovery and invention to complete the conquest begun in that lost garden whence man and woman first came forth, not for vengeance but for love, to bruise the serpent's head. But as yet, both within us and without us, what terrible revolts doth Nature make! what awful victories doth she have over us, and then turn and bless and serve us again!

# JOSHUA WILLIAM CALDWELL

[1856— ]

CHARLES W. KENT

JOSHUA WILLIAM CALDWELL, the son of Alfred and Jane Dalton Ewing Caldwell, was born at Athens, Tennessee, February 3, 1856. He is intimately identified with the homogeneous territory of Southwestern Virginia and East Tennessee, for through his Caldwell grandmother and his maternal grandfather he is related to the Henderson, Russell, Hughes, Dalton, and Fulkerson families of Virginia, and, through the Caldwells, a lineal son of the sturdy stock of East Tennessee. Indeed the unusual riches of that section so highly favored in so many ways were in large part discovered by his grandfather Caldwell, a geologist of local prominence.

Alfred Caldwell, the father of Joshua, was a lawyer of Athens, Tennessee, and a member of the Legislature of 1861 that voted Tennessee out of the Union. At once he enlisted as a private soldier, but his sorest experience of war was rather of the prison than the field, for he was captured and confined at Camp Chase. After the war he resumed the practice of law and was both successful and distinguished in his profession. He held no public office, but in 1878 was strongly supported in a spirited contest for the Democratic nomination for Governor.

Joshua W. Caldwell was educated at the University of Tennessee, from which he received his A. B. degree in 1875 and his A. M. several years later. His loyal allegiance to his historic *alma mater* reflects great credit alike upon the institution growing steadily in worth and influence and upon himself, who, in the days of her adversity and depression, was no less faithful and solicitous than now in the days of her prosperity. He has manifested his loyalty by every kind of service to the students, the faculty, and the governing authorities. For fourteen years without a break he has been president of the Alumni Association of the University of Tennessee, and for a dozen years or more a member of the Board of Trustees. He has represented the University on many prominent occasions and delivered in her behalf many notable addresses. In turn the University of Tennessee has honored him with significant commissions and with flattering invitations to serve her in high professorial and official positions.

It was doubtless due to his long connection with the University of Tennessee and to his deep interest in education that he was offered by Governor Turney the post of State Superintendent of Public Instruction. By declining this offer Mr. Caldwell entailed a loss upon his State and the South, for in no phase of the developing life of our country has there been larger need for trained intellect and statesmanlike wisdom such as he would have brought to his task than in the province of public education.

But his exacting duties as a lawyer made his refusal imperative. After his graduation from the University of Tennessee he had read law with his father and been admitted to the bar in 1877. His active career began at once and has continued with success and increasing recognition. Among the important cases that have engaged his attention are many before the Supreme Court of the United States. While enjoying a practice of wide range, he is best known as a specialist in constitutional law and the laws of municipal corporations. It was in this double nature that he won his chief legal triumph, when he constrained the Supreme Court of Tennessee to adopt the doctrine of special assessments for city improvements. In this decision the Court reversed two earlier decisions in which, in hotly contested cases, it had declared against this doctrine.

Mr. Caldwell's judicial temperament has led to frequent mention of him for higher judgeships. But he has never sought judicial position or indeed any public position of preferment and power. In spite of his gifts of speech and his fitness for intellectual leadership, he has resisted the temptation to enter political life and has foregone the prominence of official place. Though a good Democrat he declined to serve as an elector in the campaign of 1888, and has never entertained political aspirations. Nevertheless he has been mentioned by several papers for the United States Senatorship, an office he would fill with dignity and distinction.

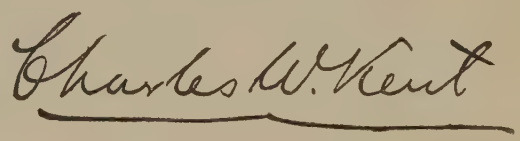
On November 20, 1883, he married Miss Kate Moore Barnard of Huntsville, Alabama. It was not long after the establishment of his own home that he, with several congenial spirits, established the Irving Club, once pronounced by high authority as the most serious amateur literary club in America. From its foundation in 1886 to this day, he has been its president, and to him its unique success is due. Monday evening after Monday evening throughout the school year of every year since 1886, this club has met with unrivaled regularity. Without fines or punishment, dues or compulsory duties, this club has considered serious questions in vital fashion with unflagging interest and with studious zeal. It is no disparagement of Mr. Caldwell's other accomplishments or

achievements to claim that his largest and most valuable contribution to the life and letters of his community has been through this club, his real monument. Not only his own essays and books but the literary efforts of many others have been due in large part to the impulse and encouragement of this helpful club. Its influence has gone beyond the bounds of its City and State and its absent members recall this club as an inspiring force in their literary lives, and count the memory of these meetings as challenges to higher endeavor. As the members have assembled week by week in the president's home they have never known his hospitality less warm or his zeal for the club's weal less ardent.

So catholic are his literary interests that his distinct preferences are not easily detected. His friends would hesitate to say whether they have enjoyed him most in bright and trenchant conversation, in finished and pointed speech, in elaborated paper of literary import or in keen comment on affairs of the day. His public addresses on important occasions, educational, patriotic, and sociological have been of high significance. He has spoken before universities, special and general meetings of the Sons of the Revolution, and before bar associations. These addresses have mainly had to do with American history, or more specifically Southern history. Here, perhaps, Mr. Caldwell has manifested his keenest interest and exercised his highest powers of research and generalization. Of this his 'Constitutional History of Tennessee,' now used as a text-book in his State, is the best concrete example, while it exemplifies as well his acumen and discrimination. His 'Bench and Bar of Tennessee' applies these powers to the sphere of his own activities, and does high honor to the leaders of a great profession to which he has given his best energies. In his book, as in his life, he has put the emphasis on those ethical principles that safeguard his profession from chicanery and commercialism, and endow it with high potency of vigorous civic service. Other examples of his interest in his people may be found in "Knoxville" in 'Historic Towns of the South,' "The South is American" in *The Arena,* "The New And The Old In The South" in *Belford's Magazine,* and "John Bell Of Tennessee" in *The American Historical Review.*

To *Belford's Magazine* he contributed an illuminating article on "The Making of a Dialect." In this his familiarity with dialect literature was no less complete than his knowledge of the people whose dialect was reproduced. His grasp of the problem and its attempted solutions and his fine skill in setting forth his conclusions are the visible results of his practice in interpretative reading and in formulating critical judgments. His wide and wholesome reading has purified and elevated his refined taste until the morbid,

sensational, and perverse tendencies of much modern fiction do violence to his sanity of judgment and his literary conscience. His article on "Unclean Fiction" in the *New England Magazine* is an invigorating tonic. In Church, to which he gives consecrated service, and in State, to which he has never refused any known duty, he stands for the things that are 'true, lovely, and of good report.' His regnant sanity and his high moral sense give weight and wisdom to his views in philanthropy, literature, and the interests of the community. These qualities, with his generous services on important Boards, enroll him in that group, always too small, of men of zeal and knowledge primarily interested in the things that make for civic righteousness and a dominant idealism.



## THE PURITANS, NORTH AND SOUTH

From N.Y. Address, Sons of the Revolution.

THERE is in the South much of "sound and simple faith." The Sunday is almost a Sabbath. The prevailing religious influence has always been that of the Scotch-Irish Covenanters, the Puritans of the South. There are fifteen millions of the descendants of the New England Puritans, and as many of the descendants of the Scotch Puritans, and these last are to be found mainly in the South. The Puritans and the Covenanters are favorite objects of satire in these advanced times, but I affirm that the achievements and the influence of the English, Scotch, Dutch and French Puritans, have been the chief sources of the success and greatness of this country. So far as I am concerned, I would gladly see a return to the old strict standards rather than a further departure from them. * * * Puritanism may not have been a perfect scheme of life, but see the men and women it has produced and the works they have done. When I hear of the new woman, I think of the Puritan woman, of England, of France, of Holland, of Scotland, of America, and of the children she has reared. I see her, by the hand of her son, the mighty

Cromwell, break down the prejudices of ages, strike off a tyrant's head, and set a people free; I see William of Orange fight gloriously for liberty, and then die for it; I see the cruel sacrifice of Coligny; I see her love of learning in the Universities of Scotland and Holland, and in our own Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and Washington and Lee; I see her industry and thrift making the greatness of France, and her children, exiled by heartless bigotry, carrying their unequalled skill to enrich many lands; I hear her proclaim liberty in the glowing words of Patrick Henry, of Sam Adams, of Thomas Jefferson; I listen to the greatest senatorial debate of modern times between her sons, Webster and Calhoun; I see her inventive genius in the discoveries of Morse and Edison; I admire the subtlety of her intellect in the metaphysics of Jonathan Edwards; my heart is stirred by the noble idealism of Emerson; I hear her sing in the verse of Longfellow, of Lowell, of Bryant, of Whittier; in the greatest war of modern times, I see the military genius of her sons, Ulysses Grant and Stonewall Jackson, and I hear the earth resound with praises of her martyred and immortal son, Abraham Lincoln. When I remember that these are products of puritanism, I rejoice in the fact that it is true that the old Puritan influences are still strong in the South, that there the Covenant is not yet wholly dissolved. When we produce better men and women than the Puritans produced, and do greater things than they have done, then, and not until then, may we claim to be better than our God-fearing fathers and mothers.

To this assembly, composed of men whose fathers loved liberty, and fought for it, and worshipped God in the good old way, I know I shall not appeal in vain when I declare that the South still upholds the old standards and traditions of culture and of faith, and wishes earnestly but patiently, for the time when you shall know the sincerity of her love for the Union and the Constitution.

* * * * * *

The richest treasure-house in the world is Westminster Abbey. Its treasures are memories of great men; not the representatives of any faction, class, party or policy, but the heroes of many parties, many policies. There rest the ashes of the Saxon Confessor amid the tombs of the Norman con-

querors; there are Angevin, and Plantagenet, Knights of the White Rose, and of the Red; Tudor and Stuart and Hanoverian, Puritan and Cavalier, Catholic and Protestant. England does not remember that they were of one party or of another, but only that they were mighty men of valor and of intellect, and that they have made our race illustrious.

If in the years to come we shall raise a Westminster of our own, is it not possible that, when time shall have smoothed the rough places in our history, monuments shall be erected there to the men who, in our unhappy war, proved that courage and genius belonged to the South as well as to the North? Is it to be doubted that, a hundred years hence, the American people will name as their great soldiers, not only Grant and Sherman, but also Jackson and Lee?

## THE RISE OF THE WHIG PARTY IN TENNESSEE

From 'The Constitutional History of Tennessee.'
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One historian of the State declares that from 1830 to 1850, Tennessee almost ruled the United States. The element of State pride is to be seen in the declaration, but it is certainly true that for the greater part of the period indicated there was no other State that displayed more activity in domestic politics, or exerted a larger influence upon Federal affairs. Tradition and precedent were far less potent in the West than in the older states, and the people of the West first realized and declared in their constitutions and laws, their ability to stand alone and to manage their own affairs. Kentucky was the oldest of the Western States, but in the first half of the Nineteenth Century it was dominated by Mr. Clay, who was essentially conservative, and whose policy in almost every emergency was compromise. Jackson held in Tennessee almost the same position that Clay occupied in Kentucky, but was in all things aggressive and uncompromising, and was far more representative of the western spirit of the time than was his great rival. In the contest for the presidency he defeated Clay, served for eight years, named his successor, and, in effect, was the dictator of the more important policies of the administrations of Tyler and Polk. It is probably true also that

the people of Tennessee were more advanced in their democracy than those of Kentucky. At least it is a fact that there was not in Tennessee, as there was in Kentucky, a powerful landed gentry, a class limited in numbers, but of controlling influence in affairs. But whether the cause was Jackson's personality, or the more pronounced democracy of the people, Tennessee probably impressed itself upon Federal affairs more than any other State during the period of transition from the old order to the new one, which was inaugurated by Jackson's first election. Her prominence began in the agitations that preceded the War of 1812. George W. Campbell, Senator from Tennessee, was probably the most effective advocate of the embargo in the debates of 1808, and his arguments became authority in favor of the power of Congress to suppress commerce for cause.

The actual declaration of war received no stronger support than from Felix Grundy, who was then in Congress.

The uprising of the Creek Indians was the bloodiest episode of the war, and was put down by the unaided efforts of Tennessee. Jackson led the fighting, while Governor Willie Blount deserved and received the thanks of the President, of the War Department, and the Legislature of Tennessee, for supporting him with a fund of nearly four hundred thousand dollars, raised upon his own responsibility. The one great triumph of our arms on land was the victory of Jackson at New Orleans, where the brunt of the battle was borne by Tennesseans.

From this time dates the prominence of Jackson.

Massachusetts and Virginia furnished the Presidents until 1828, but of the succeeding twenty years, Tennessee held the office for twelve, and the great State of New York must thank Andrew Jackson for the first of the many Presidents it has given the Republic. The most effective support of the Mexican War, in council and upon the field, came from Tennessee.

The history of the State's domestic politics during the time is full of interest and importance. In every presidential election from 1796 to 1832, the electoral vote of Tennessee was cast for the Democratic-Republican candidate. In 1824 John Quincy Adams received only 216 votes, and in 1828 only 2,240. In 1832 Clay's vote was 1,436, and Jackson's 28,740,

but in 1836, while Van Buren received 26,120, the aggregate vote against him was nearly 36,000, and in 1840 Harrison carried the State by 12,000. Until 1836 there was really only one party in the State; down to 1824 it was the Democratic-Republican party, and from that time until 1836 it is described most accurately as the Jackson party. There is justice in the assertion that this was not a healthy political condition, but it had a great deal to do with making Jackson President. From 1820 to 1828 the efforts of the political leaders of Tennessee were concentrated in the single effort to elect Jackson President, and William B. Lewis, John Catron, and John Overton, who were at the head of the movement, displayed a capacity for political management which has never been surpassed. When Jackson became President, there was only one important public man in Tennessee who was not his supporter, and that was John Williams of East Tennessee, who had been defeated by Jackson for the United States Senate after eight years of honorable service. Williams was a supporter of Crawford of Georgia for the presidency, and Jackson was the only man in the State who was strong enough to defeat him. In this struggle Colonel David Crockett supported Williams, who had become alienated from Jackson, and was afterwards the first politician of note in the State to declare himself a Whig.

The State was rich in strong men such as Overton, Catron, Grundy, Bell, Hugh L. White, Aaron V. Brown, James K. Polk, John H. Eaton, William Carroll and Sam Houston. Of these two reached the presidency of the United States, two others were nominated for it, one became the President of the Republic of Texas, one was for twenty-five years a member of the Supreme Court of the United States, one was President *pro tempore* of the Senate, two were Speakers of the House of Representatives, four held Cabinet positions, five were Senators, one was Governor of the State for twelve years and three were judges of the Supreme Court of the State. There were many others hardly less distinguished than these, and all were at first of the Jackson party. Jackson was in a class by himself, and the second man in influence and deserved popularity was Hugh L. White, Senator from 1825 to 1840, and one of the ablest and purest men that ever appeared in public life in this country. The people of Tennessee desired

that he should succeed Jackson, but the President, almost at the beginning of his administration, had selected as his successor his suave and serviceable friend, Martin Van Buren, who soon became literally the heir apparent. Tennessee was not for Van Buren, and this was particularly true of Senator White. Jackson was aware of White's great popularity, and of the importance of diverting his attention from the Presidency if possible, and therefore offered him many high places, all of which were declined.

This, coupled with certain unmistakable signs of insubordination on White's part, provoked the ready resentment of the President, which, in 1834, broke out in the extraordinary statement that if White became a candidate, he would be made odious to society. In December of the same year White did become a candidate, and the administration did its best to carry out the threat. Nearly all the Tennessee delegation in Congress supported White, prominent among them being Bell and Crockett. This was the outbreak of a political revolution in Tennessee which had been preparing for years, and only awaited an auspicious time.

It was impossible that with so many able men, there should not be many unsatisfied ambitions, jealousies of Jackson's predominance in the State, and resentment of his methods. The establishment of a new party was the obvious way of gratifying all these feelings, and it did not require a profound intelligence to understand that the adherence of all people to one party was an unnatural and, necessarily, a temporary condition.

Nevertheless, so powerful was the influence of Jackson, and so great the reluctance of men, then as now, to admit a change of political allegiance, that the insurrectionists continued long to avow their loyalty to Jackson, and to refuse to call themselves Whigs.

The struggle within the State which followed White's announcement was one of thrilling interest, and of unparalleled bitterness. The relations of the President with John Bell, while apparently friendly, had not been cordial after 1827, when Jackson had supported Felix Grundy in his unsuccessful contest with Bell for a seat in Congress. Therefore the administration's organ at Washington at once declared that Bell was using White to the injury of the President. It was de-

cided that Bell must not be returned to Congress in the election of 1835, but all the influence of the administration failed to induce any one to oppose him. In that year White was returned to the Senate, and the Jackson candidate for Governor, the hitherto invincible Carroll, was beaten by Newton Cannon, who had been defeated for that office by Sam Houston in 1827. But as Jackson had received practically the unanimous vote of the people of Tennessee in the last three presidential elections, he could not believe that his will would be disregarded in 1836. Nevertheless, he omitted nothing to insure success. The press of the State favored White, and therefore editors trained in vituperation and truculency were imported by the administration party to abuse and ridicule White and Bell. The whole year long there was a rain of epithets, of charges and countercharges. The language of denunciation was exhausted; the State was in turmoil; old allegiances were cast aside with contempt and new ones assumed with enthusiasm, every man became an orator, and not a few attempted poetry with the most inferior results. Jackson willingly endured the fatigues of the long overland journey from Washington, in order, as his enemies said, to thrust "the little huckster" Van Buren down the throats of the people of Tennessee. The followers of White were branded as Whigs, and repelled the charge indignantly. The epithets most in favor with the Jackson party were "ingrate," "apostate," and "traitor." Adjectives below the superlative degree were discarded, and the inadequacy of the superlative was demonstrated, so far as Tennessee politics was concerned.

But despite the epithets, despite Jackson's strenuous personal efforts, and the able support of his trained lieutenants, it became apparent before the election that Tennessee would have none of Van Buren.

White carried the State, and worst of all, carried the Hermitage precinct, and thus, one year after the adoption of the new constitution, the Whig party arose in Tennessee, although it did not adopt the name until 1839.

The most striking thing exhibited in this review of political conditions is the prominence of the State, from about 1830 to 1850, and in diminishing degree, to 1860, and this is to be accounted for by the fact that Tennessee was the best repre-

sentative of the most important and effective political and social forces of the time. The people of the West had put aside the conservatism of the founders of the republic, and of the generation that succeeded them. The older States were, naturally, the strongholds of conservatism, of tradition, and of precedent, but every step westward left something of these behind, and brought increased self-reliance and independence. There was not one of the strong democratic forces, which were at work in the second quarter of the Nineteenth Century, that did not find its best opportunity and outlet in Tennessee. Jackson was the incarnation of the new spirit of the time, and if he had laid rough hands on the old institutions, and ignored cherished traditions that had outlived their usefulness, and even was guilty of excesses, when were results such as he accomplished ever attained by gentler means? Jackson was the master workman in establishing the power of the common people, and primarily, he represented the democracy of Tennessee. It was because Tennessee had the men best adapted to the work in which the people were then engaged, that she gave Presidents to the republic, and for many years directed its councils.

## A BRIEF FOR BOSWELL

Sewanee *Review*—July, 1905.

Let us look at poor Jamie Boswell, forgetting if we can, for the time, how much better we are than he was. No doubt Carlyle was right when he said it was the good in Boswell's character that made him worship Johnson. It was the little good in the little fellow that was attracted by the greater good in the great man.

By birth and education, Boswell was a gentleman. He gained admittance to the bar in Scotland at a time when intelligence and character were regarded as at least appropriate in the profession of law. He was the most familiar friend of the most influential and most respected literary man (who probably was also the best man) in England in his day. He was a member of the club, to which the greatest authors, orators, poets, statesmen, scholars and artists, eagerly sought admission. He was the author of certain minor publications

which are not devoid of merit, and finally wrote the book which Carlyle places above all other books of a century of great books. And yet every derogatory, every contemptuous, every scurrilous, every brutal, every envious adjective in our constantly expanding English vocabulary has been hurled at him again and again. His name is buried fathoms deep, as it were, under epithets, derisive, scoffing, insulting, and often false. For a hundred years and more, almost every man and woman who has written of Johnson, or of any other man, or of any thing, in the literary history of his time, has said something bad of Boswell. Carlyle whispers a few approvals of the man along with the most emphatic commendations of his book, and we shall see that a few others have followed him in praises of Boswell more or less qualified.

It is palpably absurd and unjust to make Boswell such a creature as Macaulay depicts, a man of the weakest and feeblest intellect, and yet the closest friend of Johnson, the familiar, or at least tolerated, friend of Burke, Reynolds, Robertson, and many other great and good men, and the author of the best book of biography that ever was written. I am not trying to make a hero of Boswell, but only suggesting with proper diffidence that he was not so positively inhuman, silly and unworthy, that we must of right or necessity deny him in the future the justice that has been so generally denied him in the past.

I am sure that Boswell did not drink more than Dick Steele, or Dick Sheridan, or Fox, or Daniel Webster; and yet to many rhetoricians he is the typical sot. He did not flatter and boot-lick men of rank and power as Dryden did, he seems rather to have fawned on wise and good men; he did not continually change his party and his religion in order to keep the favor of the great; he did not write fifty fulsome, nauseating dedications to as many lords, mostly worthless, as Dryden did, and yet, he, and not turncoat Dryden, Whig and Tory, Protestant and Catholic, is the prince of sycophants. Morally, he was superior to Shelley and yet the literary world deals most tenderly with the man Shelley, while it only laughs and sneers at Boswell. This is not due to Shelley's genius alone, because Boswell's book also is a work of genius, one of the greater immortals. Boswell was a better man than Byron, and yet for the spice of

the devil that was in him, for his good looks, his noble birth, and his Greek histrionics, we treat Byron's faults as venial. For "Highland Mary," and "Tam O'Shanter," and the "Cotter's Saturday Night," we forgive Burns everything.

Rousseau was a writer of almost unsurpassed importance and influence, but as a man he is among the least attractive, certainly among the least admirable. He was emotionalist and sentimentalist, full of fine sentiments and theories, but not less abounding in unmanly and despicable actions, and yet the man Rousseau is somehow much more respected than the much less criminal and not more absurd Boswell. Bacon's infamy has come to be purely rhetorical, although he was the greatest intellect of his time, perhaps of modern times, and justly subject to the severest standards of judgment.

Boswell's fate reminds us of the malefactors, who were first inhumanly punished, and then were buried at the cross-roads and their bodies pierced with stakes. Ten thousand jibing, sneering, most contumelious quills have pierced him. We know that it was an ancient custom for every passer to cast a stone upon the grave of a departed worthy, and thus build his monument. For the one hundred years aforesaid almost every penman in Europe and America who has approached him has flung his adjective at poor "Bozzy."

Boswell is the one man of faults and weaknesses who has done a great thing and been allowed no equitable offset in the estimate of him by posterity. It is very true that the weaknesses of others do not excuse the faults of Boswell, but the lenient judgments rendered against these others are, in a sense, impeachments of public opinion as to Boswell, and the natural sense of fairness is offended by an inequitable apportionment of praise and of censure.

It is the littleness, the unmanliness of Boswell's faults as they have been represented, that we condemn. If his vices had been of a more positive and manly kind he would be more respected. If he had run off with another man's wife, or had written scurrilous pamphlets, or had become a Mohawk, or a tavern brawler, he might, in a measure, have escaped condemnation for meanness and servility. The vices that require physical courage, vices of violence, audacity, and danger, have always commanded a degree of respect, even among civilized

people. Every criminal lawyer knows how much easier it is to convict of the unmanly crime of larceny than of the very manly one of homicide. I am not sure but that Boswell might have vindicated himself entirely by a well-conceived and timely homicide.

Leaving out of consideration the professional jealousy, which has had not a little to do with coloring Boswell's reputation, we must remember that he lived in a scoffing, sceptical, irreverent, gossipy age, when satire, and epigram, and fine phrasing were more cultivated and more esteemed than ever before or afterwards. As Johnson's writings have almost ceased to be read, we should know, but for Boswell's book, almost nothing now about the great philosopher, except what the tattlers tell us of his scrofula, his abnormal appetite, his savage table manners, his uncouthness, and his hypochondria. It was the age of Chesterfield, but perhaps is best represented in certain respects by Horace Walpole; an age of professional wits and beauties, of a wholly superficial and soulless society. We know how men like Walpole thought or spoke of Johnson, Goldsmith, and Boswell. We get from popular literature the gossip and scandal of the time, and hence the pervading opinion that the writer of the sweetest poems and the author of the best biography in that age so prolific of books were the two greatest fools of their generation. This most enlightened of times, in which we live, owes it to its intelligence to repudiate the gossip of the Eighteenth Century, usually envious or malicious, or at least to realize that it is gossip and value it accordingly.

No doubt, in time, we shall get out of sound of Johnson's snortings, forget Goldsmith's social absurdities, discredit the "Corsica Boswell" legend, and estimate these remarkable men, as, with Boswell's aid, we already estimate Johnson, according to their essential qualities, and not according to their faults maliciously magnified, and their eccentricities exaggerated and ridiculed.

Let us be just and say boldly that Boswell had not only brains, but genius, or a good substitute for it. We may say it reluctantly, but we shall be unjust and untruthful if we deny it. Shall we say that a man wrote a better biography than Plutarch, or Lockhart or even than John Morley, or Forster,

and yet had no higher gifts for such work than they? Surely such absurdity cannot be tolerated. Croker, who according to the critics, with whom I do not agree, came as near to spoiling Boswell's book as an editor could come, has a multitude of notes, in which he undertakes to expose Boswell's absurdities, extravagancies, and inaccuracies, but Macaulay says that not one statement made by Croker can be accepted without corroboration, and this wise man who attempted to improve the fool's book, has drawn the thunders of wrath from Macaulay and Carlyle even more, if possible, than the fool himself.

I note that Boswell was the friend of America, and freely criticised Johnson's "Taxation no Tyranny," a furious attack on the Colonies, and the worst thing in every way that Johnson ever wrote. I cite Boswell's closing remarks about Johnson as containing an admirable, just and acute analysis and summary of Johnson's character. His long book is written, if not brilliantly, at least well. Its contents are precisely what we most wish to know about Johnson; its statements of fact are, as a rule, accurate, and are always meant to be so. The author says many things that are in bad taste or undignified, usually about himself, nevertheless his judgments of other men and of affairs are intelligent and just, and invariably frank. His vanity and his frankness are far less offensive, to me at least, than the same qualities as displayed in Rousseau's "Confessions."

We accept this man's statements, adopt and use his judgments, read his book with unalloyed pleasure, and frequent edification, and call him a fool. We read eagerly everything he tells us of Johnson, and of other great men, and sneer at him as a toady. We owe him thanks and pay him contempt. In order to get their effect and to judge their value and justice, let us collect the Macaulay epithets. They are as follows: "One of the smallest men that ever lived; of the feeblest and meanest intellect; servile; impertinent; shallow; pedantic; bigoted; a blusterer; a common butt in London taverns; a tale bearer; an eavesdropper; a fool."

A collation of the Carlyle epithets suggests that one of these great Scotchmen read what the other had written about Boswell, and then collected all the unappropriated bad names

in the dictionaries, or elsewhere discoverable, and discharged them upon his unhappy fellow Caledonian.

It is noticeable that the two great essayists do not use the same expletives, and that Carlyle, by virtue of his superior training in German, excels in compound objurgations. To him Boswell appears as "wine-bibber; gross liver; glutton (denunciations peculiarly fit to come from a dyspeptic); vain; heedless; a babbler; sycophant; braggadocio; coxcomb; inept; cock-nosed; bag-checked; shelf-mouthed; dew-lapped; sensual; pretentious; boisterous; imbecile; almost brutal."

In these two collections are some thirty words or phrases, condemnations, compound or single, as unpleasant as the decent part of our language can supply, and I believe only one instance of duplication. It is true that they are distributed over the mental, the moral, and the physical man; but this deluge of epithets, and these thunderings and lightnings of rhetoric, however diffused, are sufficient to sweep into contempt or oblivion, to crush, to obliterate an army of Boswells —if only they be the real phenomena. Would it be high treason to intimate that they are in part stage productions, and that both the great essayist and historian, who knew everything, and the great moralist and philosopher, who delivered truth and wisdom copiously to two unheeding generations, came perilously near to surrendering justice and judgment to words in Boswell's case? In the passages quoted, Macaulay relents not at all, and Carlyle, while not meaning to be unjust, is unwilling apparently to abate a single sounding severe epithet.

Having ventured upon these dissents, it is proper, indeed necessary, that I protect myself with such authority as I can find. Among those not wholly unfriendly to Boswell was Sir Walter Scott, who lacked Carlyle's dyspepsia and call to preach, and Macaulay's infallibility and devotion to his phrase. Sir Leslie Stephen, and Mr. Edmund Gosse are among the more conspicuous writers of our own time, who have admitted that Boswell was a man of ability. Others might be cited, but I am content with these.

Finally, I remark that as this is a special plea for Boswell, and not intended to be judicial or impartial, it should be remembered that in such circumstances, it is the duty of the ad-

vocate to be oblivious, if possible, of the faults of his client, and undeterred by the eminence or number of adversary counsel, or the weight and dignity of opposing authority.

## "CANDOR" IN FICTION

Sewanee Address—1898.

If novels were addressed only to the elect, the novelists and the critics, we might have less reason to demand that they be clean and wholesome; but they reach all classes. The young people of this country are probably the largest consumers of fiction in the world. Therefore, if we are to have French candor we may confidently expect Parisian morals. Indeed, as life makes literature, we must have the morals before we can have the candor. If we must follow Mr. Hardy in his later ventures, we should first institute schools for the promotion of immorality, morbid sentimentalism, and absurdity.

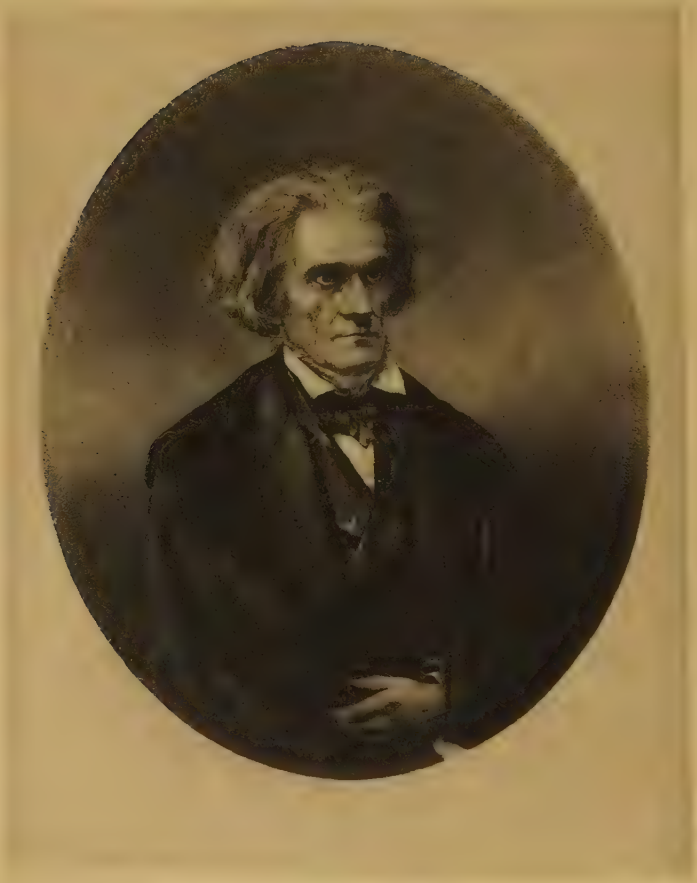
I am very much inclined to the belief, despite the critics, that ignorance is innocence. I find the sophistication of the Greeks associated with unspeakable immoralities, and fail to see wherein Babylonian morals were improved by the general knowledge of subjects that we forbid. The decadence of the Roman Empire was conspicuous for candor, and the courts of Louis XIV, Louis XV, and Charles II, were models of candor and sophistication. Paris, from which New York and Chicago import so many improvements in the vices, is a very Pharos of candor. For my part, I unblushingly place myself among the unprogressives, the reactionaries, the unenlightened, who refuse to bow down to the god, Art. I would not stultify myself by attempting to disparage art, but I place morals, religion, above art, and affirm that the aims of art, and of everything else, should be moral. Moreover, I deny that unchastity furnishes the highest opportunities for art. I do not think that any products of the human mind surpass Lear or Macbeth. I know of no poetry superior to the Divine Comedy.

The critics and the novelists bow themselves to the earth when the mighty name of Balzac is sounded. Because the French writer was permitted to revel in immoralities and indecencies whenever he chose to do so, he is the incomparable

unapproached exponent of human nature. I agree with John Ruskin that the finest and deepest insight into human nature, manifest in literature, is in Shakespeare's plays, and the next in Walter Scott's novels of modern Scotch life. I do not admit that Balzac, whose genius all men admire, wrote anything superior to the 'Antiquary,' 'Guy Mannering,' 'Waverley,' 'Rob Roy,' or 'The Heart of Midlothian.' I do not believe that Balzac had a finer genius or was a greater novelist than Scott, or Thackeray, or George Eliot.

In poetry the end of the century tendencies have not yet entirely prevailed. There are many who persist in admiring Homer, Shakespeare, Dante, Chaucer, and so abject a slave of rhyme and meter as Robert Burns, even in an age illuminated and glorified by the transcendent genius of Browning and of Whitman. It may be that in the golden future of poetry and of art, whose advent is so enthusiastically proclaimed, we shall reach and grasp the final and crowning conception that the chief end of poetry is obscurity without rhyme or meter, but I am of the deplorable company of the unilluminated who grope, as yet, in outer darkness.

It may be that we are confused by the blinding radiance of the new lights of belief and of criticism which burst upon us from many quarters as the century draws to a close, but holding our minds ever open to "new influxes of light and power" and doing our best in the places in which our duty falls, we may hope that in the end we too may see the truth in its glory and beauty, or, if not, we must be content to have done our best without envy of our brothers and sisters who, more gifted or better fated than we, shall be numbered among the elect.



John Caldwell Calhoun

# JOHN CALDWELL CALHOUN

[1782—1850]

HENRY A. WHITE

JOHN CALDWELL CALHOUN, fourth child of Patrick Calhoun and Martha Caldwell, was born in Abbeville County, South Carolina, March 18, 1782, and spent his early years at work on his father's plantation. There was no school in the neighborhood and the lad was taught by father and mother. The latter, a tall, stately woman, has left to her descendants the memory of many virtues. About the year 1794, Patrick Calhoun's daughter Catherine became the wife of Dr. Moses Waddel, a Presbyterian minister who had established a school at his home in Columbia County, Georgia. In the winter of 1795, John Caldwell, then in his thirteenth year, was sent across the Savannah River to attend the academy of his brother-in-law. In the Waddel home he found Rollin's 'Ancient History' and Locke's 'Essay on the Human Understanding' and read them with great eagerness. The father, Patrick Calhoun, died on the fifteenth of the following February, and his daughter, Mrs. Waddel, soon followed him to the grave. John Caldwell's health failed and his mother summoned him to return home. He went to work on his mother's plantation and such success rewarded his labors that he made up his mind to become a planter. Moses Waddel, however, changed his place of residence to the Carolina side of the Savannah and established his academy near Mrs. Calhoun's home. The latter wished her son, John Caldwell, to become again a pupil under the direction of Dr. Waddel. She summoned her other sons, William and James, and the entire family in council assembled determined to give John Caldwell a complete education. In June, 1800, therefore, he entered Waddel's academy and began the study of Latin and mathematics. He made such rapid progress in his studies that he entered the Junior Class at Yale College in 1802. Within two years he completed the required course at Yale and was graduated with the degree of A.B., September 12, 1804. From July, 1805, until July, 1806, he was a student at the Litchfield Law School, Litchfield, Connecticut. His law studies were continued in Charleston and Abbeville. In 1807 he was admitted to the bar and began the practice of the law at Abbeville. In the fall of the same year (1807), however, he was elected to the South Carolina House of Representatives and three years later (1810) was chosen to repre-

sent the people of his district in the House of Representatives at Washington. On the eighth of January, 1811, there was a gathering of the members of the Calhoun family in a beautiful house among the rice plantations of the lower Santee River, to witness the marriage of John Caldwell with Floride, only daughter of his cousin, John Ewing Calhoun. Calhoun took his bride to a plantation in Abbeville District. Afterwards, however, they made their home at Fort Hill, a plantation in Pendleton District, where Clemson College now stands. Domestic happiness reigned in the home at Fort Hill. The brief intervals snatched by Calhoun from the arduous duties connected with forty years of public service, were always spent at his quiet plantation home.

On the fourth of November, 1811, Calhoun took his seat among the lawmakers in the Capitol at Washington. The political atmosphere was charged with excitement concerning the harsh treatment of American seamen on the part of the British. Henry Clay was elected Speaker of the House and he appointed Calhoun a member of the Committee on Foreign Relations. On the twelfth of December Calhoun arose to make his first speech in reply to John Randolph of Virginia. At first there was a slight embarrassment in Calhoun's manner, but this soon passed and he straightened his slender form to its full height, a head taller than most of the other members. The look from his eyes was so piercing that men sometimes thought that they gave out light in the dark. The forehead was broad, and the black hair was cut short and brushed back so that it stood up like bristles on the top of his head. His face seemed to shine with light and changed its expression every moment. His manner was marked by exquisite courtesy and dignity; his gestures were quick and graceful. Calhoun's words rushed from his lips with great rapidity, as if they could not keep up with the swift course of his thinking. Some of his words were clipped off to make room for others. He was intensely in earnest. That voice so sweet and mellow, and ringing out like the music of a deep-toned bell, found its way into the hearts of those who listened. As Calhoun stood thus, with head erect and blazing eyes, he looked every inch a man. He spoke out boldly against England. Her insults and wrongs towards our seamen must be met by war, he said; the honor and safety of our whole country must be maintained.

Thomas Ritchie, editor of the *Richmond Enquirer,* referred to this speech in the following terms: "Mr. Calhoun is clear and precise in his reasoning, marching up directly to the object of his attack, and felling down the errors of his opponents with the club of Hercules; not eloquent in his tropes or figures, but like Fox, in the moral elevation of his sentiments; free from personality, yet

full of those fine touches of indignation which are the severest cut to a man of feeling. His speech, like a fine drawing, abounds in those lights and shades which set off each other; the cause of his country is robed in light, while her opponents are wrapped in darkness . . . We hail this young Carolinian as one of the master-spirits who stamp their names upon the age in which they live."

The position of leadership thus won by Calhoun was retained. In June, 1812, he wrote the resolutions that pledged our country to go to war against England, and his own eloquence was an important factor in securing their adoption. Afterwards he was called "The youthful Hercules who has all along borne the war on his shoulders."

Calhoun loved the Federal Republic founded by Washington and Jefferson. He wished to see all of the states become strong and prosperous. He spoke in favor of a large navy as "the most safe, most effectual, and cheapest mode of defence." He spent hours in the work of examining maps with a view to the construction of public roads and canals. He wished thus to promote, he said, "the interest of different sections of the country." For the same reason, in 1816, he advocated the bill in favor of a National Bank and the bill making a slight increase in the tariff upon imported goods.

Calhoun remained in the House of Representatives until October 8, 1817, when he became Secretary of War in President Monroe's Cabinet. Order and system were at once substituted for the confusion that had thus far marked the work of this department. Through a series of elaborate official reports he persuaded Congress to extend the work of the military academy at West Point, to increase the efficiency of the army and to promote the welfare of the Indians who were under the care of the Federal Government.

On March 4, 1825, Calhoun was inaugurated as Vice-President of the United States. He was reëlected Vice-President in 1828 and served until December, 1832, when he resigned that office and was elected United States Senator from South Carolina to succeed Robert Y. Hayne, who had been chosen Governor. Calhoun took his seat in the Senate January 4, 1833, and at once began to take part in the discussion of the tariff which was then engaging the attention of the country.

In the summer of 1828, while holding the office of Vice-President, Calhoun had prepared the great paper known as the "South Carolina Exposition," setting forth his views concerning the injustice of the tariff measure adopted by Congress in May, 1828, and also explaining how that injustice could be remedied through the process known as "Nullification." In the summer of 1831 he issued from his home at Fort Hill an "Address on the Relations of

the States and Federal Government," and "An Address to the People of South Carolina," in which he restated the matter of the "Exposition." It must be remembered, however, that Calhoun was not the first to propose nullification as a remedy for heavy tariff duties. James Hamilton and other South Carolina leaders brought the matter to the attention of the people; Calhoun entered the arena later and became the chief expounder of the theory. The principal part of the cost of the tariff experiments, Calhoun declared, fell upon the South. As a solemn protest against this injustice, he claimed that any state had the right to interpose a veto upon the Congressional statute until it should be repealed.* In 1832 Congress made the tariff duties still heavier and the State of South Carolina issued her protest in the form of the Nullification ordinance. The Force Bill was proposed in Congress with a view to the use of military force to compel South Carolina to submit to the heavy taxation. Against this Force Bill Calhoun stood up in the Senate in defence of his State, February 15, 1833. He had then reached the zenith of his powers as a speaker, and this great address is estimated by many as the most forceful that ever fell from his lips. At that time his hair grew long and fell in dark heavy masses over his temples. His eyes seemed darker and more full of fire than in the early days. The nervous right hand and arm were half extended while he spoke. With the left foot advanced he stood in front of the senatorial chair on which was flung the cloak that he was in the habit of wearing. The voice was clear and sweet, but it had a deeper tone, for it was filled with the solemn conviction of years. He loved the Federal Union and he wanted to preserve it. But justice for the South he also wished to secure. "How is it proposed to preserve the Union?" he said. "By force? Does any man in his senses believe that this beautiful structure—this harmonious aggregate of states, produced by the joint consent of all—can be preserved by force? Its very introduction will be certain destruction to this Federal Union. No! No! You cannot keep the states united in their constitutional and federal bonds by force."

Calhoun remained in the Senate from 1833 until his death in 1850, with the exception of a brief period of a little more than two years (1843-1845), during which time he served a year (1844-1845) as Secretary of State in President Tyler's Cabinet.

*"The grievance of the South in 1828 is undeniable. So long as the exports of the country were almost exclusively Southern products—cotton and tobacco—and so long as the Federal revenue was almost entirely derived from duties on imports, it is certain that the Southern industries either supported the Federal Government or paid tribute to the Northern manufacturers. The Southerners could not even get a hearing or patient and proper study of the economic questions at issue. Their interests were being sacrificed to pretended national interests." W. G. Summer's 'Life of Andrew Jackson,' page 210.

Throughout this period his labors were heavy and unceasing. Long hours of attendance in the Senate Chamber, while Congress was in session, speech after speech prepared upon the principal legislative issues, the careful writing of these speeches from notes after their delivery, the maintenance of a voluminous correspondence, with personal conferences and private conversations almost without limit—these duties tested his strength to the utmost. A temperate mode of living, a quiet spirit and a good conscience enabled him to bear the great burden in behalf of his people. "John C. Calhoun, an honest man, the noblest work of God." Such was the toast given by General Andrew Jackson at a banquet held in the early days when Jackson and Calhoun were friends. The breaking of that friendship was not the fault of Calhoun. Jackson changed his attitude toward him, but Jackson's early tribute to Calhoun's honesty always remained as the opinion of every impartial observer of the great Carolina statesman.

Conversation was the art in which John C. Calhoun surpassed all other men of his own times. There was no sparkling wit, however, no keen retort, and no liveliness of fancy. "The conversation in which he shone," says Governor J. H. Hammond, "was but a modified species of senatorial debate, and in that no one approached to an equality with him. We are told that he was often seen in Washington, sitting upright on a sofa, snuff-box in hand, talking hour after hour, in even, soft, deliberate tones, about the principles of our government. By nature he was affectionate. Generosity was stamped upon his frank, honest countenance. The kindness of a great heart marked his manner. He loved men, and in particular he loved young men. In return men loved him. The strong mind, the pure heart, and the sympathetic, loving nature of John C. Calhoun won every man with whom he came into personal touch. He was always the manly, accomplished gentleman. Lovable is the word that describes this great Carolinian. He had no secrets to hide. No vice, no folly, and no weakness ever left a stain upon his nature. His soul was the home of all that makes for purity and truth.

On December 27, 1837, Calhoun introduced in the Senate his famous resolutions on State Rights and Slavery. In support of those resolutions all of his brilliant faculties were brought into active exercise, and he secured the adoption of nearly every proposition advanced. On a previous occasion (February 6, 1837), he had said that both the white and colored races were prospering under the system of slavery. In the course of a few generations the African race had been uplifted to a state of comparative civilization; meanwhile the white people of the South had made equal

progress with their brethren of the non-slave holding states. Emancipation, he said, would be an evil for both races. Even emancipation, however, "would not satisfy these fanatics (Abolitionists)," he declared, "that gained, the next step would be to raise the negroes to a social and political equality with the whites; and that being effected, we would soon find the present condition of the two races reversed. They and their Northern allies would be the masters and we the slaves." He continued until the end his fight against these enemies of his people. Other issues also had to be met and in the discussion of these he never faltered. "I hope our labor will not be in vain," he wrote to his oldest daughter in June, 1841. "The very existence of our institutions is at stake. We have brought to the ground the old compactly built system of Federal measures; funded debt, national bank, tariff, and illegal and unconstitutional appropriations. The Whigs are making a desperate struggle to reconstruct the system and we to defeat them."

In 1843 Mr. Calhoun voluntarily withdrew from the Senate. It was his purpose to write out at length his views concerning the nature of our Federal form of government. President Tyler, however, persuaded Calhoun to become his Secretary of State, and it was largely through the efficient work of the Carolinian that Texas was brought into the Union. In 1845 Judge D. E. Huger of South Carolina, resigned his seat in the United States Senate in order to make room for Mr. Calhoun. In this manner he again entered the arena. At that time his popularity was great. "Twenty times a day I am asked, 'What course will the great Calhoun take on the Oregon question?'" Thus wrote a prominent leader in December, 1845. His speech on the Oregon question turned the trembling balance in favor of peace with England. "Many of my friends think it the best I ever delivered." Such was Calhoun's own comment, made in a letter to his daughter, concerning this address.

On the fourth of March, 1850, at half past twelve o'clock, John C. Calhoun entered the Senate to make his last effort to save the old Union. His struggle against the assaults made by the Abolitionists had reached the climax. He walked to his seat leaning upon the arm of his friend, former Governor James Hamilton. His body was bent under his own weight, but his step was firm. A deep furrow ran across Calhoun's broad forehead. His hair, thick and long and gray and rising nearly straight from the scalp, fell over on all sides and hung down in thick masses like a lion's mane. The eyebrows were very near to the eyes and the cheeks had little flesh upon them. His complexion was dark, as if tanned by the sun. The lips were thin and the mouth was drawn downward at the corners. His features were firm and stern.

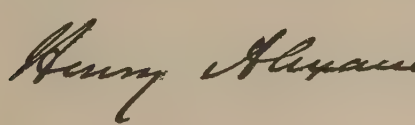
The Senate chamber was crowded. Calhoun arose, spoke a few words, and handed a bundle of papers containing his speech to his friend, Senator Mason, of Virginia. While Mason was reading there was deep silence. Webster and Clay sat like statues. Many of the Senators were moved to tears. There was a great hush among the people in the galleries as the last appeal for peace between North and South was heard from the noble Carolina Senator.

"How can the Union be preserved?" This was the subject of the great address. There was not a word of anger in it. He pleaded for justice toward the Southern people. They had been greatly wronged, he said. Unless the North should stop its war against the South, there would be no longer any peace and honor for the South in the Union.

When the address was finished, the members of the Senate crowded around Calhoun to take him by the hand and congratulate him. He walked forward and stood for a few moments near the clerk's desk and there held an earnest talk with his two great friends, Daniel Webster and Henry Clay. Calhoun was then led out of the Senate, and a few days later he passed from the earth. His body was borne from Washington to Charleston and there laid to rest.

"Sir, he has gone," said Henry Clay in the Senate Chamber on the day after Calhoun's death. "No more shall we witness from yonder seat the flashes of that keen penetrating eye of his, darting through this chamber. No more shall we be thrilled by that torrent of clear, concise, compact logic, poured out from his lips, which if it did not always carry conviction to our judgment, always commanded our great admiration."

"The eloquence of Mr. Calhoun," said Daniel Webster, on the same occasion, "or the manner of his exhibition of his sentiments in public bodies, was part of his intellectual character. It grew out of the qualities of his mind. It was plain, strong, terse, condensed, concise, sometimes impassioned—still always severe. Rejecting ornament, not often seeking far for illustration, his power consisted in the plainness of his propositions, in the closeness of his logic, and in the earnestness and energy of his manner . . . He had the basis, the indispensable basis of all high character, and that was, unspotted integrity—unimpeached honor and character. If he had aspirations, they were high and honorable and noble. There was nothing groveling, or low, or meanly selfish, that came near the head or the heart of Mr. Calhoun."



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## THE DOCTRINE OF CHECKS

From "South Carolina Exposition," December, 1828.

It may be objected, then—in the first place, that the right of the states to interpose rests on mere inference, without any express provision in the Constitution; and that it is not to be supposed—if the Constitution contemplated the exercise of powers of such high importance—that it would have been left to inference alone. In answer, the committee would ask, whether the power of the Supreme Court to declare a law unconstitutional is not among the very highest and most important that can be exercised by any department of the Government—and if any express provision can be found to justify its exercise? Like the power in question, it also rests on mere inference; but an inference so clear that no express provision could render it more certain. The simple fact that the judges must decide according to law, and that the Constitution is paramount to the acts of Congress, imposes a necessity on the court to declare the latter void whenever, in its opinion, they come in conflict, in any particular case, with the former. So, also, in the question under consideration. The right of the states—even supposing it to rest on inference, stands on clearer and stronger grounds than that of the Court. In the distribution of powers between the general and state governments, the Constitution professes to *enumerate* those assigned to the former, in whatever department they may be vested; while the powers of the latter are reserved in general terms, without attempt at enumeration. It may, therefore, constitute a presumption against the former—that the Court has no right to declare a law unconstitutional, because the power is not enumerated among those belonging to the Judiciary; while the omission to enumerate the power of the states to interpose in order to protect their rights—being strictly in accord with the principles on which its framers formed the Constitution, raises not the slightest presumption against its existence. Like all other *reserved* rights, it is to be inferred from the simple fact that it is *not delegated*—as is clearly the case in this instance.

Again—it may be objected to the power, that it is inconsistent with the necessary authority of the general government—and, in its consequences, must lead to feebleness, anarchy, and finally disunion.

It is impossible to propose any limitation on the authority of governments, without encountering, from the supporters of power, this very objection of feebleness and anarchy; and we accordingly find, that the history of every country which has attempted to establish free institutions, proves that, on this point, the opposing parties—the advocates of power and of freedom—have ever separated. It constituted the essence of the controversy between the Patricians and Plebeians in the Roman Republic—the Tories and Whigs in England—the Ultras and Liberals in France—and, finally, the Federalists and Republicans in our own country—as illustrated by Mr. Madison's report; and if it were proposed to give to Russia or Austria a representation of the people, it would form the point of controversy between the Imperial and Popular parties. It is, in fact, not at all surprising that, to a people unacquainted with the nature of liberty, and inexperienced in its blessings, all limitations on supreme power should appear incompatible with its nature, and as tending to feebleness and anarchy. Nature has not permitted us to doubt the necessity of a paramount power in all institutions. All see and feel it; but it requires some effort of reason to perceive that, if not controlled, such power must necessarily lead to abuse; and still higher efforts to understand that it may be checked without destroying its efficiency. With us, however, who know from our own experience, and that of other free nations, the truth of these positions, and that power can only be rendered useful and secure by being properly checked—it is, indeed, strange that any intelligent citizen should consider limitations on the authority of government incompatible with its nature, or should fear danger from any check properly lodged, which may be necessary to guard against usurpation or abuse, and protect the great and distinct interests of the country. That there are such interests represented by the states, and that the states are the only competent powers to protect them, has been sufficiently established; and it only remains, in order to meet the objection, to prove

that, for this purpose, the states may be safely vested with the right of interposition.

If the committee do not greatly mistake, the checking or veto power never has, in any country, or under any institutions, been lodged where it was less liable to abuse. The great number, by whom it must be exercised, of the people of a state—the solemnity of the mode—a convention specially called for the purpose, and representing the state in her highest capacity—the delay—the deliberation—are all calculated to allay excitement—to impress on the people a deep and solemn tone, highly favorable to calm investigation and decision. Under such circumstances, it would be impossible for a mere party to maintain itself in the state, unless the violation of its rights be palpable, deliberate, and dangerous. The attitude in which the state would be placed in relation to the other states—the force of public opinion which would be brought to bear on her—the deep reverence for the general government—the strong influence of all public men who aspire to office or distinction in the Union—and, above all, the local parties which must ever exist in the state, and which, in this case, must ever throw the powerful influence of the minority on the side of the general government—constitute impediments to the exercise of this high protective right of the state, which must render it safe. So powerful, in fact, are these difficulties, that nothing but truth and a deep sense of oppression on the part of the people of the state, will ever sustain the exercise of the power; and if it should be attempted under other circumstances, it must speedily terminate in the expulsion of those in power, to be replaced by others who would make a merit of closing the controversy, by yielding the point in dispute.

But, in order to understand more fully what its operation really would be in practice, we must take into the estimate the effect which a recognition of the power would have on the tone of feeling, both of the general and state governments. On the part of the former, it would necessarily produce, in the exercise of doubtful powers, the most marked moderation. In the discussion of measures involving such powers, the argument would be felt with decisive weight, that the state, also, had the right of judging of the constitutionality of the power;

which would cause an abandonment of the measure—or, at least, lead to such modifications as would make it acceptable. On the part of the state, a feeling of conscious security, depending on herself—with the effect of moderation and kindness on the part of the general government, would effectually put down jealousy, hatred, and animosity—and thus give scope to the natural attachment to our institutions, to expand and grow into the full maturity of patriotism. But withhold this protective power from the state, and the reverse of all these happy consequences must follow—which the committee will not undertake to describe, as the living example of discord, hatred, and jealousy—threatening anarchy and dissolution, must impress on every beholder a more vivid picture than any they could possibly draw. The continuance of this unhappy state must lead to the loss of all affection—when the Government must be sustained by *force* instead of *patriotism*. In fact, to him who will duly reflect, it must be apparent that, where there are important separate interests, there is no alternative but a veto to protect them, or the military to enforce the claims of the majority interests.

If these deductions be correct—as can scarcely be doubted—under that state of moderation and security, followed by mutual kindness, which must accompany the acknowledgment of the right, the necessity of exercising the veto would rarely exist, and the possibility of its abuse, on the part of the state, would be almost wholly removed. Its acknowledged existence would thus supersede its exercise. But suppose in this the committee should be mistaken—still there exists a sufficient security. As high as this right of interposition on the part of a state may be regarded in relation to the general government, the constitutional compact provides a remedy against its abuse. There is a higher power—placed above all by the consent of all—the creating and preserving power of the system—to be exercised by three-fourths of the states—and which, under the character ot the amending power, can modify the whole system at pleasure—and to the acts of which none can object. Admit, then, the power in question to belong to the states—and admit its liability to abuse—and what are the utmost consequences, but to create a presumption against the constitutionality of the power exercised by the general

government—which, if it be well founded, must compel them to abandon it; or, if not, to remove the difficulty by obtaining the contested power in the form of an amendment to the Constitution. If, on an appeal for this purpose, the decision be favorable to the general government, a disputed power will be converted into an expressly granted power; but, on the other hand, if it be adverse, the refusal to grant will be tantamount to an inhibition of its exercise: and thus, in either case, the controversy will be determined. And ought not a sovereign state, as a party to the constitutional compact, and as the guardian of her citizens and her peculiar interests, to have the power in question? Without it, the amending power must become obsolete, and the Constitution, through the exercise of construction, in the end be utterly subverted. Let us examine the case. The disease is, that a majority of the states, through the general government, by construction, usurp powers not delegated, and by their exercise, increase their wealth and authority at the expense of the minority. How absurd, then, to expect the injured states to attempt a remedy by proposing an amendment to be ratified by three-fourths of the states, when, by supposition, there is a majority opposed to them? Nor would it be less absurd to expect the general government to propose amendments, unless compelled to that course by the acts of a state. The Government can have no inducement. It has a more summary mode—the assumption of power by construction. The consequence is clear; neither would resort to the amending power; the one, because it would be useless—and the other, because it could effect its purpose without it; and thus the highest power known to the Constitution—on the salutary influence of which, on the operations of our political institutions, so much was calculated, would become, in practice, obsolete, as stated; and in lieu of it, the will of the majority, under the agency of construction, would be substituted with unlimited and supreme power. On the contrary, giving the right to a state to compel the general government to abandon its pretensions to a constructive power, or to obtain a positive grant of it, by an amendment to the Constitution, would call efficiently into action, on all important disputed questions, this highest power of the system—to whose controlling authority no one

can object, and under whose operation all controversies between the states and general government would be adjusted, and the Constitution gradually acquire all the perfection of which it is susceptible. It is thus that the *creating* becomes the *preserving* power; and we may rest assured it is no less true in politics than in theology, that the power which creates can alone preserve—and that preservation is perpetual creation. Such will be the operation and effect of state interposition.

But it may be objected, that the exercise of the power would have the effect of placing the majority under the control of the minority. If the objection were well founded, it would be fatal. If the majority cannot be trusted, neither can the minority; and to transfer power from the former to the latter, would be but the repetition of the old error, in taking shelter under monarchy or aristocracy, against the more oppressive tyranny of an illy constructed republic. But it is not the consequence of proper checks to change places between the majority and minority. It leaves the power controlled still independent; as is exemplified in our political institutions, by the operation of acknowledged checks. The power of the judiciary to declare an act of Congress, or of a State Legislature, unconstitutional, is, for its appropriate purpose, a most efficient check; but who that is acquainted with the nature of our Government ever supposed that it ever really vested (when confined to its proper object) a supreme power in the court over Congress or the State Legislatures? Such was neither the intention, nor is it the effect.

The Constitution has provided another check, which will still further illustrate the nature of their operation. Among the various interests which exist under our complex system, that of large and small states, is, perhaps, the most prominent, and among the most carefully guarded in the organization of our Government. To settle the relative weight of the states in the system, and to secure to each the means of maintaining its proper political consequence in its operation, formed one of the most difficult duties in framing the Constitution. No one subject occupied greater space in the proceedings of the convention. In its final adjustment, the large states had assigned to them a preponderating influence in the House of

Representatives, by having therein a weight proportioned to their numbers; but to compensate which, and to secure their political rights against this preponderance, the small states had an equality assigned them in the Senate; while, in the constitution of the Executive branch, the two were blended. To secure the consequence allotted to each, as well as to insure due deliberation in legislating, a veto is allowed to each in the passage of bills; but it would be absurd to suppose that this veto placed either above the other; or was incompatible with the portion of the sovereign power intrusted to the House, the Senate, or the President.

It is thus that our system has provided appropriate checks between the departments—a veto to guard the supremacy of the Constitution over the laws, and to preserve due importance of the states, considered in reference to large and small, without creating discord or weakening the beneficent energy of the Government. And so, also, in the division of the sovereign authority between the general and state governments—by leaving to the states an efficient power to protect, by a veto, the minor against the major interests of the community, the framers of the Constitution acted in strict conformity with the principle which invariably prevails throughout the whole system, where separate interests exist. They were, in truth, no ordinary men. They were wise and practical statesmen, enlightened by history and their own enlarged experience, acquired in conducting our country through a most important revolution; and understood profoundly the nature of man and of government. They saw and felt that there existed in our nature the necessity of government, and government of adequate powers; that the selfish predominate over the social feelings; and that, without a government of such powers, universal conflict and anarchy must prevail among the component parts of society; but they also clearly saw that, our nature remaining unchanged by change of condition, unchecked power, from this very predominance of the selfish over the social feelings, which rendered government necessary, would, of necessity, lead to corruption and oppression on the part of those vested with its exercise. Thus the necessity of government and of checks originates in the same great principle of our nature; and thus the very selfishness which impels those

who have power to desire more, will also, with equal force, impel those on whom power operates to resist aggression; and on the balance of these opposing tendencies, liberty and happiness must forever depend. This great principle guided in the formation of every part of our political system. There is not one opposing interest throughout the whole that is not counterpoised. Have the rulers a separate interest from the people? To check its abuse, the relation of representative and constituent is created between them through periodical elections, by which the fidelity of the representative to the constituent is secured. Have the states, as members of the Union, distinct political interests in reference to their magnitude? Their relative weight is carefully settled, and each has its appropriate agent, with a veto on each other, to protect its political consequence. May there be a conflict between the Constitution and the laws, whereby the rights of citizens may be affected? A remedy may be found in the power of the courts to declare the law unconstitutional in such cases as may be brought before them. Are there, among the several states, separate and peculiar geographical interests? To meet this, a particular organization is provided in the division of the sovereign powers between the state and general governments. Is there danger, growing out of this division, that the State Legislatures may encroach on the powers of the general government? The authority of the Supreme Court is adequate to check such encroachments. May the general government, on the other hand, encroach on the rights reserved to the states respectively? To the states respectively—each in its sovereign capacity—is reserved the power, by its veto, or right of interposition, to arrest the encroachment. And, finally, may this power be abused by a state, so as to interfere improperly with the powers delegated to the general government? There is provided a power, even over the Constitution itself, vested in three-fourths of the states, which Congress has the authority to invoke, and may terminate all controversies in reference to the subject by granting or withholding the right in contest. Its authority is acknowledged by all; and to deny or resist it, would be, on the part of the state, a violation of the constitutional compact, and a dissolution of the political associa-

tion, as far as it is concerned. This is the ultimate and highest power—and the basis on which the whole system rests.

That there exists a case which would justify the interposition of this state, in order to compel the general government to abandon an unconstitutional power, or to appeal to this high authority to confer it by express grant, the committee do not in the least doubt; and they are equally clear in the necessity of its exercise, if the general government should continue to persist in its improper assumption of powers belonging to the state, which brings them to the last point they propose to consider—viz.: When would it be proper to exercise this high power?

If the committee were to judge only by the magnitude of the interests at stake, they would, without hesitation, recommend the call of a convention without delay. But they deeply feel the obligation of respect for the other members of the Confederacy, and the necessity of great moderation and forbearance in the exercise even of the most unquestionable right, between parties who stand connected by the closest and most sacred political compact. With these sentiments, they deem it advisable, after presenting the views of the Legislature in this solemn manner (if the body concur with the committee), to allow time for further consideration and reflection, in the hope that a returning sense of justice on the part of the majority, when they come to reflect on the wrongs which this and the other staple states have suffered, and are suffering, may repeal the obnoxious and unconstitutional acts—and thereby prevent the necessity of interposing the veto of the state.

The committee are further induced, at this time, to recommend this course, under the hope that the great political revolution, which will displace from power, on the fourth of March next, those who have acquired authority by setting the will of the people at defiance—and which will bring in an eminent citizen, distinguished for his services to his country, and his justice and patriotism, may be followed up under his influence with a complete restoration of the pure principles of our government. But, in thus recommending delay, the committee wish it to be understood, that neither doubts of the rightful power of the state, nor apprehension of consequences,

constitute the smallest part of their motives. They would be unworthy of the name of freemen—of Americans—of Carolinians, if danger, however great, could cause them to shrink from the maintenance of their constitutional rights. But they deem it preposterous to anticipate danger under a system of laws, where a sovereign party to the compact, which formed the government, exercises a power which, after the fullest investigation, she conscientiously believes to belong to her under the guarantee of the Constitution itself—and which is essential to the preservation of her sovereignty. The committee deem it not only the right of the state, but her duty, under the solemn sanction of an oath, to interpose, if no other remedy be applied. They interpret the oath to defend the Constitution, not simply as imposing an obligation to abstain from violation, but to prevent it on the part of others. In their opinion, he is as guilty of violating that sacred instrument, who permits an infraction, when it is in his power to prevent it, as he who actually perpetrates the violation. The one may be bolder, and the other more timid—but the sense of duty must be weak in both.

With these views the committee are solemnly of the impression—if the present usurpation and the professed doctrines of the existing system be persevered in—after due forbearance on the part of the state—that it will be her sacred duty to interpose; a duty to herself—to the Union—to the present, and to future generations—and to the cause of liberty over the world, to arrest the progress of a usurpation which, if not arrested, must, in its consequences, corrupt the public morals and destroy the liberty of the country.

## ON THE FORCE BILL

Delivered in The United States Senate, February 16, 1833.

Against the view of our system which I have presented, and the rights of the states to interpose, it is objected that it would lead to anarchy and dissolution. I consider the objection as without the slightest foundation; and that, so far from tending to weakness or disunion, it is the source of the highest power and of the strongest cement. Nor is its ten-

dency in this respect difficult of explanation. The government of an absolute majority, unchecked by efficient constitutional restraints, though apparently strong, is, in reality, an exceedingly feeble government. That tendency to conflict between the parts, which is shown to be inevitable in such governments, wastes the powers of the state in the hostile action of contending factions, which leaves very little more power than the excess of the strength of the majority over the minority. But a government based upon the principles of the concurring majority, where each great interest possesses within itself the means of self-protection, which ultimately requires the mutual consent of all the parts, necessarily causes that unanimity in council, and ardent attachment of all the parts to the whole, which give an irresistible energy to a government so constituted. I might appeal to history for the truth of these remarks, of which the Roman furnishes the most familiar and striking proofs. It is a well-known fact, that, from the expulsion of the Tarquins to the time of the establishment of the tribunitian power, the government fell into a state of the greatest disorder and distraction, and, I may add, corruption. How did this happen? The explanation will throw important light on the subject under consideration. The community was divided into two parts—the Patricians and the Plebeians; with the power of the state principally in the hands of the former, without adequate checks to protect the rights of the latter. The result was as might be expected. The Patricians converted the powers of the government into the means of making money, to enrich themselves and their dependents. They, in a word, had their American system, growing out of the peculiar character of the government and condition of the country. This requires explanation. At that period, according to the laws of nations, when one nation conquered another, the lands of the vanquished belonged to the victor; and, according to the Roman law, the lands thus acquired were divided into two parts—one allotted to the poorer class of the people, and the other assigned to the use of the treasury—of which the Patricians had the distribution and administration. The Patricians abused their power by withholding from the Plebeians that which ought to have been allotted to them, and by converting to their own use that which ought to have gone to

the treasury. In a word, they took to themselves the entire spoils of victory—and had thus the most powerful motive to keep the state perpetually involved in war, to the utter impoverishment and oppression of the Plebeians. After resisting the abuse of power by all peaceable means, and the oppression becoming intolerable, the Plebeians, at last, withdrew from the city—they, in a word, seceded; and to induce them to reunite, the Patricians conceded to them, as the means of protecting their separate interests, the very power which I contend is necessary to protect the rights of the states, but which is now represented as necessarily leading to disunion. They granted to them the right of choosing three tribunes from among themselves, whose persons should be sacred, and who should have the right of interposing their veto, not only against the passage of laws, but even against their execution—a power which those, who take a shallow insight into human nature, would pronounce inconsistent with the strength and unity of the state, if not utterly impracticable; yet so far from this being the effect, from that day the genius of Rome became ascendant, and victory followed her steps till she had established an almost universal dominion. How can a result so contrary to all anticipation be explained? The explanation appears to me to be simple. No measure or movement could be adopted without the concurring assent of both the Patricians and Plebeians, and each thus become dependent on the other; and, of consequence, the desires and objects of neither could be effected without the concurrence of the other. To obtain this concurrence, each was compelled to consult the goodwill of the other, and to elevate to office, not those only who might have the confidence of the order to which they belonged, but also that of the other. The result was, that men possessing those qualities which would naturally command confidence—moderation, wisdom, justice, and patriotism—were elevated to office; and the weight of their authority and the prudence of their counsel, combined with that spirit of unanimity necessarily resulting from the concurring assent of the two orders, furnish the real explanation of the power of the Roman state, and of that extraordinary wisdom, moderation, and firmness which in so remarkable a degree characterized her public men. I might illustrate the truth of the position which I have laid

down by reference to the history of all free states ancient and modern, distinguished for their power and patriotism, and conclusively show, not only that there was not one which had not some contrivance, under some form, by which the concurring assent of the different portions of the community was made necessary in the action of government, but also that the virtue, patriotism, and strength of the state were in direct proportion to the perfection of the means of securing such assent.

In estimating the operation of this principle in our system, which depends, as I have stated, on the right of interposition on the part of a state, we must not omit to take in consideration the amending power, by which new powers may be granted, or any derangement of the system corrected, by the concurring assent of three-fourths of the states; and thus, in the same degree, strengthening the power of repairing any derangement occasioned by the eccentric action of a state. In fact, the power of interposition, fairly understood, may be considered in the light of an appeal against the usurpation of the general government, the joint agent of all the states, to the states themselves—to be decided under the amending power, by the voice of three-fourths of the state, as the highest power known under the system. I know the difficulty, in our country, of establishing the truth of the principle for which I contend, though resting upon the clearest reason, and tested by the universal experience of free nations. I know that the governments of the several states, which, for the most part, are constructed on the principle of the absolute majority, will be cited as an argument against the conclusion to which I have arrived; but, in my opinion, the satisfactory answer can be given—that the objects of expenditure which fall within the sphere of a state government are few and inconsiderable, so that be their action ever so irregular, it can occasion but little derangement. If, instead of being members of this great confederacy, they formed distinct communities, and were compelled to raise armies, and incur other expenses necessary to their defence, the laws which I have laid down as necessarily controlling the action of a state where the will of an absolute and unchecked majority prevailed, would speedily disclose themselves in faction, anarchy, and corruption. Even as the

case is, the operation of the causes to which I have referred is perceptible in some of the larger and more populous members of the Union, whose governments have a powerful central action, and which already show a strong moneyed tendency, the invariable forerunner of corruption and convulsion.

But, to return to the general government. We have now sufficient experience to ascertain that the tendency to conflict in its action is between the Southern and other sections. The latter having a decided majority, must habitually be possessed of the powers of the Government, both in this and in the other House; and, being governed by that instinctive love of power so natural to the human breast, they must become the advocates of the power of government, and in the same degree opposed to the limitations; while the other and weaker section is necessarily thrown on the side of the limitations. One section is the natural guardian of the delegated powers, and the other of the reserved; and the struggle on the side of the former will be to enlarge the powers, while that on the opposite side will be to restrain them within their constitutional limits. The contest will, in fact, be a contest between power and liberty, and such I consider the present—a contest in which the weaker section, with its peculiar labor, productions, and institutions, has at stake all that can be dear to freemen. Should we be able to maintain in their full vigor our reserved rights, liberty and prosperity will be our portion; but if we yield, and permit the stronger interest to concentrate within itself all the powers of the government, then will our fate be more wretched than that of the aborigines whom we have expelled. In this great struggle between the delegated and reserved powers, so far from repining that my lot, and that of those whom I represent, is cast on the side of the latter, I rejoice that such is the fact; for, though we participate in but few of the advantages of the Government, we are compensated, and more than compensated, in not being so much exposed to its corruptions. Nor do I repine that the duty, so difficult to be discharged, of defending the reserved powers against apparently such fearful odds, has been assigned to us. To discharge it successfully requires the highest qualities, moral and intellectual; and should we perform it with a zeal and ability proportioned to its magnitude, instead of mere planters, our section will be-

come distinguished for its patriots and statesmen. But, on the other hand, if we prove unworthy of the trust—if we yield to the steady encroachments of power, the severest calamity and most debasing corruption will overspread the land. Every Southern man, true to the interests of his section, and faithful to the duties which Providence has allotted him, will be forever excluded from the honors and emoluments of this Government, which will be reserved for those only who have qualified themselves, by political prostitution, for admission into the *Magdalen* Asylum.

## THE OREGON QUESTION

Delivered in The United States Senate, March 16, 1846.

### "THE SPIRIT OF COMPROMISE"

Public opinion has had time to develop itself, not only on this, but on the other side of the Atlantic; and that opinion has pronounced most audibly and clearly in favor of compromise. The development has been going on, not only in the community, but also in this body; and I now feel that I hazard nothing in saying, that a large majority of the Senate is in favor of terminating the controversy by negotiation, and an honorable compromise. And what is very material, the opinion of the British Government on the subject of compromise has been more clearly and specifically developed than when the message was transmitted to Congress; so much so, that there is ground to hope it is prepared to adjust the difference in reference to the territory substantially on the basis which was offered by the President. It seems to me impossible that any other construction can be given to what Sir Robert Peel said in reply to the question put to him by Lord John Russell. His declaration was made under circumstances calculated to give it weight. The object of making it was clearly not to censure the able and very faithful representative of Great Britain in this country, but to use the occasion to give assurance that he is ready to make compromise, as it may be inferred, substantially on the basis of the rejected offer. I trust sincerely that such is the interpretation which our Gov-

ernment has put upon it; and that, regarding it as a direct step towards compromise, it has met it, with a step on our part, by suitable instruction to our Minister in that country. It is to be hoped that a communication has already been transmitted, which may have the effect of removing what would seem to be the only material difficulty to the way of an adjustment; that is, which shall make the first step towards resuming the negotiation.

As things now stand, I no longer consider it as a question, whether the controversy shall be pacifically arranged or not, nor even in what manner it shall be arranged. I regard the arrangement now simply a question of time, and I trust that, in concluding it, there will be no unnecessary delay. The business of both countries, and of commerce generally, requires that it should be concluded as promptly as possible. There is still another and higher reason why it should be speedily settled. The question is one of a momentous and delicate character, and like all such, should be settled, in order to avoid adverse contingencies, with the least practicable delay. A further inducement for dispatch in settling the Oregon question is, that upon it depends the settlement of the question with Mexico. Until the former is settled, there is but slender prospect that the latter can be; for so long as the Oregon question is left open, Mexico will calculate the chances of a rupture between us and Great Britain, in the event of which she would be prepared to make common cause against us. But when an end is put to any such hope, she will speedily settle her difference with us. I trust that when we come to settle it, we will deal generously with her, and that we will prove ourselves too just and magnanimous to take advantage of her feeble condition.

It is this great change in favor of the prospect of settling the controversy in reference to Oregon honorably, by negotiation and compromise, which has occurred since the commencement of the session, that has made the great difference in the importance of the bearing of notice on the question of peace and war. What then was apparently almost hopeless, may be now regarded as highly probable, unless there should be some great mismanagement; but just as compromise is more hopeless, notice becomes more important in its bearing on the re-

lations of peace and war; and, on the other hand, just as the chances of compromise are increased, notice becomes less important; and hence its importance at the commencement of the session, and its comparatively little importance now.

I shall next proceed to inquire what bearing the increased prospect of compromise has on the position of the Executive, and that of the several portions of this body, in reference to notice, and the Oregon question generally. That it is calculated to affect materially the position of the Executive must be apparent. That he should recommend giving notice to terminate the convention of joint occupancy of the territory, with a view of asserting our exclusive sovereignty to the whole, according to his views of our title, when there was little or no hope of compromise, is not at all inconsistent with his being prepared to adjust the differences by compromise, substantially on the ground offered by himself, now when there is a reasonable prospect it may be effected. Measures of policy are necessarily controlled by circumstances; and, consequently, what may be wise and expedient under certain circumstances, might be eminently unwise and impolitic under different circumstances. To persist in acting in the same way under circumstances essentially different, would be folly and obstinacy, and not consistency. True consistency, that of the prudent and the wise, is to act in conformity with circumstances, and not to act always the same way under a change of circumstances. There is a prevalent error on this point. Many think that the very essence of consistency is to act always the same way—adhering to the same party, or to the same measure of policy, without regard to change of circumstances. Their consistency is like that of a physician, who, in the treatment of a highly inflammatory fever, would administer emetics and calomel, not only at the beginning, but at every subsequent stage of the disease. It is the consistency of a quack, which would be sure to kill the patient. The public man who would be consistent in the same way would be but a political quack, and in dangerous cases, his prescriptions would be not less fatal. If, then, the Executive is now really in favor of compromise—notwithstanding the strong language used in his message recommending notice (of which I have no information that is not common at all)—it ought not to subject him to the charge of in-

consistency, but should be put down to the change of circumstances to which I have adverted.

That it is also calculated to alter the positions taken by different portions of the Senate in reference to notice is no less certain; and this my friends (for such I will call them), who go for the whole of Oregon, must, I am sure, feel to be the case with them. They cannot, I am confident, have the same interest in notice now, when there is great reason to believe that the difference will be compromised with or without notice, as they had when there was no hope of compromise. It is clear that, under such change of circumstances, the reason for giving notice with them has, in a great measure if not altogether, ceased, so that I should not be surprised to find their votes cast against it.

But I trust that the change has gone further, and that they, by this time, begin to see that there are some doubts as to our title to the whole of Oregon being clear and unquestionable. It cannot, at least, be regarded as unquestionable, after it has been questioned so frequently and with such ability during this discussion. But if their opinion remains unchanged as to the clearness of our title, I put it to them whether there is not some deference due to the opinion of the great majority of the Senate who entertain different views? Is there not something due to the fact that the majority even of their own political friends, whose patriotism and intelligence they cannot regard as inferior to their own, think that our title is not so clear but that a compromise might be honorably effected? To put still a stronger question, I ask them, as patriots and friends of Oregon, whether the fact itself, of so great a division, even among ourselves, does not afford strong reason why the controversy should not be settled by an appeal to force? Are they willing, as wise and patriotic men, desirous of securing the whole of Oregon, to place the country in conflict with so great a power as England, when the united support and zealous coöperation of all would be indispensable to support the country in the contest? I appeal to them, in the humbler character, as party men, whether they are justified in persisting to push a course of policy which, whether it should end in war or not, must terminate in the division and distraction of their party.

Without pursuing this branch of the subject further, I shall conclude what I had to observe in reference to it, by saying that I, for one, feel and acknowledge the change. Nothing could have induced me to vote for notice, in any form, while there was apparently no hope of compromise; but now that there is, I am disposed to do so, if it should be properly modified.

### OPPOSITION TO WAR

But I oppose war, not simply on the patriotic ground of a citizen looking to the freedom and prosperity of his own country, but on still broader grounds, as a friend of improvement, civilization, and progress. Viewed in reference to them, at no period has it ever been so desirable to preserve the general peace which now blesses the world. Never in its history has a period occurred so remarkable as that which has elapsed since the termination of the great war in Europe, with the battle of Waterloo, for the great advances made in all these particulars. Chemical and mechanical discoveries and inventions have multiplied beyond all former examples—adding with their advance to the comforts of life in a degree far greater and more universal than all that was ever known before. Civilization has, during the same period, spread its influence far and wide, and the general progress in knowledge and its diffusion through all ranks of society, has outstripped all that has ever gone before it. The two great agents of the physical world have become subject to the will of man, and have been made subservient to his wants and enjoyments; I allude to steam and electricity, under whatever name the latter may be called. The former has overcome distance both on land and water, to an extent which former generations had not the least conception was possible. It has, in effect, reduced the Atlantic to half its former width, while, at the same time, it has added three-fold to the rapidity of intercourse by land. Within the same period, electricity, the greatest and most diffuse of all known physical agents, has been made the instrument for the transmission of thought, I will not say with the rapidity of lightning, but by lightning itself. Magic wires are stretching themselves in all directions over the earth, and when their mystic meshes shall have been united and perfected, our

globe itself will become endowed with sensitiveness—so that whatever touches on any one point, will be instantly felt on every other. All these improvements—all this increasing civilization—all the progress now making, would be in a great measure arrested by a war between us and Great Britain. As great as it is, it is but the commencement of the dawn of a new civilization, more refined, more elevated, more intellectual, more moral, than the present and all preceding it. Shall it be we who shall incur the high responsibility of retarding its advance, and by such a war as this would be?

I am, in this connection, opposed to war between the United States and Great Britain. They are the two countries furthest in advance in this great career of improvement and amelioration of the condition of our race. They are, besides, the two most commercial—and are diffusing, by their widely extended commerce, their blessing over the whole globe. We have been raised up by Providence for these great and noble purposes, and I trust we shall not fail to fulfill our high destiny. I am, besides, especially opposed to war with England at this time; because I hold that it is now to be decided whether we are to exist in future as friends or enemies. War, at this time, and for this cause, would decide supremacy; we should hereafter stand in the attitude of enemies. It would give birth to a struggle in which one or the other would have to succumb before it terminated; and which, in the end, might prove ruinous to both. On the contrary, if war can be avoided, powerful causes are now in operation, calculated to cement and secure a lasting—I hope a perpetual peace between the two countries, by breaking down the barriers which impede their commerce, and thereby uniting them more closely by a vastly enlarged commercial intercourse, equally beneficial to both. If we should now succeed in setting the example of free trade between us, it would force all other civilized countries to follow it in the end. The consequence would be, to diffuse a prosperity greater and more universal than can be well conceived, and to unite by bonds of mutual interest the people of all countries. But in advocating the cause of free trade, I am actuated not less by the political consequences likely to flow from it, than the advantages to be derived from it in an economical point of view. I regard it in the dispensa-

tion of Providence as one of the great means of ushering in the happy period foretold by inspired prophets and poets, when war should be no more.

I am finally opposed to war, because peace—peace is pre-eminently our policy. There may be nations, restricted to small territories, hemmed in on all sides, so situated that war may be necessary to their greatness. Such is not our case. Providence has given us an inheritance stretching across the entire continent, from East to West, from ocean to ocean, and from North to South, covering by far the greater and better part of its temperate zone. It comprises a region not only of vast extent, but abundant in all resources; excellent in climate; fertile and exuberant in soil; capable of sustaining, in the plentiful enjoyment of all the necessities of life, a population of ten times our present number. Our great mission, as a people is to occupy this vast domain; to replenish it with an intelligent, virtuous, and industrious population; to convert the forests into cultivated fields; to drain the swamps and morasses, and cover them with rich harvests; to build up cities, towns, and villages in every direction, and to unite the whole by the most rapid intercourse between all the parts. War would but impede the fulfillment of this high mission, by absorbing the means and diverting the energies which would be devoted to the purpose. On the contrary, secure peace, and time, under the guidance of a sagacious and cautious policy, "a wise and masterly inactivity," will speedily accomplish the whole. I venture to say, "a wise and masterly inactivity," in despite of the attempt to cast ridicule upon the expression. Those who have made the attempt would seem to confound such inactivity with mere inaction. Nothing can be more unlike. They are as wide apart as the poles. The one is the offspring of indolence, of ignorance, or indifference. The other is the result of the profoundest sagacity and wisdom—a sagacity which looks into the operation of the great causes in the physical, moral, and political world; which by their incessant operation, are ever changing the condition of nations for good or evil; and wisdom, which knows how to use and direct them when acting favorably, by slight touches, to facilitate their progress, and by removing impediments which might thwart or impede their course—and not least, to wait

patiently for the fruits of their operation. He who does not understand the difference between such inactivity and mere inaction—the doing of nothing—is still in the horn-book of politics, without a glimpse of those higher elements of statesmanship by which a country is elevated to greatness and prosperity. Time is operating in our favor with a power never before exerted in favor of any other people.

It is our great friend; and under the guidance of such a policy, it will accomplish all that we can desire. Our population is now increasing at the rate of about 600,000 annually—and is progressing with increased rapidity every year. It will average, if not impeded, nearly a million during the next twenty-five years; at the end of which period our population ought to reach to upwards of forty millions. With this vast increase, it is rolling westwardly with a strong and deep current, and will by the end of that period, have spread from ocean to ocean. Its course is irresistible. The coast of the Pacific will then be probably as densely populated, and as thickly studded with towns and villages, in proportion to its capacity to sustain population, as that of the Atlantic now is. At the same rate, we shall have increased to upwards of 80,000,000 of people at the end of another twenty-five years; when, with one foot on the Atlantic and the other on the Pacific, and occupying a position between the eastern and the western coasts of the old continent, we shall be better able to control the commerce of both oceans, and to exert an influence over both continents, than any other country in the world. If we avoid war, and adhere to peace, all this will be effected —effected, I trust, without the loss of our free popular institutions. I am aware how difficult is the task to preserve free institutions over so wide a space, and so immense a population; but we are blessed with a constitution admirably calculated to accomplish it. Its elastic power is unequaled—which is to be attributed to its federal character. The hope of success depends on preserving that feature in its full perfection, and adhering to peace as our policy. War may make us great; but let it never be forgotten that peace only can make us both great and free.

## ON SLAVERY

Last Speech. Delivered March 4, 1850, in the United States Senate.

That this government claims, and practically maintains, the right to decide in the last resort, as to the extent of its powers, will scarcely be denied by any one conversant with the political history of the country, is equally certain. That it also claims the right to resort to force, to maintain whatever power it claims against all opposition. Indeed, it is apparent from what we daily hear, that this has become the prevailing and fixed opinion of a great majority of the community. Now, I ask, what limitation can possibly be placed upon the powers of a government claiming and exercising such rights? And, if none can be, how can the separate government of the states maintain and protect the powers reserved to them by the Constitution, or the people of the several states maintain those which are reserved to them, and among them their sovereign powers, by which they ordained and established, not only their separate state constitutions and governments, but also the Constitution and government of the United States? But if they have no constitutional means of maintaining them against the right claimed by this government, it necessarily follows that they hold them at its pleasure and discretion, and that all the powers of the system are, in reality, concentrated in it. It also follows that the character of the government has been changed in consequence from a federal republic, as it originally came from the hands of its framers, and that it has been changed into a great national consolidated democracy. It has, indeed, at present, all the characteristics of the latter, and not one of the former, although it still retains its outward form.

The result of the whole of these causes combined is, that the North has acquired a decided ascendancy over every department of this government, and, through it, a control over all the powers of the system. A single section, governed by the will of the numerical majority, has now, in fact, the control of the government, and the entire powers of the system. What was once a constitutional federal republic, is now converted, in reality, into one as absolute as that of the Autocrat

of Russia, and as despotic in its tendency as any absolute government that ever existed.

As, then, the North has the absolute control over the government, it is manifest that, on all questions between it and the South, where there is a diversity of interests, the interest of the latter will be sacrificed to the former, however oppressive the effects may be, as the South possesses no means by which it can resist, through the action of the government. But if there were no questions of vital importance to the South, in reference to which there was a diversity of views between the two sections, this state of things might be endured, without the hazard of destruction, by the South. But such is not the fact. There is a question of vital importance to the Southern section, in reference to which the views and feelings of the two sections are opposite and hostile as they can possibly be.

I refer to the relations between the two races in the Southern section, which constitutes a vital portion of her social organization. Every portion of the North entertains views and feelings more or less hostile to it. Those most opposed and hostile regard it as a sin, and consider themselves under the most sacred obligation to use every effort to destroy it. Indeed, to the extent that they conceive they have power, they regard themselves as implicated in the sin, and responsible for suppressing it, by the use of all and every means. Those less opposed and hostile regard it as a crime—an offense against humanity, as they call it, and although not so fanatical, feel themselves bound to use all efforts to effect the same object. While those who are least opposed and hostile regard it as a blot and a stain on the character of what they call a nation, and feel themselves accordingly bound to give it no countenance or support. On the contrary, the Southern section regards the relation as one which cannot be destroyed without subjecting the two races to the greatest calamity, and the section to poverty, desolation, and wretchedness, and accordingly feels bound, by every consideration of interest, safety, and duty, to defend it.

This hostile feeling on the part of the North toward the social organization of the South long lay dormant; but it only required some cause, which would make the impression

on those who felt most intensely that they were responsible for its continuance, to call it into action. The increasing power of this government, and of the control of the Northern section over all of it, furnished the cause. It was they made an impression on the minds of many that there was little or no restraint to prevent the government to do whatever it might choose to do. This was sufficient of itself to put the most fanatical portion of the North in action, for the purpose of destroying the existing relation between the two races in the South.

The first organized movement toward it commenced in 1835. Then, for the first time, societies were organized, presses established, lecturers sent forth to excite the people of the North, and incendiary publications scattered over the whole South through the mail. The South was thoroughly aroused; meetings were held everywhere, and resolutions adopted, calling upon the North to apply a remedy to arrest the threatened evil, and pledging themselves to adopt measures for their own protection if it was not arrested. At the meeting of Congress petitions poured in from the North, calling upon Congress to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia, and to prohibit what they called the internal slave trade between the states, avowing, at the same time, that their ultimate object was to abolish slavery, not only in the District of Columbia, but in the states and throughout the Union. At this period the number engaged in the agitation was small, and it possessed little or no personal influence.

Neither party in Congress had, at that time, any sympathy for them or their cause; the members of each party presented their petitions with great reluctance. Nevertheless, as small and as contemptible as the party then was, both of the great parties of the North dreaded them. They felt that, though small, they were organized, in reference to a subject which had a great and commanding influence over the Northern mind. Each party, on that account, feared to oppose their petitions, lest the opposite party should take advantage of the one who opposed by favoring them. The effect was that both united in insisting that the petitions should be received, and Congress take jurisdiction of the subject for which they prayed; and, to justify their course, took the extraordinary

ground that Congress was bound to receive petitions on every subject, however objectionable it might be, and whether they had, or had not, jurisdiction over the subject. These views prevailed in the House of Representatives, and partially in the Senate, and thus the party succeeded in their first movement in gaining what they proposed—a position in Congress, from which the agitation could be extended over the whole Union. This was the commencement of the agitation, which has ever since continued, and which, as it is now acknowledged, has endangered the Union itself.

As to myself, I believed, at that early period, that, if the party who got up the petitions should succeed in getting Congress to take jurisdiction, that agitation would follow, and that it would, in the end, if not arrested, destroy the Union. I then so expressed myself in debate, and called upon both parties to take grounds against taking jurisdiction, but in vain. Had my voice been heard, and Congress refused taking jurisdiction by the united votes of all parties, the agitation which followed would have been prevented, and the fanatical movements accompanying the agitation, which have brought us to our present perilous condition, would have become extinct for the want of something to feed the flame. This was the time for the North to show her devotion to the Union; but, unfortunately, both of the great parties of that section were so intent on obtaining or retaining party ascendancy, that all other considerations were overlooked or else forgotten.

What have since followed are but natural consequences. With the success of their first movement, this small fanatical party began to acquire strength, and with that, to become an object of courtship of both of the great parties. The necessary consequence was a further increase of power, and a gradual tainting of the opinions of both of the other parties with their doctrines, until the infection has extended over both, and the great mass of the population of the North, who, whatever may be their opinion of the original Abolition party, which still keeps up its distinctive organization, hardly ever fail, when it comes to acting, to coöperate in carrying out their measures. With the increase of their influence, they extend the sphere of their action. A short period after they had commenced their first movement, they had acquired sufficient

influence to induce the legislatures of most of the Northern States to pass acts, which, in effect, abrogated the provision of the Constitution that provides for the delivering up of fugitive slaves. Not long after, petitions followed to abolish slavery in forts, magazines, and dockyards, and all other places where Congress had exclusive power of legislation. This was followed by petitions, and resolutions of legislatures of the Northern States, and popular meetings to exclude the Southern slaves from all territories acquired, or to be acquired, and to prevent the admission of any state hereafter into the Union which, by its constitution, does not prohibit slavery. And Congress is invoked to do all this, expressly with the view of the final abolition of slavery in the states. That has been avowed to be the ultimate object, from the beginning of the agitation until the present time, and yet the great body of both parties of the North, with the full knowledge of the fact, although disowning the Abolitionists, have co-operated with them in almost all their measures.

Such is a brief history of the agitation, as far as it has yet advanced. Now, I ask, Senators, what is there to prevent its further progress, until it fulfills the ultimate end proposed, unless some decisive measure should be adopted to prevent it? Has any one of the causes which have added to its increase from its original small and contemptible beginning until it has attained its present magnitude, diminished in force? Is the original cause of the movement—that slavery is a sin, and ought to be repressed—weaker now than at the commencement? or is the Abolition party less numerous or influential? or have they less influence over the elections? or less control over the two great parties of the North in elections? or has the South greater means of influencing or controlling the movements of this government now than it had when the agitation commenced? To all these questions but one answer can be given. No. No. No! The very reverse is true. Instead of weaker, all the elements in favor of agitation are stronger now than they were in 1835, when the agitation first commenced. While all the elements of influence on the part of the South are weakened, I again ask, what is to stop this agitation, unless something decisive is done, until the great and final object at which it aims—the abolition of slavery

in the South—is consummated? Is it, then, not certain that, if something decisive is not now done to arrest it, the South will be forced to choose between abolition or secession? Indeed, as events are now moving, it will not require the South to secede, to dissolve the Union; agitation will of itself effect it, of which its past history furnishes abundant proof, as I shall next proceed to show.

It is a great mistake to suppose that disunion can be effected by a single blow. The cords which bound these states together in one common union are far too numerous and powerful for that. Disunion must be the work of time. It is only through a long process, and in succession, that the cords can snap, until the whole fabric falls asunder. Already the agitation of the slavery question has snapped some of the most important, and has greatly weakened all the others, as I shall proceed to show.

The cords that bind the states together are not only many, but various in character. Among them, some are spiritual or ecclesiastical; some political; others social; others appertain to the benefits conferred by the Union; and others to the feeling of duty and obligation.

The strongest of those of a spiritual and ecclesiastical nature consisted in the unity of the great religious denominations, all of which originally embraced the Union. All these denominations, with the exception, perhaps, of the Catholics, were organized very much upon the principle of our political institutions. Beginning with smaller meetings, corresponding with the political divisions of the country, their organization terminated in one great central assemblage, corresponding very much with the character of Congress. At these meetings, the principal clergymen and lay members of the respective denominations from all parts of the Union met, to transact business relating to their common concern. It was not confined to what appertained to the doctrines and disciplines of the respective denominations, but extended to plans for disseminating the Bible, establishing missionaries, distributing tracts, and of establishing presses for the publication of tracts, newspapers, and periodicals, with a view of diffusing religious information, and for the support of the doctrines and creeds of the denomi-

nations. All this, combined, contributed greatly to strengthen the bonds of the Union. The strong ties which held each denomination together formed a strong cord to hold the whole Union together; but, as powerful as they were, they have not been able to resist the explosive effect of slavery agitation.

The first of these cords which snapped under its explosive force was that of the powerful Methodist Episcopal Church. The numerous and strong ties which held it together are all broken, and its unity gone. They now form separate churches, and, instead of that feeling of attachment and devotion to the interests of the whole church, which was formerly felt, they are now arrayed into two hostile bodies, engaged in litigation about what was formerly their common property.

The next cord that snapped was that of the Baptists, one of the largest and most respectable of the denominations; that of the Presbyterians is not entirely snapped, but some of the strands have given way; that of the Episcopal Church is only one of the four great Protestant denominations which remains unbroken and entire. The strongest cord of a political character consists of the many and strong ties that have held together the two great parties, which have, with some modifications, existed from the beginning of the government. They both extended to every portion of the Union, and had strongly contributed to hold all its parts together. But this powerful cord has proved no better than the spiritual. It resisted for a long time the explosive tendency of the agitation, but has finally snapped under its force—if not entirely, nearly so. Nor is there one of the remaining cords which has not been greatly weakened. To this extent the Union has already been destroyed by agitation in the only way it can be, by snapping asunder and weakening the cords which bind it together.

If the agitation goes on, the same force acting with increased intensity, as has been shown, there will be nothing left to hold the states together except force. But, surely, that can with no propriety of language be called a union, when the only means by which the weaker is held connected with the stronger portion is force. It may, indeed, keep them

connected, but the connection will partake much more of the character of subjugation, on the part of the weaker to the stronger, than the union of free, independent, and sovereign states in one federal union, as they stood in the early stages of the government, and which only is worthy of the sacred name of union.

# ALEXANDER CAMPBELL

[1788—1866]

FREDERICK D. POWER

NEAR Ballymena, a mile from Shane's castle, whose ancient towers are still seen on the northern shore of Lough Neagh, County Antrim, Ireland, September 12, 1788, the founder of Bethany College and of the "Disciples of Christ" was born. His father, Thomas Campbell, a relative and classmate at Glasgow University of the poet by the same name, author of "The Pleasures of Hope," was a minister among the Seceders. His mother was Gave Corneigle, of Huguenot stock.

Thomas Campbell, to supplement his small salary of two hundred and fifty dollars, taught school, and Alexander received his early training from his father. As a boy he was not studious. He tells how on a warm day he stretched himself under the shade of a tree to study his French lesson in 'Telemachus,' when he fell asleep, and a cow grazing near seized the volume and devoured it. His father, after sufficiently applying the birch to his person, told him "the cow had gotten more French in her stomach than he had in his head!" His religious education was by no means neglected. Religious regimen in the home was exceedingly strict in that day. Reading the Scriptures, prayer, and catechising sometimes extended for hours. It is related of Thomas Campbell that, conducting worship in his father's house on one occasion, he prayed so long that his venerable parent, rheumatic and irascible, became so distressed by his kneeling posture that he no sooner got upon his feet than in a sudden gust of passion he began, greatly to the scandal of all present, to belabor poor Thomas with his cane because he had kept him so long on his knees.

In his seventeenth year Alexander became associated with his father in his school, and was received into membership in the church over which he presided. Thomas Campbell's health became impaired, and he was advised by physicians to come to America. This he did in 1807 settling in Washington County, Pennsylvania. Alexander was left in charge of the school, and in 1808, with his mother and the younger children, took ship to join his father in the New World. Off the coast of Scotland they were shipwrecked, but escaping with their lives went to Glasgow, where Mr. Campbell entered the University. Here he came in contact with the Holdanes, re-

formers, who preached a simple gospel, believed in the independence of the congregation, the Scripture the only authoritative creed, lay preaching, and the toleration of infant baptism. They sought to impress upon men the supreme dignity and glory of Christ, and ultimately repudiating the baptism of infants, with Alexander Carson, accepted immersion only as Christian baptism.

Alexander Campbell was impressed by these teachings, which to him seemed more in accord with primitive usage. In 1809 he sailed with his father's family to America. He found his father had been guided into the same liberal and independent views which he had imbibed in Scotland. Thus were prepared the minds of both father and son for the great work in which they were henceforth to be colaborers. Thomas Campbell's fraternity for other Christians, his indifference to ecclesiastical rules, his pleadings in behalf of Christian liberty and brotherhood, and for the Bible as the only standard of faith and life, had brought upon him the censure of his Seceder brethren. He withdrew from them and continued to plead for Christian liberty and union. He had a large following. He did not propose to organize a new Church. He dwelt upon the evil of divisions in religious society. He urged that the sacred Word was an infallible standard, all-sufficient, and alone-sufficient as a basis of union and coöperation among Christians. He showed that men not content with its teachings had gone outside of the Bible to frame for themselves theories, opinions, and speculations, which were the real occasion of the unhappy controversies and strifes which have so long desolated the religious world. He insisted, therefore, upon a return to the simple teachings of sacred Scripture, and the abandonment of everything in religion for which there is no divine warrant. He set forth one rule to govern his own conduct and that of all who would accept his principles: *"Where the Scriptures speak, we speak: where the Scriptures are silent, we are silent."*

The formal and actual commencement of the reformation plea by the Campbells began with the declaration of this sentiment. "The Christian Association of Washington" was organized, and September 7, 1809, the famous "Declaration and Address" was issued. In this any intention of forming a Church was disclaimed. They associated themselves together for the promotion of Christian union and "a pure evangelical reformation by the simple preaching of the Gospel and the administration of the ordinances in exact conformity to the divine standard." They declared themselves organized for "the sole purpose of promoting simple evangelical Christianity as exhibited on the sacred page, without attempting to inculcate anything of human authority, of private opinion or invention of men, as having any place in the constitution, faith, or worship of the Christian

church, or anything as a matter of faith or duty for which there cannot be produced a 'Thus saith the Lord' either in express terms or by approved precedent." Why should we deem it a thing incredible, they reasoned, that the Church of Christ in this highly favored land should resume that original unity, peace, and purity which belong to its constitution and constitute its glory? Is anything necessary but to conform to the model and adopt the practice of the primitive church expressly exhibited in the New Testament? Were we in our church constitution and management to exhibit a complete conformity to the Apostolic Church, would we not be in that respect as perfect as Christ intended us to be? Who would not willingly give up his human inventions in worship and cease imposing his private opinions on his brethren, and conform to the original pattern laid down in the New Testament that our divisions might be healed? The whole object was to come firmly and fairly to original ground, and take up things just as the apostles left them, to stand upon the same ground on which the church did at the beginning, to begin at the beginning and seek not a reformation of the church, but its complete restoration at once to primitive purity and perfection. By coming at once to the primitive model and rejecting all human imitations, submitting implicitly to the divine authority as plainly expressed in the Scriptures and disregarding all the assumptions and dictations of fallible men, it was proposed to form a union upon a basis to which no valid objection could be offered.

Such was the program. In a remarkable document covering fifty-four closely printed pages they set forth their principles and purposes. Its spirit throughout is affectionate and Christian, though given to the world in a time of bitter religious controversy. Alexander Campbell informed his father that he meant to devote his life to the advocacy of these views, with the firm resolution never to receive compensation for his services. "Upon these principles, my dear son," said the father, "I fear you will have to wear many a ragged coat." He gave himself to unremitting preparation for his work, and July 15, 1810, preached his first sermon. The Campbells were still connected with the Presbyterian Church, but the Christian Association was exciting hostility on all sides. In May, 1811, the Brush Run Church was organized with twenty-nine members, and called "The First Church of the Christian Association of Washington County, Pennsylvania." Here Alexander Campbell was ordained to the ministry, January 1, 1812. It was after this that he became greatly disturbed on the question of baptism. Applying himself to the study of the Scriptures and searching critically the signification of the words rendered "baptism" and "baptize," he became satisfied they could only mean "immersion" and "immerse," and from further in-

vestigations he was led finally to the conviction that believers, and believers only, were proper subjects of this ordinance. Sprinkling, he concluded, was unauthorized and he was therefore an unbaptized person. His father had reached the same conclusion, and like Adoniram Judson and Alexander Carson, they determined to give up their cherished position and yield to Christ by a solemn burial with him in baptism. They repaired to Buffalo Creek, father and son, addressed the assembled people, and on a simple confession of faith, with five others, were baptized by Mathias Luse, June 14, 1812. This meeting lasted seven hours. It occurred at Bethany, Brooke County, then Virginia.

From this time Thomas Campbell conceded to Alexander the guidance of the movement. The son became the master spirit. The Brush Run Church was now a church of immersed believers, with the primitive confession of faith and practicing weekly communion. After much solicitation, and with full statement of their views, they joined the Redstone Baptist Association. At a meeting of this body in August, 1816, Campbell preached his famous sermon on "The Law," which led to separation from the Baptists. This was simply a discussion of the relations between the Law and the Gospel, showing that we are not under Moses, but Christ; yet so much was it opposed to the theology and style of preaching current among the Baptists of that day, that it caused a sensation.

In 1820 Mr. Campbell was challenged by Rev. Mr. Walker, of the Presbyterian Church, to a public discussion. The reformers had been opposed to public debates as not favorable to Christian union. The Declaration and Address declared "controversy formed no part of the intended plan." Campbell at first declined the challenge. He was not disputatious, but by repeated urging this was forced upon him. The chief point debated was the identity of the Covenants upon which the Jewish and Christian institutions rested. His later discussions, with N. L. Rice on baptism, the Holy Spirit, and human creeds as bonds of union, a debate which lasted sixteen days, and over which Henry Clay presided, at Lexington, Kentucky, with Archbishop Purcell, at Cincinnati, on the claims of Roman Catholicism; and with Robert Owen on the Evidences of Christianity, also at Cincinnati, are masterpieces of forensic eloquence, which created a profound impression in their time, and did much to extend the principles he advocated.

In 1823 Campbell began the publication of *The Christian Baptist.* In the first seven years, from his little country printing office, he issued no less than 46,000 volumes of his works. His writings are read far and wide. His views began to influence large numbers of people. He was assailed as a disorganizer, but his aim was not to

overthrow the existing order of society. He was well aware of the vast benefit resulting to mankind from Christianity even in its most corrupt forms. He desired to dethrone the false that he might reëstablish the true; to replace the traditions of men by the teachings of Christ and the Apostles; to substitute the New Testament for creeds and human formularies. His work was positive, not negative. In 1825 he published in *The Christian Baptist* a series of articles entitled "A Restoration of the Ancient Order of Things," in which he argued for the abandonment of everything not in use among the early Christians, such as creeds and confessions, unscriptural words and phrases, theological speculations, etc., and the adoption of everything sanctioned by the primitive practice, as the weekly breaking of the loaf, the fellowship, the simple order of worship, and the independence of each church with its elders and deacons.

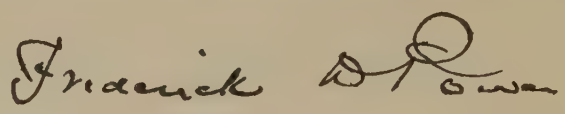
In 1826 Campbell published 'The Sacred Writings of Apostles and Evangelists of Jesus Christ, commonly styled the New Testament,' with notes. He was thus the first to furnish the English reader "a New Testament completely rendered in his own vernacular." In 1827 the Baptist Association began to declare non-fellowship with the brethren of "the reformation," and from this time we may date the rise of the people known as "The Disciples of Christ"—the only distinctively American Church.

In 1829 Campbell began the publication of *The Millenial Harbinger,* a magazine which he continued to issue monthly until his death. In October of the same year he sat in the Virginia State Constitutional Convention with such men as James Madison, James Monroe, John Marshall, John Randolph, of Roanoke, Benjamin Watkins Leigh, and others. Ex-President Madison said of him afterwards: "I regard him as the ablest and most original expounder of Scripture I ever heard." His following at this time was rapidly increasing. The plea for the restoration of the primitive gospel and original unity of the church went forward. Baptist Associations condemned his teaching, but whole churches and associations took his position. He never intended to withdraw from the Baptist Church or set up a separate denomination. "There never was," he said, "any sufficient reason for separation between us and the Baptists. We ought to have remained one people and labored together to restore the primitive faith and practice."

In 1840 Bethany College was founded. In 1847 he travelled and established churches in Great Britain. In 1850 he spoke before both houses of Congress at the Capitol at Washington. Everywhere he travelled he was listened to by immense throngs of people, and was accustomed to hold his audiences two or three hours by his commanding eloquence. Lord's Day, March 4, 1866, he passed to his

rest. "Surely," said George D. Prentice, "the life of a man thus excellent and gifted is a part of the common treasure of society. In his essential character he belongs to no party, but to the world."

Alexander Campbell, while distinctly, a theologian, was also a man of letters, a writer, a profound thinker a man of broad scholarship, and large literary ability and achievement. His published works include sixty volumes. His 'Christian System,' his debates, and his popular lectures will furnish the best specimens of his literary work.



## THE STRUGGLES OF EARLY CHRISTIANITY

From 'Debate on the Evidences of Christianity.'

You must not think, my friends, that Christianity has come down to our times without a struggle; nay, indeed, it took the nations at first by the irresistible force of its evidence. It was opposed by consolidated ranks of well-disciplined foes. Learned, cunning, bold, and powerful, were its enemies. But experience taught them that it was not only foolish, but hurtful, to kick against the goads.

Never was there such a moral phenomenon exhibited upon this earth, as the first establishment and progress of Christianity. The instruments by which it was established, the opposition with which it was met, and the success which attended its career, were all of the most extraordinary character. The era of Christianity itself presents a very sublime spectacle: the whole world reposing in security under the protecting wings of the most august of all the Cæsars; peace, universal peace, with her beautiful arms encircling all the nations composing the great empire, which was itself the consummation of all the empires of the ancient world. Polytheism, with her myriads of temples, and her myriads of myriads of priests, triumphantly seated in the affections of a superstitious people, and swaying a magic sceptre, from the Tyber to the ends of the earth. Legislators, magistrates, philosophers, orators, and poets, all combined to plead her cause, and to protect her from insult and injury. Rivers of sacri-

ficial blood crimsoned all the rites of Pagan worship, and clouds of incense arose from every city, town, and hamlet, in honor of the gods of Roman superstition. Just in this singular and unrivalled crisis, when the Jew's religion, though corrupted by tradition, and distracted with faction, was venerated for its antiquity, and admired for its divinity; when idolatry was at its zenith in the Pagan world, the Star of Bethlehem appears. The marvellous scene opens in a stable. What fearful odds! What a strange contrast! Idolatry on the throne, and the Founder of a new religion, and a new empire, lying in a manger!

Unattended in His birth, and unseconded in His outset, He begins His career. Prodigies of extraordinary sublimity announce that the Desire of all Nations is born. But the love of empire, and the jealousy of a rival, stimulate the bloody Herod to unsheath his sword. Many innocents were slaughtered; but Heaven shielded the new-born King of the world. For the present we pass over His wonderful history. After thirty years of obscurity, we find Him surrounded with what the wise, the wealthy, and the proud would call a contemptible group; telling them that one of them, an uncouth and untutored fisherman, too, had discovered a truth which would new-modify the whole world. In the midst of them He uttered the most incredible oracle ever heard. I am about, says He, to found a new empire on the acknowledgement of a single truth; a truth, too, which one of you has discovered, and all the powers and malice of worlds, seen and unseen, shall never prevail against it. This is our helmet, breastplate, and shield, in this controversy. What a scene presents itself here! A pusillanimous, wavering, ignorant, and timid dozen of individuals, without a penny apiece, assured that to them it pleased the Ruler of the Universe to give the empire of the world; that to each of them would be given a throne, from which would be promulgated laws never to be repealed while sun and moon endure.

Such were the army of the faith. They begin their career. Under the jealous and invidious eyes of a haughty sanhedrim at home, and under the strict cognizance of a Roman emperor abroad, with a watchful procurator stationed over them, they commenced their operations. One while charged with

*idolatry;* at another, with *treason.* Reviled and persecuted until their Chief is rewarded with a cross, and themselves with threats and imprisonments. A throne in a future world animated Him, and a crown of glory after martyrdom stimulated them. On they march from conquest to conquest, till not only a multitude of the Jewish priests and people, but Cæsar's household in imperial Rome became obedient to the faith. Such was the commencement.

The land of Judea was smitten with the sword of the Spirit. Jerusalem falls, and Samaria is taken. The coasts of Asia, maritime cities, islands, and provinces, vow allegiance to a crucified King. Mighty Rome is roused, and shaken, and affrighted. Sacrifices are unbought, altars molder, and temples decay. Her pontiffs, her senate, and her emperor stand aghast. Persecution, the adjunct of a weak and wicked cause, unsheaths her sword, and kindles her fires. A Nero and Caligula prepare the faggots and illuminate Rome with burning Christians. But the scheme soon defeats itself; for, anon, it is found that the blood and ashes of martyrs are the seed of the Church. So the battle is fought, till every town of note, from the Tyber to the Thames, from the Euphrates to the Ganges bows to the cross. On the one side, superstition and the sword; the mitred head and the sceptred arm combine: on the other, almighty truth alone pushes on the combat. Under fearful odds, the truth triumphs; and shall the advocates of such a cause fear the contest now?

Yes: my fellow-citizens, not a king nor a priest smiled upon our faith until it won the day. It offered no lure to the ambitious; no reward to the avaricious. It formed no alliance with the lusts of the flesh, the lusts of the eye, nor the pride of life. It disdained such auxiliaries. It aimed not so low. It called for self-denial, humility, patience, and courage, on the part of all its advocates; and promised spiritual joys, as an earnest of eternal bliss. By the excellency of its doctrine, the purity of its morals, the rationality of its arguments, the demonstrations of the Holy Spirit, and the good example of its subjects, it triumphed on the ruins of Judaism and idolatry. The Christian volunteers found the yoke of Christ was easy, and His burthen light. Peace of mind, a heaven-born equanimity, a good conscience, a pure heart, universal love, a

triumphant joy, and a glorious hope of immortal bliss, were its reward in hand. An incorruptible, undefiled, and unfading inheritance in the presence of God, with the society of angels, principalities, and powers, of the loftiest intelligence and most comprehensive knowledge, brighter than the sun, in the glories of light and love eternal, are its reward in future.

But now let us ask, What boon, what honour, what reward, have our opponents to offer for its renunciation? Yes: this is the question which the sequel must develop. To what would they convert us? What heaven have they to propose? What immortality to reveal? What sublime views of a creation, and a Creator? What authentic record of the past? What prophetic hope of the future? What account of our origin? What high ultimatum of our destiny? What terrors have they to offer to stem the torrent of corruption? What balm and consolation to the sons and daughters of anguish? To these, and a thousand kindred questions, they must, and they *will*, answer, *None!* none at all. They promise to him that disbelieveth the Founder of the Christian religion; to him that neglects and disdains the salvation of the Gospel: to him who tramples under foot the blood of the new institution, and insults the Spirit of favour; to him who traduces Moses, Daniel, and Job; to him who vilifies Jesus, Paul, Peter, James, and John; to him who devotes his soul to the lusts of the flesh; who disdains heaven; who defies his appetites; who degrades himself to a mere animal, and eulogizes philosophy; to this man they promise eternal sleep, an everlasting death. This is the faith, the hope, and the joy, for which they labour with so much zeal, and care, and pain.

## INTELLECT AND MORAL EXCELLENCE

From "Address on the Responsibilities of Men of Genius," Delivered at Miami University, Ohio, 1844. From 'Popular Lectures and Addresses.'

But it is not *intellect* alone, however highly cultivated, that commands either the admiration or the reverence of mankind. It is not mere intellect that governs the world. *It is intellect associated with moral excellence.* Hence the necessity of the proper cultivations of the moral nature of man. That the divine similitude of man consists more in his moral than in his merely intellectual constitution, needs neither argument nor proof. And that the Supreme Lawgiver and Governor of the universe reigns over the empire of mind by goodness, justice and truth, rather than by mere intellect, whether called knowledge, wisdom or power, is equally plain to all who can reason, or indeed think on what passes before them in the development of nature, society and religion.

That the moral nature of man is, therefore, to be sedulously and constantly cultivated, is not more obviously evident than is the still more interesting fact, that in the direct ratio of its importance is the facility with which it may be accomplished, provided it be submitted to the proper means, timorously commenced, and perseveringly prosecuted when most susceptible of moral impressions. It is in this department that the law of improvement is necessarily the law of healthful exercise, whose immutable tendency is enlargement and corroboration. He, then, that would gain the full advantage of his talents, and secure the legitimate rewards of genius, must pay a supreme regard to the cultivation and high development of his moral nature. In this way only can he obtain and wield an influence commensurate with all his powers of blessing and being blessed. Had Demosthenes, the model orator and statesman of both Greece and Rome, devoted his mighty genius to the moral as well as the intellectual improvement of his mind, the bribe of Harpalus, the parasite of Alexander, would not have tempted him; nor would he have terminated his days by poison, obscuring the glories of his great name by self-murder, the greatest and meanest of mortal sins.

But, in the second place, it is supremely incumbent on all

men of genius that they choose a calling most favorable to the promotion of the best and greatest interests of human kind. In the social system there are many offices to be filled, many services to be performed, and consequently many persons needed to perform them. Of these offices there are all degrees of comparison—the needful, the more needful, the most needful—the honorable, the more honorable, the most honorable. The scale of utility is, indeed, the scale of honor. That calling is always the most honorable that is the most useful; and that is the most useful which is most necessary to the completion and perfection of human happiness. "The glory of God" (a phrase more current than well understood), the glory of God can best be promoted by promoting the happiness of man. Indeed it can be promoted in no other way. Now, as man is susceptible of individual and social happiness—of animal, intellectual and moral gratification and pleasures—that happiness is to be regarded the highest which comprehends the greatest variety and largest amount of blessedness.

It so happens, however, that whatever produces the greatest amount of moral felicity also yields the greatest variety of enjoyment. This is founded upon the fact that moral pleasure is not only most exquisite in degree, but is itself founded upon the harmonious fruition of our entire constitution. Hence the virtuous man is always the most happy man, because virtue is essential to the entire enjoyment of his whole animal, intellectual, and moral nature. The restraints which virtue imposes upon the minor gratifications are laid only for the purpose of securing the major both in variety and degree.

Now, as intellect and society are essential to morality and virtue, those offices and callings which have most to do with these are most productive of human happiness. From conceptions of this sort arose the preference given to what are usually called the learned professions. But law, physic and theology are but chapters in this great category; they are not, in my opinion, the component parts of it; they do not engross the learned professions. For unfortunately it does not always follow that those who engage in these three professions are either learned men or learned in their prospective professions, nor is it true that these are the only callings that require

much learning. Some of the mechanical arts, politics and agriculture, require as much learning as either law or medicine. The school-master's vocation and that of the professor of language and science ought to be not only regarded, but actually constituted, learned professions. Indeed, all professions would be better of a little more learning than is usually thought indispensable. A learned carpenter and cordwainer there might be, as well as a learned blacksmith, without any detriment to those callings or to the learned professions. And as all men are, in this community, in virtue of our political institutions, constituted politicians, lawgivers, judges and magistrates, whenever the people pronounce their sovereign *fiat,* the number of learned professions might be at least doubled, and perhaps quadrupled, without any detriment to the state or any jeopardy of human happiness.

In this allusion to learned callings it may be regarded as a culpable omission should I not name the military and naval professions. True, indeed, so far as any callings are purely belligerent, they are not very nearly allied to the theory of human happiness, how important soever they may be to that of human safety. The preservation and enjoyment of human life rather than the scientific destruction of it, fall more directly within the purview of our present remarks. Generals, heroes and conquerors are very illustrious men in the esteem of the more rude and barbarous nations of the world, but as civilization advances they uniformly fall back into rank and file of Nimrod, Tamerlane, Alaric and Company.

One of the greatest misfortunes entailed upon society is the opinion that the great generals are great and noble men, and that those callings which have the most gunpowder, lead, epaulettes and music about them, are the most splendid, honorable and useful. False views of glory and greatness are not indeed confined to those circles of earth's great ones, but are unfortunately extended to other circles connected as much with the animalism of human nature as they. Political chiefs and successful demagogues are everywhere hailed as men of great parts and good fortunes. Every senator is an *honorable man,* and every governor is an impersonation of *excellency.* The worship paid to these political dignitaries deludes the unwary into the idolatry of such offices and officials, and turns their

judgment away from the oracles of reason and the true philosophy of human greatness and human happiness. Indeed, such is the mania for political honors and political office, that more seem to desire the honor of an office than to be an honor to the office.

We would not, indeed, divest useful offices of their proper honor. To serve a society faithfully, whether as a scavenger of Rome or as a king of the French, is an honor to any man. But to serve society in any capacity promotive of its moral advancement is the highest style and dignity of man. True, indeed, that in the great category of moral improvement there are numerous departments, and consequently many offices. There are authors, teachers of all schools, ministers of all grades, missionaries of all mercies, ambassadors of all ranks, employed as conservators, redeemers and benefactors of men. These, in the tendencies and bearings of their respective functions, sweep the largest circles in human affairs. They extend not only to the individual first benefited, not only to those temporally benefited by him, in a long series of generations, but breaking through the confines of time and space, those benefits reach into eternity and spread themselves over fields of blessings, waving with eternal harvests of felicity to multitudes of participants which the arithmetic of time wholly fails to compute, either in number or in magnitude. The whole vista of time is but a shaft of a grand telescope through which to see, at the proper angle, the teeming harvests of eternal blessedness flowing into the bosoms of the great moral benefactors of human kind. To choose a calling of this sort, is superlatively incumbent on men of genius. As Wesley said of good music, so say we of good talents. The devil, said the reformer, shall not have all the good tunes; and we add, nor the law, nor politics, nor the stage, all the good talents.

If men are held responsible, not only for all the evil they have done, but also for all the good they might have done—as undoubtedly they will be; and if they are to be rewarded, not for having genius and talent, but for having *used* them in accordance with the Divine will, and the dictates of conscience, then what immense and overwhelming interests are merged in the question—to what calling should men of great

parts and of good education devote themselves? Taste, inclination and talent are altogether, and always, to be taken into the account in a matter of such thrilling interest. But we are speaking of men of genius in general and not of a particular class. The historic painter may, like our great West, give us Bible characters and Bible scenes. We may as well have the patriarchal scenes, tabernacle and temple scenes, official personages and festivals upon the walls of our rooms and museums, as the island of Calypso, or the ruins of the Capitol, or the Pantheon, or the panorama of Mexico, Paris or Waterloo. The poet may sing of Zion, and Siloam, of Jerusalem and its King, as well as of the wrath of Achilles, the siege of Troy, or the adventure of Æneas. An orator may as well plead for God as for man, for eternity as for time, for heaven as for earth; he may as well plead for man's salvation, as for his political rights and immunities; and the same learning and eloquence that gain for a client a good inheritance or a fair reputation, might also, have gained for him an unfading crown, and an enduring inheritance. It depends upon the taste of the man of genius of any peculiar kind, to what cause he may supremely devote it. It is his duty, however, to bring it to the best market, and to consecrate it to the noblest and most exalted good.

But, finally, it is not only incumbent on men of genius that they cultivate their talents to the greatest perfection, and that they select the noblest and most useful calling, but that they also prosecute them with the greatest vigor, and devote themselves to them with the most persevering assiduity. It is not he that enters upon any career, or starts in any race, but he that runs well, and perseveringly, that gains the plaudits of others, or the approval of his own conscience.

Life is a great struggle. It is one splendid campaign, a race, a contest for interests, honors and pleasures of the highest character, and of the most enduring importance. Happy the man of genius who cultivates all his powers with a reference thereunto, who chooses the most noble calling, and who prosecutes it with all his might. Such a one, ultimately, secures to himself the admiration of all the great, the wise, the good. Such a one will always enjoy the approbation of his own judgment and conscience; and, better still, the approbation of

his God and Redeemer. How pleasing to him who has run the glorious race, to survey from the lofty summit of his eternal fame the cumulative results of an active life, developed in the light of eternity! How transporting to contemplate the proximate and the remote, the direct and the indirect beatific fruits of his labors reflected from the bright countenances of enraptured myriads, beaming with grateful emotion to him as the honored instrument of having inducted them into those paths of righteousness which led them into the fruition of riches, honors and pleasures, boundless as the universe and enduring as the ages of eternity! That such, gentlemen, may be your happy choice and glorious destiny, is the sincere desire of your friend and orator.

## THE CHRISTIAN AND WAR

From "Address on War," Wheeling, Virginia, 1848.

War is not now, nor was it ever, a process of justice. It never was a test of truth—a criterion of right. It is either a mere game of chance, or a violent outrage of the strong upon the weak. Need we any other proof that a Christian people can in no way whatever countenance a war as a proper means of redressing wrongs, of deciding justice, or of settling controversies among nations? On the common conception of the most superficial thinkers on this subject, not one of the two hundred and eighty-six wars which have been carried on among the "Christian nations" during fifteen hundred years was such as that an enlightened Christian man could have taken any part in it—because, as admitted, not one of them was for defence alone: in other words, they were all aggressive wars.

But to the common mind, as it seems to me, the most convincing argument against a Christian becoming a soldier may be drawn from the fact that he fights against an innocent person—I say an innocent person, so far as the cause of the war is contemplated. The men that fight are not the men that make the war. Politicians, merchants, knaves and princes cause or make the war, declare the war, and hire men to kill for them those that may be hired on the other side to thwart

their schemes of personal and family aggrandizement. The soldiers on either side have no enmity against the soldiers on the other side, because with them they have no quarrel. Had they met in any other field, in their citizen dress, other than in battle-array, they would, most probably, have not only inquired after the welfare of each other, but would have tendered each other their assistance if called for. But a red coat or a blue coat, a tri-colored or a two-colored cockade, is their only introduction to each other, and the signal that they must kill or be killed. If they think at all, they must feel that there is no personal alienation, or wrong, or variance between them. But they are paid so much for the job; and they go to work, as the day-laborer to earn his shilling. Need I ask, how could a Christian man thus volunteer his services, or hire himself out for so paltry a sum, or for any sum, to kill to order his brother man who never offended him in word or deed? What infatuation! What consummate folly and wickedness! Well did Napoleon say, "War is the trade of barbarians;" and his conqueror, Wellington, "Men of nice scruples about religion have no business in the army or navy." The horrors of war only enhance the guilt of it; and these, alas! no one can depict in all their hideous forms.

By the "horrors of war" I do not mean the lightning and thunder of the battle-field—the blackness and darkness of those dismal clouds of smoke which, like death's own pall, shroud the encounter; it is not the continual roar of its cannon nor the agonizing shrieks and groans of fallen battalions—of wounded and dying legions; nor is it, at the close of the day, the battle-field itself, covered with the gore and scattered limbs of butchered myriads, with here and there a pile, a mountain heap of slain heroes in the fatal pass, mingled with the wreck of broken arms, lances, helmets, swords, and shattered firearms, amidst the pavement of fallen balls that have completed the work of destruction, numerous as hailstones after the fury of the storm; nor, amidst these, the sight of the wounded lying upon one another, weltering in their blood, imploring assistance, importuning an end of their woes by the hand of a surviving soldier, invoking death as the only respite from excruciating torments. But this is not all; for the tidings are at length carried to their respective homes. Then comes

the bitter wail of widows and orphans—the screams and anguish of mothers and sisters deprived forever of the consolation and hopes that clustered round the anticipated return of those so dear to them, that have perished in the conflict.

But even these are not the most fearful desolations of war. Where now are the two hundred thousand lost by England in our Revolutionary War?—the seventy thousand who fell at Waterloo and Quatre-Bras?—the eighty thousand at Borodino?—the three hundred thousand at Arbela?—or where are the fifteen million Goths destroyed by Justinian in twenty years, and the thirty-two millions by Genghis Khan in forty-one years?—the sixty millions slain by the Turks?—the eighty millions by the Tartars, hurried away to judgment in a paroxysm of wrath, amid the fury of passions? What can we think of their eternal destiny?* Besides all these, how many have died in captivity? How many an unfortunate exile or captive might, with a French prisoner, sing of woes like these, or even greater!—

I dwelt upon the willowy banks of Loire;
I married one who from my boyish days
Had been my playmate. One morn—I'll ne'er forget—
While choosing out the fairest twigs
To warp a cradle for our child unborn,
We heard the tidings that the conscript-lot
Had fallen on me. It came like a death-knell!
The mother perish'd; but the babe survived;
And, ere my parting day, his rocking couch
I made complete, and saw him, sleeping, smile—
The smile that play'd erst on the cheek of her
Who lay clay-cold. Alas! the hour soon came
That forced my fetter'd arms to quit my child!
And whether now he lives to deck with flowers
The sod upon his mother's grave, or lies
Beneath it by her side, I ne'er could learn.
I think he's gone, and now I only wish
For liberty and home, that I may see,
And stretch myself and die upon their grave!

But these, multiplied by myriads, are but specimens of the countless millions slain, the solitary exiles, the lonely cap-

*"War a Destroyer of Souls,"—(a tract of the Peace Society.)

tives. They tell the least portion of the miseries of war. Yet even these say to the Christian, How can you become a soldier? How countenance and aid this horrible work of death?

For my own part, I am not alone in this opinion, I think that the moral desolations of war surpass even its horrors. And amongst these, I do not assign the highest place to the vulgar profanity, brutality and debauchery of the mere soldier, the professional and licensed butcher of mankind, who, for his eight dollars a month, or his ten sous a day, hires himself to lay waste a country, to pillage, burn and destroy the peaceful hamlet, the cheerful village or the magnificent city, and to harass, wound and destroy his fellow-man, for no other consideration than his paltry wages, his daily rations, and the infernal pleasure of doing it, anticipating hereafter "the stupid stares and loud huzzas" of monsters as inhuman and heartless as himself. And were it not for the infatuation of public opinion and popular applause, I would place him, as no less to be condemned, beside the vain and pompous volunteer, who for his country, right or wrong, hastens to the theatre of war for the mere plaudits of admiring multitudes, ready to cover himself with glory, because he has aided an aspirant to a throne or paved the way to his own election to reign over a humbled and degraded people.

I make great allowances for false education, for bad taste, for the contagion of vicious example: still I cannot view those deluded by such sophistry, however good their motives, as deserving anything from contemporaries or posterity except compassion and forgiveness. Yet behold its influence on mothers, sisters, and relatives: note its contagion, its corruption of public taste. See the softer sex allured, fascinated by the halo of false glory thrown around these worshipped heroes! See them gazing with admiration on the "tinselled trappings," the "embroidered ensigns," of him whose profession it is to make widows and orphans by wholesale! Sometimes their hands are withdrawn from works of charity to decorate the warrior's banners and to cater to these false notions of human glory! Behold, too, the young mother arraying her proud boy, "with cap and feather, toyed with a drum and sword, training him for the admired profession of a man-killer!"

This is not all. It is not only at home, in the nursery and

infant-school, that this false spirit is inspired. Our schools, our academies, our colleges, echo and reëcho with the fame of an Alexander, a Cæsar, a Napoleon, a Wellington. Forensic eloquence is full of the fame of great heroes, of military chieftains, of patriotic deliverers, whose memory must be kept forever verdant in the affections of a grateful posterity, redeemed by their patriotism, or rescued from oppression by their valor.

The pulpit, too, must lend its aid in cherishing the delusion. There is not unfrequently heard a eulogium on some fallen hero—some church-service for the mighty dead; thus desecrating the religion of the Prince of Peace, by causing it to minister as the handmaid of war. Not only are prayers offered up by pensioned chaplains on both sides of the field, even amid the din of arms, but, Sabbath after Sabbath, for years and years, have the pulpits on one side of a sea or river, and those on the other side, resounded with prayers for the success of rival armies, as if God could hear them both, and make each triumphant over the other, guiding and commissioning swords and bullets to the heads and hearts of their respective enemies!

And not only this, but even the churches in the Old World, and sometimes in the New, are ornamented with the sculptured representations of more military heroes than of saints—generals, admirals and captains, who "gallantly fought" and "gloriously fell" in the service of their country. It is not only in Westminster Abbey or in St. Paul's that we read their eulogiums and see their statues, but even in some of our own cities we find St. Paul driven out of the church to make room for the generals and commodores renowned in fight. And last of all, in consummation of the moral desolation of war, we sometimes have an illumination—even a thanksgiving—rejoicing that God has caused ten or twenty thousand of our enemies to be sent down to Tartarus, and has permitted myriads of widows and orphans to be made at the bidding of some chieftain or of some aspirant to a throne!

But it would exhaust too much time to speak of the inconsistencies of the Christian world on this single subject of war, or to trace to their proper fountains the general misconceptions of the people on their political duties, and that of their gov-

ernments. This would be the work of volumes—not of a single address. The most enlightened of our ecclesiastic leaders seem to think that Jesus Christ governs the nations as God governed the Jews. They cannot separate, even in this land, the Church and State. They still ask for a Christian national code.

If the world were under a politico-ecclesiastic king or president, it would, indeed, be hard to find a model for him in the New Testament. Suffice it to say that the Church, and the Church only, is under the special government and guardianship of our Christian King. The nations, not owning Jesus Christ, are disowned by Him; He leaves them to themselves, to make their own institutions, as God anciently did all nations but the Jews. He holds them in abeyance, and, as in providence, so in government, He makes all things work together for the good of His people, restrains the wrath of their enemies, turns the counsels and wishes of kings as He turns the rivers, but never condescends to legislate for the bodies of men, or their goods or chattels, who withhold from Him their consciences and their hearts. He announces the fact that it is by His permission, not always with His approbation, that kings reign and that princes decree justice, and commands His people politically to obey their rulers and to respect the ordinances of kings, that "they may lead quiet and peaceable lives, in all godliness and honesty;" and where the gospel of Christ comes to kings and rulers, it addresses them as men in common with other men, commanding them to repent of their sins, to submit to His government, and to discharge their relative duties according to the morality and piety inculcated in His code. If they do this, they are a blessing to His people as well as an honor to themselves. If they do not, He will hold them to a reckoning, as other men, from which there is neither escape nor appeal. What Shakespeare says is as true of kings as of their subjects:

> War is a game that, were their subjects wise,
> Kings would not play at.

For, were both kings and people wise, wars would cease, and nations would learn war no more.

But how are all national disputes to be settled? Philos-

ophy, history, the Bible, teach that all disputes, misunderstandings, alienations are to be settled, heard, tried, adjudicated by impartial, that is, by disinterested, umpires. No man is admitted to be a proper judge in his own case. Wars never make amicable settlements, and seldom, if ever, just decisions of points at issue. We are obliged to offer preliminaries of peace at last. Nations must meet by their representatives, stipulate and restipulate, hear and answer, compare and decide.

In modern times we terminate hostilities by a treaty of peace. We do not make peace with powder and lead. It is done by reason, reflection and negotiation. Why not employ these at first? But it is alleged that war has long been, and must always be, the *ultima ratio regum*—the last argument of those in power. For ages a father Inquisitor was the strong argument for orthodoxy; but light has gone abroad, and he has lost his power. Illuminate the human mind on this subject also, create a more rational and humane public opinion, and wars will cease.

But, it is alleged, all will not yield to reason or justice. There must be compulsion. Is war, then, the only compulsory measure? Is there no legal compulsion? Must all personal misunderstandings be settled by the sword?

Why not have a *by-law-established umpire?* Could not a united national court be made as feasible and as practicable as a United States Court? Why not, as often proposed, and as eloquently, ably and humanely argued, by the advocates of peace, have a congress of nations and a high court of nations for adjudicating and terminating all international misunderstandings and complaints, redressing and remedying all wrongs and grievances?

There is not, it appears to me, a physical or a rational difficulty in the way. But I do not now argue the case; I merely suggest this expedient, and will always vote correspondingly, for reasons as good and as relevant as I conceive them to be humane and beneficial.

## THE ORIGIN OF LANGUAGE

Extracts from "Address on the Anglo-Saxon Language," Cincinnati, Ohio, 1849. From 'Popular Lectures and Addresses.'

LANGUAGE, then, is either oral or written. Oral language or language proper, consists of articulate sounds addressed to the ear; written language consists of stipulated symbols addressed to the eye. With the absent and with the deaf, we intercommunicate by symbols addressed to the eye; with those present, by sounds addressed to the ear.

These, however, are but definitions of the terms as we use them. What is the thing itself?

As applied to man, language is pictured or embodied thought, feeling and emotion. It is an embodiment of ideas, volitions and feelings, in audible sounds, or in visible forms, addressed to others. It is, indeed, the aerial and sensible impersonation of human spirits in communion with one another. It is not the mere giving of a name, or a local habitation, to an idea, emotion or volition; it is the imparting to that idea, emotion or volition, the power of reproducing itself in the mind of another. It is that ethereal instrument, that spiritual symbol, by which one spirit operates upon another, in simultaneously producing views, feelings and emotions, corresponding with its own.

It is, indeed, an endowment of unbounded influence for weal or for woe, bestowed on man, for which he is more accountable than for any other social influence conferred upon him. No uninspired man has given such a picture of the power of human language, for good or for evil, as that drawn, in a few words, by the eloquent Apostle James. To that great instrument of speech he ascribes a transcendent potency. Of an unruly tongue, he says: "The tongue is a fire, a world of iniquity; it defileth the whole body, and setteth on fire the course of nature, and is set on fire by hell. Every kind of beast, and of birds, and of serpents, and of things in the sea, is tamed, and hath been tamed by mankind; but the tongue can no man tame; it is an unruly evil thing; full of deadly poison. By it, indeed, "we bless God"; but by it also, "we curse man, created in the image of God. Out of the

same mouth proceedeth a blessing and a curse. Brethren, these things ought not so to be."

From this high source we learn that there are two kinds of eloquence—the eloquence infernal, and the eloquence supernal. We occasionally hear of the fire of eloquence, but are not always informed whence it comes. It may, indeed, emanate from the fire beneath as well as from the fire above, and is, therefore, all potent in blessing or in cursing man.

But, if the tongue is sometimes set on fire by hell, it is sometimes set on fire by heaven; and hence men are both blessed and cursed by the faculty of speech. How much good feeling and tender affection spring up within us, and gush from our lips, on hearing the kind, and courteous and sympathizing compilations of some kindred spirit—of some estimable and affectionate friend! If from wicked words, some hearts burn with rage, from kind and benevolent words other hearts overflow with love. But our own words react upon ourselves, according to their import; and hence we are sometimes wrought up to a pathos, a fervor, an ecstasy, indeed, by the mysterious sound of our own voice upon ourselves, as well as by that of others, to which we never could have ascended without it. Hence the superior eloquence of extemporaneous speaking over that of those who read or recite what they have coolly or deliberately thought at some other time and in some other place. Indeed, our most sincere and pious emotions are stirred up—a more soul-subduing piety is developed —and a height of this bliss enjoyed in the fervor of expressed admiration and praise addressed to the throne of God, under the influence of our own voice, in private and in social worship, than could be produced in silent meditation, prayer or praise. Even the raptures of heavenly bliss are but the sublime consummation of expressed adoration, and the sweetest bliss of heaven is but the effect of a heavenly concert in some lofty ecstasy, uttered by seraphic tongues to the unwasting Fount of universal good.

Language is, indeed, a most sublime machinery, by which a man can raise himself, and those whom he addresses, to the loftiest conception of Nature and of Nature's God, and to the highest personal and social pleasure of which his nature is capable. Volumes have been written in commendation of it,

and of the great masters of this divine art; but who, in his most happy moments, and in his loftiest strains of admiration, has ever equalled the transcendent theme? It has been the subject of many a volume, and the theme of many a speech. Sages, philosophers, fabulists and poets, have exhausted their stores of learning and eloquence in commendation and in admiration of the gifts and achievements of human speech. Of Grecian eloquence, an English poet has said:

> Resistless eloquence that fulmined o'er Greece,
> *And shook the way to Xerxes' and Artaxerxes' throne.*

And what is eloquence, but language properly applied?

But we need not the fictions of the fabulist, nor the high-wrought eulogies of the poet; we need but the great fact, that language has ever been the great minister of civilization and of redemption. It was by the gift of tongues that nations were subdued to the obedience of faith. It was the spirit of wisdom and of eloquence that gave to Him that spake as mortal man never did, a power, intellectual, moral and spiritual, transcendent over the destinies of the world.

Its power is not only felt on the thrones of kings and on the tribunals of justice, but on the throne of God itself. It electrifies the heavenly hosts, and opens the fountains of sympathetic feeling and of profound devotion, in the loftiest spirits that environ the celestial throne. It has awakened emotions in the human heart, and kindled raptures in the soul, that, rising to heaven, have caused the earth to tremble under the knees of adoring saints, and have brought angels down on missions of mercy to mankind. The piety of the saint, and the zeal of the martyr, have, under its hallowed influence, achieved the most splendid victories inscribed on the rolls of time, and have effected revolutions and deliverances on earth that have caused enraptured silence amongst the adoring legions of the skies.

But it is not to pronounce an eulogy on its ineffable powers; it is not to argue its human or divine origin, or discuss the comparative excellence of any one of the dialects of earth in contrast with the claims of any, or of every other, that we now appear before you. It is rather to assert the claims of our own vernacular to our especial regard and attention, as

destined to pervade the world, and to carry civilization and salvation to the human race.

True, indeed, in attempting this, we must occasionally glance at other tongues; and it may be due to the occasion to avow, at least, our own conviction, that language, as much as religion, is the special gift of God to man. But to propound the question, *Was language human or divine in its origin?* as a subject of grave discussion in this enlightened land, in the midst of the Nineteenth Century, and especially in this city of schools and colleges, would seem to me as inapposite, as uncomplimentary to my auditors. Suffice it, then, on the present occasion, to assume it to be a special gift of God to man.

That the first man could not have taught himself to speak; that language, like faith, comes by hearing; that it could not have been conventional; that, without it, assemblies could not have been convened, or the subject debated; that mankind were not, as Lucretius and Horace sung, sanctioned by the first of Roman orators, a *mutum et turpe pecus*—a dumb and brutal race—is self evident. It would, indeed, require an unusual amount of patience to reason with men who begin by assuming that—

> Men out of the earth of old,
> Dumb and beastly vermin, crawled;

that from this state of brutal barbarism they degenerated into civilization; that they apostatized from their primitive state into learned and eloquent men; that from error and vice they fell away into learning and virtue, and give for proof, that water is purer in the stream than in the fountain! From such philosophers, or rather philophists, we must dissent, and confidently assume that language was originally a divine gift to man.

# L. PLACIDE CANONGE

[1822—1893]

ALCÉE FORTIER

L. PLACIDE CANONGE* was born in New Orleans, June 22, 1822. He was a cousin of Dr. Alfred Mercier, and, like him, was educated at the Collège Louis-le-Grand in Paris. On completing his studies he returned to New Orleans, and devoted himself entirely to journalism and to literature.

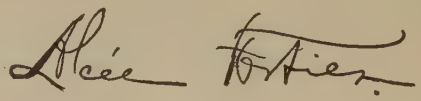
Mr. Canonge was a very gifted man, and wrote with extraordinary facility. He was a poet, a dramatist, and a journalist, and had all his works been collected in book form they would have numbered many volumes. He was a brilliant newspaper writer, and contributed to many journals, of which the most important were *Le Courrier de la Louisiane* and *L'Abeille de la Nouvelle-Orléans,* and *La Presse* of Emile de Girardin, in Paris. For many years he was musical and literary critic of *L'Abeille,* and his Sunday *feuilletons* were very popular. It is, however, as a dramatist that Mr. Canonge is better known. His dramas are the best in the French literature of Louisiana, with the exception, perhaps, of A. Lussan's "Martyrs de la Louisiane." Mr. Canonge's "France et Espagne" (1850) is not so poetic as Mr. Lussan's work, but is more dramatic and better adapted to the stage. The principal hero is not Lafrénière, who was historically the chief of the Revolution of 1768 against Spain. Mr. Canonge takes Marquis as his hero, and concentrates the interest in the play upon the love of Marquis for Léonie, and the jealousy of José, a Spanish officer. All the principal historical personages in 1768 and 1769 are introduced, except Villeré, and the play is intensely patriotic, although it contains a love story.

"Qui perd gagne" (1849) is a proverb, of which the plot is as follows: A husband wagers with a friend that he will go to a ball with him and leave his young wife at home. The latter has heard their conversation, and induces her husband to play a game of cards with her, on condition that, if he loses, he shall spend the evening at home. She renders herself so agreeable during the game that the husband loses on purpose, and then acknowledges that he has played *"A qui perd gagne."* "Le Comte de Carmagnola" (1856) is the third drama of Mr. Canonge that has come down to us. He wrote many

*See "French Literature of Louisiana."

other dramas and comedies, which he does not seem to have cared to collect for posterity, but which are said to have been very interesting. He wrote also the librettos of three operas, of which the music was furnished by New Orleans artists, and many poems which were published in the newspapers in New Orleans. One of these poems, "Le Réveil de la Louisiane," was set to music, and is sung as the "Marseillaise" of Louisiana.

Mr. Canonge was decorated by the French Government and was "Officier d'Académie" and "Officier de l' Instruction Publique." He died in New Orleans, January 22, 1893.



## FRANCE ET ESPAGNE; OU, LA LOUISIANE EN 1768 ET 1769

### SCÈNE III.

*(Les mêmes; Don José, caché.)*

LAFRENIÈRE.

Oui, Aubry refuse de se joindre à nous; fort du traité de cession qu'il ne veut pas ou ne peut pas comprendre, il proteste contre l'action même du conseil supérieur, et soutient obstinément que malgré toutes les informalités de la prise de possession, la Louisiane ne relève plus de la France, qu'elle est espagnole enfin.

TOUS.

Jamais!

LAFRENIÈRE.

Il déclare ne pouvoir lancer aucun ordre sans le consentement de Don Ulloa, et prétend que le nom du roi Louis XV est désormais ici sans autorité.

MILHET.

Quoi! les conditions oubliées du contract entre la France et l'Espagne, la violation des individus, le système tout arbi-

traire qui pèse sur les anciens colons, il ne les compte pour rien.

LAFRENIÈRE.

Pour rien!

PETIT.

Et le bonhomme veut résister?

MARQUIS.

Non! il se renferme dans une simple protestation, et en tout ceci ne jouera qu'un rôle négatif.

PETIT.

Eh! pardieu; le drôle a raison! la résistance ne le mènerait qu'à un résultat; je ferais de lui le fourreau de cette lame!

MILHET.

Ainsi, les forces à sa disposition—

MARQUIS.

Se tiendront à l'écart.

LAFRENIÈRE.

Aubry m'a juré sur l'honneur que le sang ne serait pas versé par lui; il fera même comprendre au gouverneur déchu qu'un appel aux armes serait inutile.

MARQUIS.

De cette façon, Messieurs, nous aurons accompli une belle et glorieuse révolution; belle, parce qu'elle se sera faite sans bruit, sans victimes, par quelques patriotes; glorieuse, parce qu'elle contraindra notre Bien-aimé Roi Louis XV à revenir sur le passé, à comprendre qu'on n'enlève pas ainsi une mère à ses enfants.

PETIT.

C'est cela. Sa Majesté nous a mis en nourrice, et, ma foi! le lait d'Espagne est un régime, dont, pour ma part, je ne profiterai jamais.

MARQUIS.

Le titre de Français est le seul auquel nous ne renoncerons

jamais: c'est notre héritage, c'est notre gloire! Il nous le faut, comme à ces vastes contrées il faut, pour les féconder, notre puissant et vivifiant soleil!

PETIT.

C'est égal, Marquis, j'aime les obstacles, moi! Depuis que je colonise ici, mon épée s'ennuie singulièrement au fourreau et elle eût été vraiment heureuse, si elle eût pu se dérouiller à travers la poitrine d'un de ces beaux cavaliers tout pimpants, tout pailletés, embarrassés dans leurs aiguillettes et leurs dentelles, et qui singent ici les courtesans de là-bas! Peste! je voudrais que la lame que voici pût se rencontrer avec l'une des leurs! C'est de cette façon seulement que je désirerais croiser les deux races! Ah! la belle patrie! et vienne bientôt le jour où je pourrais le faire!

MARQUIS.

Y penses-tu, Petit? A des hommes comme toi il faut d'autres joueurs. Ces messieurs abattraient vite les cartes, et s'avoueraient bientôt vaincus.

DON JOSÉ, *(il paraît et se découvre.)*

Vous en avez menti, lieutenant!

MARQUIS, *(portant la main à son épée.)*

Don José!

*(Mouvement général.)*

PETIT.

Un Espagnol ici! c'est la Providence qui l'envoie; et voilà l'un des échantillons demandés.

TOUS.

La mort à l'espion!

DON JOSÉ.

Vivat, mes vaillants spadassins! Venez donc, qui vous arrête? Vous êtes-vous comptés? Etes-vous assez en nombre. Neuf contre un, je vous attends!

PETIT.

Le drôle est amusant.

DON JOSÉ.

Vraiment vous m'étonnez et vous me faites pitié! Eh quoi! tout à l'heure, vous abaissiez mon drapeau pour élever le vôtre; vous placiez votre écusson sur les morceaux du nôtre, et voilà que maintenant, écusson et drapeau, vous foulez tout aux pieds; voilà qu'en preuve de cette terrible valeur française, vous vous liguez tous, mes braves, contre un seul homme; voilà que vous unissez vos épées en faisceau, comme si la mienne est trop puissante pour chacune des vôtres! Soit donc, j'accepte la lutte, et une fois de plus je vous dis: Avancez, mes maîtres, je vous attends!

PETIT.

Mais Dieu me confonde! Je crois que ce porte-dentelles fait de la grandeur d'âme! Neuf contre vous, mon brave! Avez-vous perdu la tête? Allons-donc! trève aux grands mots! Aussi vrai que vous êtes un fanfaron, ce plat d'épée est plus qu'il n'en faut.

DON JOSÉ.

Malheureux!

MARQUIS.

Halte-là, capitaine! je n'ai, Dieu merci! besoin de personne, pour soutenir ce que j'avançais tout à l'heure; cet homme m'appartient tout entier; je le veux, je le réclame.

DON JOSÉ.

A la bonne heure, lieutenant; je vous trouvais l'intelligence bien lente.

MARQUIS.

Patience, bel officier! Plus un pas, Messieurs, ou je croirais qu'à votre tour vous voulez me faire une insulte. A moi a été faite l'injure, à moi donc, à moi seul revient le combat!

DON JOSÉ.

Enfin!

LAFRENIÈRE.

Y pensez-vous, Marquis? *(bas.)* A ce moment de crise où tant de grandes choses sont sur le point de s'accomplir, ce ne sont pas seulement des bras, mais une tête qu'il nous faut!

Vous le savez, votre parole est ici toute puissante—(*haut.*) D'ailleurs cet homme a pénétré ici en espion, c'est en espion qu'il doit être traité.

DON JOSÉ.

Espion!

MARQUIS *(il tire son épée).*

Voilà ma réponse.

DON JOSÉ.

Une minute encore! Espion, moi! M. de Lafrenière fait bien de l'honneur à lui et aux siens, s'il croit que l'Espagne s'occupe d'eux au point d'envoyer des hommes comme moi surveiller leurs misérables jeux d'enfants!

PETIT.

Jeux d'enfants! Mordieu! et ce n'est pas moi qui clouerai au mur ce brillant papillon!

DON JOSÉ.

Non, non, je m'inquiète peu de vos bourdonnements: ma tâche n'est pas, Dieu merci, d'observer de turbulents mutins, d'impuissants rebelles! Cela rentre dans le département de la police—

PETIT.

Morguienne, mon épée a comme des attaques de nerf! Allons, au fourreau, mignonne, au fourreau! *(il semble imposer silence à son épée.)*

DON JOSÉ.

Si j'ai suivi vos pas jusqu'ici, c'est qu'avant demain je voulais voir, au prix même de mon existence, l'un de vous, le lieutenant Marquis: *(à Marquis)* me refusera-t-il cet honneur?

PETIT.

Je crois que le dameret goguenarde!

MARQUIS.

Cet honneur, Don José, je vous l'accorde, pour vous apprendre la valeur des mots.

DON JOSÉ.

Fort bien.

PETIT *(poussant un soupir).*

Ah! voilà un petit cours de grammaire que je ferais avec bonheur!

DON JOSÉ.

Quant à cette accusation d'espionnage, je la repousse, et vous dis: Messieurs, par mon Roi, par ma mère, nul ne saura de moi ce que vous méditez ici. Deux mots au lieutenant Marquis, et si après ces deux mots il me dénonce à vous comme traître et espion, ma vie vous appartient, je ne vous la disputerai pas.

LAFRENIÈRE.

Soit. *(Il parle bas à Marquis, puis invite les autres personnes à se retirer au dehors de la cabane; tous sortent, excepté Marquis et Don José, qui occupent le devant de la scène. Toute la scène suivante est à voix basse.)*

DON JOSÉ.

Ma visite vous étonne, n'est ce pas?

MARQUIS.

J'avoue que si je suis avant tout surpris de quelque chose, c'est du lieu et des circonstances où je la reçois.

DON JOSÉ.

Les circonstances ont voulu que je vous la rendisse ici.

MARQUIS.

Je vous écoute.

DON JOSÉ.

Vous avez tort de reléguer dans nos rangs tous les traîtres; parmi les vôtres vous en comptez aussi—

MARQUIS.

Parlez haut alors, Monsieur, et sans pitié, dénoncez-les.

DON JOSÉ.

Le rôle de dénonciateur ne me va pas. Je dis seulement.

que vos secrets sont mal gardés, car ils sont arrivés jusqu'à moi, et, vous le savez, de Don Ulloa à moi, la distance n'est pas grande: soyez tranquille, je ne l'ai pas franchie, je ne la franchirai pas.

MARQUIS.

Qui donc a pu—

DON JOSÉ.

Je l'ignore: mais le fait lui même est incontestable, n'est-ce pas? puisque ce soir vous me voyez dans ce lieu qui, certes, est d'un médiocre attrait par la nuit qu'il fait.

MARQUIS.

Enfin, Monsieur, qui vous amène?

DON JOSÉ.

Quoi que vous ayez dit tout à l'heure, vous ne croyez pas que je sois venu ici dans le but que me prêtait M. de Lafrenière?

MARQUIS.

Ce sont de ces choses admissibles seulement sur fortes preuves—*(Les deux hommes se saluent.)*

Mais enfin, qui me vaut votre rencontre?

DON JOSÉ.

Vous ne vous en doutez pas?

MARQUIS.

En aucune façon.

DON JOSÉ.

J'ai donc appris, Monsieur, l'inqualifiable projet qui se médite à cette heure en Louisiane: j'ai compris qu'avec le peu d'hommes qu'il a sous ses ordres, le gouverneur Don Ulloa ne pourrait résister aux forces combinées contre lui, qu'il serait contraint d'abandonner momentanément la partie. Or, mon poste étant à ses côtés, et votre coup d'Etat devant éclater avec le soleil de demain, je n'ai pas voulu partir sans vous voir.

MARQUIS.

Après—

DON JOSÉ.

J'arrive droit au but. Vous aimez Mlle. de Vaudreuil?

MARQUIS.

La question est étrange!

DON JOSÉ.

Aussi, n'y demandé-je pas de réponse; je l'aime comme vous, Monsieur, je l'aime depuis que je l'ai vue, mais d'un amour insensé et qui, pour arriver à ses fins, ne reculerait peut-être devant rien. Or, comme je hais le scandale, je viens à vous et vous dis: Lieutenant, Mlle. de Vaudreuil vous a remarqué entre tous; depuis qu'elle vous a rencontré, il y a chez elle plus que de la froideur à mon égard, il y a du dédain—

MARQUIS.

Pardieu! Monsieur l'officier, je trouve la confidence originale, et qu'ai-je donc à faire avec ces bergerades-là? Est-ce de ma faute à moi, si vos titres, si votre éclatante enveloppe n'ont pas été suffisants pour attirer les regards de la femme que déjà deux fois vous avez nommée, et . . . c'est deux fois de trop! Est-ce de ma faute si vous vous êtes fait une nécessité d'un amour qui ne doit vous conduire à rien? Eh! que diable, vous êtes du pays de Don Juan; tâchez d'égaler votre illustre compatriote! Pour moi, que j'aime ou non cette jeune fille, cela est une affaire entre elle et moi, et à personne je ne donne le droit de s'en occuper.

DON JOSÉ.

Je m'attendais à la réponse, mais, comprenez-moi, cet amour est ma vie! Lui trompé, il ne me reste plus que dégoût et misère. Donc, comme vous ne renoncerez jamais à vos projets sur cette jeune fille, comme le jour vaut mieux que la nuit, j'ai voulu vous dire que celui qui doit m'enlever celle que j'aime au-dessus de tout, que celui-là n'arrivera pas à son but, sans avoir joué sa vie contre la mienne.

MARQUIS.

Ainsi vous voulez—

DON JOSÉ.

Que mon destin s'accomplisse, et qu'un duel fasse disparaître l'un de nous—

MARQUIS.

Un duel! hé! Monsieur, était-il donc besoin de si long exorde pour arriver à semblable péroraison? Mais ce combat que vous implorez, avez-vous un seul instant pensé que je ne l'exigerais pas de vous, en réparation de votre singulière rodomontade?

DON JOSÉ.

Cet exorde était nécessaire: je devais vous expliquer ma présence en ces lieux. Ainsi vous acceptez?

MARQUIS.

Hé! mieux que cela, j'y insiste; votre heure!

DON JOSÉ.

A l'instant même. *(Surprise de Marquis),* je vous l'ai dit: les événements de demain m'inquiètent; demain ne nous appartient pas.

MARQUIS.

Par une nuit aussi noire! On va nous prendre pour deux soldats en goguette—

DON JOSÉ.

Ces torches qui flambent au dehors nous prêteront leur lumière.

MARQUIS.

Allons! cela aura du moins le mérite de l'imprévu et de l'originalité. Et vos témoins?

DON JOSÉ.

Je n'en ai pas; personne peut-être n'eût consenti à me suivre dans pareille expédition. D'ailleurs, qu'en est-il besoin? Nous avons tous les deux une épée au côté; ces Messieurs voudront bien regarder le combat, et attester que celui be nous qui aura succombé, car, il faut que l'un des deux succombe, est tombé dans un duel loyal.

MARQUIS.

Soit donc, Don José; et surtout, pas un mot à qui que ce soit sur la véritable cause de cette petite affaire.

DON JOSÉ.

Je le promets.

*(Ils se donnent la main, et Marquis fait signe à ses amis de rentrer. Tous les conjurés reviennent en scène.)*

LAFRENIÈRE *(à Marquis).*

Eh bien?

MARQUIS.

Messieurs, ma parole vous est garant de la discrétion de Don José. Il vient même réclamer de vous un service—

PETIT.

Ah bah! la plaisante manière alors de prévenir les gens en sa faveur.

MARQUIS.

Oui, et c'est sur toi, Petit, qu'il compte! Tu as de la pratique dans ces sortes d'affaires—

PETIT.

Alors, c'est d'un duel qu'il s'agit?

DON JOSÉ.

C'est cela.

PETIT *(se redressant).*

Et . . . je suis l'heureux adversaire que vous avez choisi?

DON JOSÉ.

Vous m'entendez mal—

PETIT.

Tant pis. Qu'est-ce alors?

MARQUIS.

Une petite difficulté, une querelle du Déluge que j'avais oubliée, et que Don José vient de me rappeler.

PETIT.

Vraiment!

MARQUIS.

Don José est seul ici, et j'espère en toi, Petit, pour nous assister.

PETIT.

Tous deux?

DON JOSÉ.

Tous deux! j'ai entière foi en votre loyauté.

PETIT.

Et vous avez raison; chez moi elle ne fait jamais défaut, Monsieur!

DON JOSÉ.

Un mot encore: cette affaire est grave, et, dans ce duel, la première goutte de sang ne doit pas être un signal de réconciliation; non, non; c'est un combat sans quartier ni merci, qui ne doit cesser qu'après la mise hors de lutte du lieutenant ou de moi.

PETIT *(à part)*.

Vertudiou! le pimpant se révolte. *(Haut)*. Soit donc, puisque Marquis juge ce combat nécessaire.

MARQUIS.

Il n'est rien que je ne fasse en cette occasion pour Don José.

DON JOSÉ *(impatient)*.

Je suis prêt, lieutenant.

MARQUIS *(calme)*.

A vos ordres.

PETIT.

Vraiment! c'est folie! Vous couper la gorge à cette heure, par une ombre aussi épaisse; mais vous allez ferrailler indignement. C'est le hasard, et non le coeur, qui décidera entre vous, il fait noir ici comme dans la conscience du seigneur Ulloa—

DON JOSÉ.

A l'aide d'une de ces torches—

PETIT.

Allons, bon! voilà que je vais poser pour le soleil ou la lune! Impossible de vous rien refuser.

*(Il sort, et revient avec une torche allumée.)*

LAFRENIÈRE *(bas à Marquis).*

Vous le voulez, ami! Mais songez à tous ceux qui vous attendent demain.

PETIT.

Je suis à vous. *(à part.)* Et c'est moi, moi, Petit, qui, au lieu de tenir la flamberge, tiens-là—Fi donc! *(Il remet la torche à l'un des conjurés.)* Vous avez le champ libre.

*(Le combat s'engage: les adversaires sont dans le fond; les conjurés sont sur le premier plan.)*

PETIT *(à part).*

Hé! hé! le Castillan est plus ardent que je ne le pensais: il y a de l'école chez lui! Mais la colère l'égare—Eh bien! que fait donc Marquis? Il tire comme un bourgeois; une demi-allonge, et mon Don José tournait comme un tonton au bout de son fer! *(Haut.)* Marquis, tu es blessé—

MARQUIS.

Rien, rien encore—

PETIT *(à part).*

De par tous les diables, que veut dire ceci?—Un second coup! Marquis, tu chancelles!—

MARQUIS.

Je le sens, par Dieu, bien! la force me quitte; mais il m'en reste encore assez pour la riposte!—A vous, Don José!—

*(Don José pousse un cri, et tombe dans les bras de Petit.)*

PETIT *(à part).*

Oh! le coup mignon! Il n'a pas oublié ses bons auteurs! Le pauvre diable est mort, ou peu s'en faut.

*(On entoure Don José, et on lui fait un lit de mousse, ainsi qu'à Marquis; le premier à gauche, et le second à droite.)*

LAFRENIÈRE.

Marquis! Marquis! qu'avez-vous fait?

MARQUIS.

Soyez sans craintes; je le sens, le fer n'a fait que labourer la poitrine sans entrer bien avant. Des soins à Don José plus qu à moi, il en a besoin—

PETIT.

Oh! pour lui, la chose est réglée! Il pourra dire dans l'autre monde qu'il y a été expédié par le plus joli coup de prime!—Marquis, tu m'apprendras celui-là pour que je le place en pleine poitrine au premier Espagnol qui aura besoin de m'emprunter—Hé, Don José! Il ne répond pas. *(Il lui pose la main sur le coeur.)* Le coeur bat toujours! C'est égal, l'oreille est dure.

MILHET *(désignant Marquis).*

Quant à celui-ci, le meilleur des symptômes se déclare chez lui! Il repose; sa blessure me paraît sans gravité—

LAFRENIÈRE.

Le ciel vous entende, Milhet, car avec Marquis, nous perdrions un noble coeur, un grand patriote; s'il vit, il est de ceux dont le nom passera à la postérité avec toute une auréole de gloire! Mais la nuit s'avance: nous aussi, Messieurs, nous avons notre duel, notre patrie d'honneur, dont la liberté est l'enjeu! Duel héroïque où le monde entier nous contemple et nous sert de témoin. Hâtons-nous! Voici l'adresse du conseil supérieur de la Louisiane: "Il est enjoint à M. d'Ulloa, commissaire de Sa Majesté Catholique, de sortir de la colonie sous le plus court délai, et d'aller rendre compte de sa conduite à Sa Majesté Catholique." Suit le mémoire des colons récitant au roi Charles III tous les griefs qu'ils ont contre son représentant. Ces conclusions du conseil sont-elles les vôtres?

TOUS.

Oui.

LAFRENIÈRE.

Jurez-vous de les soutenir de vos noms et de vos bras? Jurez-vous de ne reculer désormais devant aucune des conséquences que pourra amener pareille démonstration?

PETIT.

Nous le jurons!

LAFRENIÈRE.

C'est bien, Messieurs! Le roi Louis XV va recevoir bientôt notre protestation; bientôt il saura que l'amour et le respect de la France nous ont suivis par delà les mers. Or, par cet amour et ce respect, nous faisons serment de ne jamais reconnaître l'autorité de l'Espagne.

TOUS.

Jamais!

LAFRENIÈRE.

Si le roi Louis XV ne nous comprend pas, s'il repousse notre demande, Messieurs, nous donnerons un grand exemple au monde; nous ne serons ni Français, ni Espagnols, nous serons Louisianais, c'est à dire indépendants! Si pourtant nous succombions dans nos efforts, si France et Espagne se liguaient contre nous, eh bien! elles pourraient faire de nous des martyrs, mais jamais des esclaves! Dans ces immenses contrées, tout parle de liberté; tout élève et grandit l'homme! Que Louis XV refuse, et nous ferons entendre ce mot sublime, magique; ce mot dont l'effet est sûr, et ne peut pas plus être empêché que notre fleuve dans sa course: Souveraineté du peuple! Que Louis XV y songe donc; il se prépare de grandes choses: Rousseau, Condillac et Voltaire ont ensemencé le monde de franchises et de liberté! A demain, Messieurs! Vous, Petit, vous vous chargez du peuple.

PETIT.

Je réponds de lui!

LAFRENIÈRE.

Villeré nous amène les Allemands; Milhet et Caresse cacheront chez eux les armes, prêts à les délivrer au premier appel; Noyan et Poupet seront délégués auprès d'Aubry et

d'Ulloa pour les surveiller; et moi, j'irai remplacer Marquis auprès de la milice.

TOUS.

C'est convenu.

LAFRENIÈRE.

Et tous, au point du jour, chez moi, pour prendre les dernières instructions.

TOUS.

Nous y serons.

PETIT.

Maintenant, il faut songer à transporter les deux blessés: ils dorment tous deux. *(Désignant Don José.)* Pour celui-ci, je crains fort qu'il ne s'éveille pas dans ce monde! Je vais aviser au moyen de l'emmener d'ici: vous, Milhet et Caresse, vîte chez Mme. de Vaudreuil! Elle fera sans doute conduire chez elle ce pauvre Marquis; là, il trouvera le meilleur de tous les médecins.

LAFRENIÈRE *(à Bois-Blanc et Masan).*

Bois-Blanc et Masan, tenez-vous dans les environs de cette cabane: surpris ici, vous pourriez éveiller bien des soupçons. *(Regardant les blessés.)* L'assoupissement continue, profitons-en.

*(Ils sortent tous, excepté Marquis et Don José. Le théâtre reste dans une demi-obscurité.)*

# WILLIAM ALEXANDER CARRUTHERS

[1800—1850]

CARL HOLLIDAY

IN one of his novels, 'The Kentuckian in New York,' William Carruthers says of aged lovers: "They almost imagine themselves in the possession again of youth and all its raptures—its brilliant dreams, airy castles, 'hairbreadth 'scapes,' miraculous deliverances, cruel fathers, and perverse guardians, and stolen interviews, and lovers' vows and tokens—winding up finally with a runaway match." Again, one of the first statements in his 'Cavaliers of Virginia' contains these words: "The romance of history pertains to no human annals more strikingly than to the early settlement of Virginia. The mind of the reader at once reverts to the names of Raleigh, Smith, and Pocahontas. The traveller's memory pictures in a moment the ivy-mantled ruins of old Jamestown." If these two sentiments be connected, we shall have a very fair idea of the scene and the character of all that Carruthers wrote.

It has often been said that "once a Virginian always a Virginian," and Carruthers is a most persistent and enthusiastic example under the rule. It is but natural that he should have been: for in his day the Old Dominion was indeed the dominion of great leaders and far-reaching movements—a State worthy of all his ardent pride. Born in 1800 and living until 1850, he saw events and men for these events that might well arouse the spirit of romance within him. Little has been recorded about his life; in fact, it is almost impossible to gain any definite information concerning him, but we may see in his works his ideals, his pride, and his hopes. We know that he attended Washington College, now Washington and Lee University, at Lexington, Virginia, studied medicine, and removed to Savannah, Georgia, where he became well known because of his skill and his genial ways. He had much of the antiquarian spirit, loved to discuss the olden times, hoarded an old tale or tradition as a treasure, and put a wealth of just such treasures into his writings.

Three neglected novels and some almost forgotten magazine articles make up the sum total of his literary gifts. 'Cavaliers of Virginia; or, the Recluse of Jamestown' (1832), an energetic story of Bacon's Rebellion in 1676; 'The Kentuckian in New York' (1834), a decidedly humorous and sociologically valuable narrative of early days

in the American Republic; and 'Knights of the Horseshoe' (1845), dealing with Governor Spotswood's famous expedition into the Valley of Virginia, are the surprisingly interesting and suprisingly forgotten volumes; while of the magazine articles, but one, his once widely read description of the ascent of Natural Bridge, published in the *Knickerbocker* of 1838, is now remembered. When a literary worker reads these excellent efforts and reflects upon their present obscurity, he may well despair of there being any such thing as "secure literary fame."

Not that this old-time novelist has no faults; he has them in abundance. His little fishes too often talk like whales, and that too in the midst of a most troubled sea. How the conversation of some of these heroes would have delighted old Dr. Johnson! They are "fearfully" fond of talking; they make long Ciceronian speeches on all sorts of occasions. Their language is so faultlessly correct; their phrases are balanced with such conscious care; the author would not allow them to make a grammatical slip for all the world. When, in 'Cavaliers of Virginia,' Nathaniel Bacon discovers his ardent lover, the Indian queen, mourning over her slain tribe, instead of saying, "How sorry I am," he remarks with much dignity: "It is almost useless for me to profess now how wholly, how profoundly, I sympathize with you in witnessing this scene of desolation. Naught but the dictates of inevitable necessity could have induced the army under my command to perpetrate this melancholy devastation; but I trust that the soothing influence of time, your own good sense, and the ministrations of your kind white friends, will reconcile you to these stern decrees of fate." It is no wonder that the queen stopped weeping! Worse still, this same hero, while proposing to his future wife, makes a speech two pages long, and the girl's mother replies with one nearly as long before relieving him of his suspense. Their language is of that same calm deliberateness which marked the youthful figures in the old-fashioned school-reader, and we are tempted to believe that if one of them were suddenly stricken in death, he would pronounce a dying oration in the polished phrases of Demosthenes.

Carruthers himself is not a little afflicted with the same rhetorical disease. He feels called upon to give a detailed description of every character, to explain every action, to clarify even the hero's idle day-dreams, and to leave nothing to the reader's imagination. Then, too, our novelist has the old-fashioned and provoking habit of prefacing the most interesting portions of his stories with historical data, Scott-like in length and tediousness. Carruthers's expressions, especially in his earlier works, are too often pompous and roundabout, and we modern readers are inclined to smile at the rhetoric, which would call the hero's cigar smoke "the fragrant result of his

effort." Yet now and then Carruthers turns a handsome phrase. "A spur in the head is worth two in the heel." "We are just allowed to peep into the Garden of Eden, and then banished forever amid the dark by-ways and crowded thoroughfares of busy life." "What a beneficent provision of the Creator it was, rolling our little planet but one side at a time next the sun, that while one half the world fretted and stormed and sinned, the other half might repent and sleep." "Oh, if this life is indeed but a frolic for the amusement of the gods, it is a bitter jest, at which angels might weep!"

It must be confessed that there are many flaws in this early novelist's efforts. His plots are not always logical; they might end many times before they do; and in not a few instances, as in 'Knights of the Horseshoe,' the chapters are a trifle too obviously a series of colonial pictures. But for this we may indeed be thankful; for the pictures are valuable to us of to-day. Added to these structural defects, there is the fact that every hero is thrillingly brave, every villain damnably bad, and every heroine surpassingly beautiful. Your average person stood no chance in the old-time novel.

But admitting all these crudities, if such they be, every reader must be surprised at the wealth of excellence discovered in Carruther's works. I have intimated that his plots are not strictly logical in their sequence and are loose in structure; but they have a real interest nevertheless. Here we find that easily discovered charm of the old-fashioned fiction, which was constantly getting the hero into a most helpless position, and then rescuing him with much glory to himself and much gratification to us. I venture to maintain that some of these dramatic incidents have not often been excelled in American literature.

'Cavaliers of Virginia' and 'Knights of the Horseshoe' teem with Indian fights, rebellions, intrigues, fires, explosions, Indian tortures, and scores of other wild incidents. I doubt whether the horrors of Indian warfare have ever been better portrayed than in Carruthers's narrative of the battle occurring where Richmond now stands. In virility and vividness he frequently approaches the best that Cooper has written. But, unlike the latter, he never allows this ability to create scenes to get the better of him. Professor Lounsbury has said of Cooper's 'Last of the Mohicans': "It is indeed an open question whether a higher art would not have given more breathing places in this exciting tale, in which the mind is carried without pause from sensation to sensation." Carruthers has not this defect. His exciting events are interspersed with pen-pictures decidedly real and undeniably interesting.

And that leads us to another prominent characteristic of this early writer. The man has a genius for description. How fond he is of

a midnight scene—the wind moaning through the shadowy forest, the moon darting through restless clouds to gleam on the flecked water of the distant ocean; the lonely cry of some forest creature in distress! And if a dead man be near so much the better.

'Knights of the Horseshoe' and 'Cavaliers of Virginia' are storehouses of interesting facts concerning colonial customs—customs of dining-room, changes in gentlemen's dress, scenes in churches, slave superstitions, colonial college-life, a multitude of such things. It is a happy picture—that found in 'Knights of the Horseshoe,' in which Governor Spotswood's reign is described; the old Governor's enthusiasm for the new land, the people's admiration for their soldier-ruler, the prosperity that prevailed because of mutual confidence. But the picture of Sir William Berkeley's reign, as given in 'Cavaliers of Virginia,' is just as dark as the other is bright. I know of no other book in American literature presenting so vivid an account of the first American Rebellion. The average history offers but a brief and vague recital of the deeds of that first American rebel, Nathaniel Bacon, but here he and his deeds pass before us with all the reality of life. In fact, Carruthers's portrayals of early times (the only excuse for many a chapter in his books), are more interesting than his plots.

But those who have not read Carruthers's works must not think that the only entertainment lies in his description. There is many a laughable speech and incident in these pages. In nearly every case, however, it is a humor of eccentric characters. And that brings us to the figures that people his volumes. Are they real? Decidedly so. Especially is this true of the rougher or more vigorous heroes. Nathaniel Bacon, the drunken Irishman, and the giant recluse of 'Cavaliers of Virginia' become flesh-and-blood beings, for whom we at length feel a sincere solicitude; while old Governor Berkeley, in the same romance, is a well drawn portrait of a hard-headed, tyrannical, and much despised old man. In the 'Kentuckian of New York' we find the boisterous, free-drinking, and eccentric Kentuckian the most tangible figure, while in 'Knights of the Horseshoe,' the rough-and-ready scout, Red Jarvis, draws from us more love and admiration than any of his companions. In fact, Red Jarvis is a character comparable with Cooper's Natty Bumppo, and as great a series of tales might have been created around him.

As Carruthers incidentally remarks, these stories deal "with the generous, fox-hunting, wine-drinking, duelling, and reckless race of men, which gives so distinct a character to Virginians wherever they may be found"; and it is in the portrayal of such figures that he is thoroughly successful. In his characterization of "females," as Cooper would call them, he is much more successful than that far-famed

contemporary. Carruthers's women, it must be admitted, are of the same "clinging vine" species, but at times they perform feats that Cooper never dreamed a woman could do.

Space will not permit a study of this early novelist's use of humor and pathos. Suffice it to say, that in the former he is so skilful as to give all three of his books an unaffected air of gaiety. Neither can we linger over his surprisingly broad views on such subjects as slavery, the Northerner versus the Southerner, the training of women, and the relative values of scientific and classical education. In his ideas on the necessity of scientific studies he was a half century in advance of his day.

So many surprises come to us when we turn the leaves of an old volume. Time and again we ask ourselves how such interesting pages came to be forgotten. But that is one of the ironical mysteries of fortune—and of literature. Carruthers has but shared the undeserved fate of many who were his betters.

Carl Holliday

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## NEGRO SONG

From 'Knights of the Horseshoe.'

"Farewell, Old Beginny,
I lebe you now maybe forebber;
I'm gwine to lebe de Chesapeake,
I lebe you crab, you prawn, you oyster—
Way down in Old Beginny.

"My fishing-smack, my net and tackle,
I lebe you by the ribber side;
I gwine to lebe de swamp and woods,
Where de coon and possum sleep—
Way down in Old Beginny.

"All my friends I lebe behind me—
Ben, Harry, Bill, and old Aunt Dinah,
Maum, Mary, and de Sarah child,
And my young misses, I 'blige to lebe you—
Way down in Old Beginny.

"De rattle-snake, de deer, de turkey,
He got dis country all to eself—
He high like steeple, and deep like well,
No like de shore I lebe behind me—
Way down in Old Beginny.

"A long farewell, my Old Beginny;
I gwine fight cussed Injun now;
He sculp old June, he broke he banjo,
He no more sing to he young missus—
Way down in Old Beginny.

"The chimbly-corner's all dark now,
No banjo da to make him merry;
A long farewell to my old missus—
A long farewell to my old missus—
Way down in Old Beginny."

## MEETING OF THE BURGESSES

From 'Knights of the Horseshoe.'

The great day at length arrived—that day the events of which were to fulfill the highest hopes of the chivalrous and enterprising Governor of Virginia, or blast them forever. The burgesses at the previous session had refused to vote the necessary supplies, and should the present representatives be governed by the same feelings and opinions, there was forever an end of the great tramontane expedition. Very different means and exertions had been used this year, however, from those which preceded the former election. Though the Governor was not formed by nature so much for a politician as a soldier, he was compelled to learn by experience. His frank and noble nature was coerced to adopt those measures of policy and expediency always found inseparable from high political station. Governor Spotswood soon learned, like all others who have trod the devious ways of politics, that human nature must be dealt with by means suited to its grovelling propensities. Not that we would insinuate, for a moment, that any improper or criminal influences had been used to secure the election of his friends—far from it. Dearly as he desired the fulfillment of that long-thought-of and anxiously-studied enterprise, he would have sacrificed his highest hopes and aspirations before he would have stooped to anything mean or unworthy to accomplish it. But he had taken pains to have the counties actively canvassed, and had, in several places, suggested the most proper persons to be run by his friends, while no means were spared to diffuse correct information among the people. After all those means had been used, however, the Governor was well aware that the fate of his darling hobby rested with some half-dozen grave old planters, in whose hands was the balance of power. They were friends and followers of Mr. Bird, the celebrated traveller and journalist, who was at the time of which we write a member of Council. The Governor had been closeted with him half of the previous night, and, up to the meeting of the House of Burgesses, had received no assurances calculated to allay his anxious fears. The neutrals were known to

be under the influence of Mr. Bird; and thus, as it were, he held the fate of the whole expedition in his hands.

It was known that the Governor was to make a speech to the Assembly, and consequently the town was thronged at an early hour. Even before daylight crowds were pouring into the city, insomuch that long before the first meal the taverns were full. The back streets and lanes in and around the city presented the appearance of a great meeting. Horses were tied to the fences in continuous lines wherever the eye could reach, while Gloucester Street, the Palace, Capitol, and Market Greens were filled with a dense crowd of men. Of course not a tithe of these could squeeze within the walls of the Capitol; but it mattered not—it was a great public day, and the Governor was to make a speech, and it was sufficient that they were on the ground. As characteristic of the times, let our readers just cast their eyes over one of these groups collected round the tail of a cart from which was sold eatables and drinkables. The old planter, at the right extremity of the semicircle, with a pewter mug in his hand, has on a hat which was perhaps cocked in London, but it now bears indubitable marks of having passed through perils of flood and field; it is of a foxy-red color, and the loops by which it was held in shape being all gone, the brim is rolled up on each side, so as to give it the shovel shape in front and rear. His coat is homespun and of a gray color, the flaps falling almost to his heels, and containing pockets equal to a modern pair of saddle-bags. His waistcoat is made of a web with staring figures as large as our curtain calico, and the pockets covering the hip-bones, where it is met by his inexpressibles, made of the same material as his coat, and terminating at the knee and fastened by huge buckles; homespun stockings cover the remainder of his legs, and his shoes are fastened with the same sort of buckles as those at the knee.

His wife stands next him, waiting for the pewter mug most patiently; on her head is a fur hat, exactly such as the male sex wears in our day, with less stiffening. It is kept on her head by a shawl tied over the top and under her chin. Her dress is made of materials which bear a striking resemblance to those of her husband's waistcoat—the same straggling, large red figures. The waist terminates just above

the hips, and below, on each side, are pockets to match those in her husband's coat-tail. The other parties of the group were dressed very much after the same general fashion, varying somewhat, perhaps, with the taste of the wearer. At every corner and cross street such a group might be seen. It mattered little to those primitive tobacco planters of the humbler sort how eloquently the Governor might discourse at the other end of the city—the tail of a gingerbread-cart was their exchange, tavern, and reading-room; there they received all the information they ever acquired.

The next grade above them were seated 'round tables in the tavern, covered with bottles and glasses, and there the same theme occupied their attention. What strange ideas were then developed of that great country which now gives character to our land! They thought the mountains inaccessible, in the first place, and even if crossed that the French and the Mississippi were both immediately beyond. We would like to stand near with the reader, and take down a few of their dialogues, but time presses—the Capitol bell is ringing and the crowd is in motion. Carriages filled with elegantly dressed ladies are sweeping up the Capitol Green in one direction, and, after depositing their inmates, pouring out at the other in a continuous line. The young bloods, on fine, prancing steeds, are endeavoring to force their way through the dense throng. The police-officers are cracking the crowns of obstreperous lads trying to force their way in; while the white teeth of a grinning cuffee or two might be seen shining from every tree in the neighborhood, staring with all their eyes to see they knew not what.

At length the booming sound of a cannon announces that the Governor has set out from the palace. Immediately the crowd breaks away to the right and left, and soon a troop of cavalry passes through, and files to the right and left on each side of the avenue; next, the body-guard, and then the state-coach, with the Governor in full-dress, attended by two of the Council. There was an expression of anxiety on his countenance as he entered the Capitol which he could but ill conceal; he was evidently laboring under apprehensions for the fate of his cherished enterprise, at the same time, no doubt, planning how to fire the enthusiasm of his auditors.

The members rose respectfully upon his entrance, and were gracefully saluted by him in turn. He took the seat appropriated to him for a few moments, a profound silence obtaining the while. He rested his head upon his hand, as if he would still its tumultuous throbbing.

The house was packed as tight as it was possible, and at least one-half the members' seats given up to the ladies, their gay feathers and brilliant colors contrasting strangely with the grave faces and dresses of the members.

The Governor rose and stepped forward a pace or two, and commenced slowly and under some embarrassment. He related the history of the inception of the undertaking—said that while carrying out the benevolent views of Mr. Boyle with regard to the Indian scholars in the college, he had been induced to make the effort to accomplish a double purpose, *i.e.*, he had taken the Indian prisoners of the proper age to school instead of to prison—that some of them had been taken from the tributaries from beyond the mountains, and it was from them that he had obtained his first information of that glorious country. He said that he saw some of those then in the crowd who were willing and ready to testify, if the burgesses desired to hear them. The old veteran began to warm as he described the glories of the conquest, and the beauty of that Eldorado which his imagination constantly presented to his mental vision. Most eloquently did he also present it to the minds of his hearers. He gave a faithful and graphic detail of the then known geography of the Continent, passing rapidly from the Northern lakes to the Gulf of Mexico. He declared that nearly every other colony had hitherto done more toward the advancement of the great interests of civilization than Virginia, and that it was peculiarly incumbent on her, the representative in America of the intelligence, the religion, and the liberty of her fatherland, to prosecute what Smith and Raleigh had so nobly begun. When he arrived at the military aspect of his subject the old "war-horse" was roused up, as if he smelled the battle afar off. He fired up the ardor and enthusiasm of the most lethargic by his historical and classic allusions, and wound up his address by describing Virginia as holding in her hands the very key to all that rendered the discoveries of Columbus available.

## THE KNIGHTS

From 'Knights of the Horseshoe.'

We do not know why it is, and always has been, that winter is described in gloomy colors. It may be that the hoar-frosts, and the glittering icicles, and the snow-clad fields, and the leafless trees and plants, convey such impressions to a majority of mankind; but it is not so with all. There is something bracing and invigorating in a snow-storm to some (we speak not of the bleak and extreme North), one of those old-fashioned steady falls of large, flat flakes, which sometimes herald in the Christmas holidays. Such a day was the twenty-fifth of December, seventeen hundred and fourteen. There was little wind, the cold was not intense, and the merry lads let loose from school, and the negroes freed from labor, were making merry with the snowballs in the ancient city. But, besides the usual gaiety and freedom from care of the festive season, there were indications abroad that this day had been set apart for some extraordinary ceremony other than those usually incident to the season.

Martial music was heard in various directions, and soldiers, almost blinded by the snow—the same troops who but a few weeks ago presented such a tatterdemalion appearance—were threading their way toward the Capitol. The bells, too, were pouring a merry peal over the town, and carriages and horses lined the way from the church in Gloucester Street to the aforementioned edifice. Many of the ladies occupying the vehicles had just come from attending the usual church service on that day; but now the altars and the church, hung with mistletoe, were deserted even by the reverend prelate who statedly officiated there; he was still robed in his canonicals, and occupied a seat in one of the carriages. When the Hall of the House of Burgesses was thrown open the Governor was presented to the people, occupying the elevated seat usually filled by the speaker. On his right hand sat the chaplain to the General Assembly, the Rev. Hugh Jones, in his sacred robes, and round them in a semicircle sat the members of the Tramontane Order. After the usual solemn opening of the meeting by the chaplain, the Governor stepped down the small flight of

steps which led to a platform still elevated above the people. He was dressed in full court costume—wig, crimson velvet coat, ruffles at the throat and wrist. Before him was placed a table on which were spread out various ornaments of jewelry, many of them studded with gems and precious stones, but all of them wrought into the shape of horseshoes. He took one of them in his hand and read the inscription on one side, "The Tramontane Order," and turning it over, read also the motto on the other, "*Sic juvat transcendere montes.*" Here a great clapping of hands and waving of ladies' handkerchiefs in the gallery arrested its progress for a moment, during which time a happy and benignant smile played over the noble old man's features. He was evidently well-pleased, but struggling with his emotions, for his eye glistened unwontedly. Whether he was thinking at the moment of other important ceremonies which were soon to be performed, and in which those near and dear to him were deeply interested—or whether he was thinking of the separation which was about to take place between him and his young associates in arms, and some of them perhaps forever, we know not. His address was brief, and something like the following: "Friends and members of the Order—I hold in my hand a simple and unostentatious ornament, designed for the purpose of perpetuating the remembrance of one of the most glorious achievements of our lives. I am sure it is of mine (which has been longer and more eventful than that of any of my late associates in arms), and I would fain hope it so considered by them. [Applause.] I knew that you would dearly cherish the remembrance of our mountain expedition, and it is my wish that you may continue to do so through whatever may be your future adventures. From a military experience now somewhat extended, I am proud to say that I never yet was in command of a nobler little army. Your conduct, gentlemen, one and all, during the trying scenes through which we have passed, met with my most hearty approbation. Such a commencement of your martial career is a sure guarantee that should our sovereign again require the aid of your arms, no second call will be necessary to bring you forth again from your peaceful and happy homes. Some of you, I learn, are about to embark for the shores of our fatherland in pursuit of a wider and more

extended field of observation—and in furtherance of a laudable ambition to improve your understanding by examining the institutions of the Old World. These insignia which I am about to present to you will be new to the chivalry of that time-honored country, but I trust not unrecognized. I am sure when you bear these to the presence of majesty itself, and when you inform our gracious sovereign what a new and glorious empire you have added to his dominions, he will recognize you as a part of the chivalry of the empire—of that glorious band of knights and gentlemen who surround his throne like a bulwark. [Applause.]

"I have only now to say farther that I have been authorized by his Majesty's council to invest each of the following named young gentlemen with one of these badges:

"Francis Lee, Ralph Wormley, Mann Page, John Randolph, Dudley Diggs, John Peyton, Thomas Bray, Theodoric Bland, William Beverley, Benjamin Harrison, Oliver Yelverton, Peyton Shipwith, Peter Berkly, William Byrd, Charles Ludwell, John Fitzhugh, Thomas Fairfax, Bernard Moore, Nathaniel Dandridge, Kit Carter, Francis Brooke, John Washington, Hugh Taylor, Alexander Nott, Charles Mercer, Edward Saunders, William Moseley, Edmund Pendleton, George Hay, George Wythe, John Munroe.

"May you wear them, gentlemen, through long and happy lives, and, when you descend honored and lamented to your graves, may they descend as heirlooms to your children. When the wilderness which you have discovered and conquered shall blossom as the rose—as most assuredly it will—these badges may be sought after by the antiquarians of a future age as honored mementos of the first pioneers of their happy and favored country. Let them be religiously preserved, then, I charge you. The simple words which form the inscription may some day reveal the history of a portion of our country and its honored founders, when the revolutions of empires and the passing away of generations may have submerged every other record.

"Your own names, gentlemen, honored and distinguished as they now are by illustrious ancestry, may, by the mutations and instability of human greatness, be yet rescued from oblivion by these simple memorials."

The members of the order then kneeled down and were invested in due form with the insignia of the "Knights of the Horseshoe."

After which the assembly dispersed, the knights to dine with the master and founder of their order, and the people to join in the festivities of the season.

## A YANKEE SINGING-MASTER

From 'The Kentuckian in New York'

"No, no, I believe it, because we had just such a fellow once in our neighbourhood—a Yankee schoolmaster—and we took him out a deer-driving two or three times, and he was always singing a psalm at his stand. He spoilt the fun, confound him! Hang me if I didn't always think the fellow was afraid to stand in the woods by himself without it. I went to his singin' school of Saturday nights, too; but I never had a turn that way. All the master could do, he couldn't keep me on the trail—I was for ever slipping into Yankee Doodle; you see, every once in a while, the tune would take a quick turn, like one I knowed afore, so I used to blaze away at it with the best of 'em, but the same old Yankee Doodle always turned up at the end. But the worst of it was, the infernal Yankee spoilt all the music I ever had in me; when I come out of the school, I thought the gals at home would have killed themselves laughin' at me. They said I ground up Yankee Doodle and Old Hundred together, all in a hodge-podge, so I never sings to no one now but the dumb brutes in the stable, when they gits melancholy of a rainy day. Old Pete here raises his ears, and begins to snort the minute I raises a tune."

"Your singing-master was, like his scholar, an original."

"An original! When he come to them parts, he drove what we call a Yankee cart, half wagon and half carriage, full of all sorts of odds and ends; when he had sold them out, he sold his horse and cart, too, and then turned in to keepin' a little old-field school; and over and above this, he opened a Saturday night singin-school—and I reckon we had rare times with the gals there. At last, when the feller

had got considerable ahead, the word came out that he was studyin' to be a doctor; and sure enough, in a few months, he sold out the school for so much a head, just like we sell our hogs; then off the Yankee starts to git made a doctor of; and hang me if ever I could see into that business. How they can turn a pedlar into a doctor in four months, is a leetle jist over my head. It's true enough they works a mighty change in the chaps in that time. Our Yankee went off, as well-behaved and as down-faced a chap as you would wish to see in a hundred, and wore home-made clothes like mine; but when he had staid his four months out, and 'most everybody had forgot him, one day as I was leanin' up against one of the poplar trees in the little town, I saw a sign goin' up on the side of a house, with DOCTOR GUN in large letters. I'll take my Bible oath, when I saw the thing, I thought I should have broke a blood-vessel. Howsomever, I strained 'em down, till an old woman would have sworn I had the high-strikes, with a knot o' wind in my guzzle. But I quieted the devil in me, and then I slipped slyly over the street, behind where the doctor was standing with his new suit of black; one hand stuck in his side, and the other holding an ivory-headed stick up to his mouth in the most knowing fashion, I tell you. I stole up behind him, and bawled out in his ear, as loud as I could yell, *'faw—sol—law—me.'* Oh! my grandmother! what a smashin' rage he flew into; he shook his cane—he walked backwards and forwards—and didn't he make the tobacco juice fly? I reckon, if I hadn't had so many inches, he'd have been into my meat; but the fun of it all was, the feller had forswore his mother tongue; dash me if he could talk a word of common lingo, much less sing psalms and hymns by note; he rattled off words as long as my arm, and as fast as a wind-mill. Some of the old knowing ones says they've got some kind of a mill, like these little hand-organs, and that chops it out to the chaps eny night and morning, pretty much as I chop straw to my horses; but I'm going to see that doctor-factory, when I git to Philadelphia, if they don't charge a feller more nor half a dollar a head."

## SITE OF JAMESTOWN

From 'Cavaliers of Virginia.'

The city of Jamestown was situated upon an island in the Powhatan, about twenty leagues from where that noble river empties its waters into those of the Chesapeake Bay.

This island is long, flat on its surface, and presents a semi-circular margin to the view of one approaching from the southeast; indeed it can scarcely be seen that it is an island from the side facing the river—the little branch which separates it from the main land having doubtless worn its way around by a long and gradual process.

At the period of which we write, the city presented a very imposing and romantic appearance, the landscape on that side of the river being shaded in the background by the deep green foliage of impenetrable forests standing in bold relief for many a mile against the sky. Near the centre of the stream, and nearly opposite the one just mentioned, stands another piece of land surrounded by water, known to this day by the very unromantic name of Hog Island, and looking for all the world like a nest for pirates, so impenetrable are the trees, undergrowth, and shrubbery with which it is thickly covered.

To prevent the incursions of the treacherous savage, the city was surrounded by a wall or palisade, from the outside of which, at the northwestern end, was thrown a wooden bridge, so as to connect the first mentioned island with the main land. A single street ran nearly parallel with the river, extending over the upper half of the island and divided in the centre by the public square. On this were situated the Governor's mansion, state house, church, and other public buildings. Near where the line was broken by the space just mentioned, stood two spacious tenements, facing each other from opposite sides of the street. These were the rival hotels of the ancient city; and, after the fashion of that day, both had towering signposts erected before their respective doors, shaped something like a gibbet, upon which swung monotonously in the wind two huge painted sign-boards. These stood confronting each other like two angry rivals—

one bearing the insignia of the Berkley Arms, by which name it was designated—and the other the Cross Keys, from which it also received its cognomen. The Berkley Arms was the rendezvous of all the Cavaliers of the colony, both old and young, and but a short time preceding the date of our story, was honoured as the place of assembly for the House of Burgesses.

The opposite and rival establishment received its patronage from the independent or republican faction.

It was late in the month of May, and towards the hour of twilight; the sun was just sinking behind the long line of blue hills which form the southwestern bank of the Powhatan, and the red horizontal rays fell along the rich volume of swelling waters dividing the city of Jamestown from the hills beyond with a line of dazzling yet not oppressive brilliance.

As the rich tints upon the waters gradually faded away, their place was supplied in some small degree from large lanterns which now might be seen running half way up the signposts of the two hotels before mentioned, together with many lights of less magnitude visible in the windows of the same establishments and the various other houses within reflecting distance of the scene. The melancholy monotony of the rippling and murmuring waters against the long graduated beach now also began to give place to louder and more turbulent sounds, as the negroes collected from their work to gossip in the streets—Indians put off from the shore in their canoes, or the young Cavaliers collected in the Berkley Arms to discuss the news of the day or perhaps a few bottles of the landlord's best. On this occasion the long, well-scrubbed oaken table in the centre of the "News Room" was graced by the presence of some half dozen of the principal youths of the city. In the centre of the table stood the half-emptied bottle, and by each guest a full bumper of wine, and all were eager to be heard as the wine brightened their ideas and the company received fresh accessions from without.

## WYANOKEE

From 'Cavaliers of Virginia.'

This was no other than Wyanokee, her own little Indian attendant, who officiated near the person of her mistress, in a medium capacity between friend and servant; the mistress only requiring the companion, and the maid spontaneously offering the services due both from affection and gratitude.

The figure of Wyanokee was diminutive, but like most of the aboriginal females, exquisitely proportioned, and graceful, after the fashion of nature's finest schooling. Her face was oval and between a brown and yellow colour, yet there was a vital tinge occasionally illuminating this predominant dark ground, which bespoke the refined female, in language intelligible to all, and far more eloquently than the tongue. Her hair was jet black, and folded upon her small round head after the fashion of the Europeans; and her brilliant teeth exhibited a striking contrast to the dark shades of her skin, and darker sparkling eyes. The delicately penciled brows, arched beautifully over a countenance strikingly feminine and lady-like; and the general expression was that calm sadness which has been remarked as characteristic of the domesticated aborigines from that day to the present. Her dress was essentially after the fashion of the whites of that day, just retaining sufficient of the Indian costume, however, to set off her slight but graceful figure to the best advantage. The exquisite proportions of her finely shaped foot and ankle were displayed in a closely fitting deer skin moccasin, studded around the eyelet holes, and wrought in curious, but not unpleasing figures, with party-coloured beads and porcupine quills. Around her neck, and falling upon her gently swelling bosom, were many ingeniously wrought ornaments of wampum and silver—and around her wrists, bracelets of the same materials. Wyanokee was of the Chickahominy tribe, and had been taken prisoner after the murder of her parents by one of the neighbouring tribes, who at the time were at war with the Chickahominies. Nathaniel Bacon saw her in one of his hunting excursions, and struck with her native beauty, and pleading countenance, redeemed her

from captivity at the expense of a string of blue beads. From thence he brought her to Jamestown to remain until some opportunity should occur of restoring her to her tribe. Her parents having been slain, however, as we have already said, and much time necessarily having elapsed before such opportunity occurred, Virginia took advantage of it, and by mild and affectionate treatment, endeavoured to win her to herself. A mutual and peculiar attachment was the consequence, so that when the opportunity actually occurred, Wyanokee refused to return to the almost extinct tribe of her fathers. Two years had now elapsed since her introduction into the Fairfax family, during which time Virginia, an assiduous pupil herself, became in her turn instructress to her little *protegée*. Already had she learned many of the little feminine arts and accomplishments of civilized life, and made considerable proficiency in the English language—which, however, she never employed except in private to her instructress, or on some urgent occasion. Half the young Cavaliers in Jamestown would have been willing devotees at the shrine of Wyanokee's beauty, after the corrupt fashions of the parent court and country. But such celebrity was not suited to the taste or ambition of the Indian maiden. Whenever the little errands of her patroness led her to the shops of the city, instead of encouraging the forward and impudent gallantries of the young profligates, she would trip along like a frightened partridge—always turning a deaf ear to their flatteries, and keeping her eyes fixed upon the earth, in the most modest, natural and simple guise. Notwithstanding her habitual indifference to the flatteries of her many admirers, there was one youth whose very step upon the door sill her practised ear could detect. Not that her deliverer had ever taken advantage of her gratitude to him—her ignorance of civilized refinements, or her dependent situation, to poison her mind with the deceitful flatteries too common with his comrades of that day. The passion was perhaps the growth of time and reflection and the effect of gratitude, as the little Indian maiden became capable of instituting comparisons between his conduct towards herself and that of the young Cavaliers, whose assiduities have been already mentioned. Certain it is, that if it had been from

some sudden impulse in their earlier intercourse, the customs of her race would have fully borne her out in declaring her passion to its object at once. At the time of which we write, however, this feeling was a profound secret within her own bosom, as she hoped and believed; and the more Virginia impressed upon her mind the necessity of reserve and modesty in her intercourse with the other sex, the more jealous she became in concealing the passion that possessed her heart. Nevertheless, it influenced all her after life, and gave a touching interest to the progress of her moral and intellectual development.

Some few of her Indian peculiarities were still retained by Wyanokee; her gesticulation was far more powerful and expressive than her small compass of language, and the ordinary indifference of her race to passing and exciting themes, was yet preserved by her. Her gentle mistress could indeed work upon her sensibilities through the medium of her affection and gratitude, like a skilful musician upon a finely toned instrument, but the master key was still wanting even to her. There was one peculiarity of her race not quite so agreeable or inoffensive as those already mentioned—namely, the silence and celerity of her movements; sometimes she would appear to Virginia in the middle of the night with the imagined abruptness of an unearthly spirit. Often would the fair maiden awake from her slumbers and find her stooping over her couch—with the saddest and most intense interest expressed in her countenance—and again she would glide through the silent apartments of the spacious mansion with a movement so shadowy and noiseless, that it seemed almost impossible to be effected by a substantial being.

## BACON'S PROMOTION

From 'Cavaliers of Virginia.'

While the friends were yet uttering their words of greeting, and before they had propounded one of the many questions which they desired to ask, Bacon was seized under each arm with a rude, but not disrespectful familiarity—saluted by the title of General, and borne off toward the state house in spite alike of remonstrances and entreaties.

It was with great difficulty they could gain the square, so dense was the barricade of ox carts loaded with furniture, and wagons thronged with negro children; while families in carriages and on horseback and thousands of the multitude promiscuously huddled together, increased the difficulty of making way. Since he had heard the startling news of the death of Mrs. Fairfax, his mind was more than ever bent upon joining the proposed expedition; and had it not been for the interruption to the anticipated meeting with the doctor, no one could have appeared upon the rostrum with greater alacrity.

The contumacious conduct of the Governor toward the respectful remonstrances and petitions of the citizens, and more especially his unwarranted and disrespectful treatment of himself, recurred to his mind in good time. He mounted the rude platform hastily erected in front of the state house, burning with indignation, and glowing with patriotism. "He thanked the people for the unexpected and unmerited honour they had just conferred upon him. He accepted the office tendered to him with alacrity, and none the less so that yonder stubborn old man will not endorse it with his authority, and sanction our proceeding under the ordinary forms of law. What has produced this simultaneous explosion in the colony? What are the circumstances which can thus array all the wealth, intelligence and respectability of the people against the constituted authorities? Let your crippled commerce, your taxed, overburdened and deeply wronged citizens answer! The first has been embarrassed by acts of parliament, which originated here, the most severe, arbitrary and unconstitutional, while your citizens both gentle and

hardy, have been enormously and indiscriminately taxed in order to redeem your soil from the immense and illegal grants to unworthy and sometimes non-resident favourites.

"There was a time when both Cavalier and yeoman dared to be free; when your assembly, boldly just to their constituents, scrupled not to contend with majesty itself in defence of our national and chartered rights. But melancholy is the contrast which Virginia at this time presents. The right of suffrage which was coeval with the existence of the colony, which had lived through the arbitrary reign of James, and with a short interruption through that of the first Charles, which was again revived during the Commonwealth, and was considered too sacred to be touched even by the impure hands of the Protector, is now sacrilegiously stolen from you during a season of profound peace and security.

"The mercenary soldiers, sent from the mother country at an immense expense to each of you, fellow-citizens, where are they? Revelling upon the fat of the land at distant and unthreatened posts, while our fathers, and mothers, and brothers, and sisters, are butchered in cold blood by the ruthless savage. Where is now the noble and generous Fairfax, the favourite of the rich and the poor? Where his estimable and benevolent lady? Murdered under the silent mouths of the rusty cannon which surmount yonder palisade. Look at his sad and melancholy mansion, once the scene of generous hospitality to you all—behold its deserted halls and darkened windows. But this is only the nearest evidence before our eyes—within the last twenty-four hours hundreds of worthy citizens have shared the same fate.

"Shall these things be longer borne, fellow-citizens?"

"No! no! no!" burst from the multitude—"down with the Governor, and extermination to the Indians."

He continued. "Already I see a noble band of mounted youths, the sons of your pride and your hopes—flanked by a proud little army of hardier citizens; from these I would ask a pledge, that they never lay down their arms, till their grievances are redressed."

"We swear—we swear," responded from all, and then, three cheers for General Bacon, made the welkin ring. At this juncture the trumpet, drum, and fife, were heard im-

mediately behind the crowd, and a party of the royal guard, some fifty in number, halted upon the outskirts of the assemblage, while their officer undertook to read a proclamation from the Governor, ordering the mob, as he was pleased to style the meeting, to disperse under penalty of their lives and property. The *army of the people,* already getting under arms, immediately commenced an evolution by which the temporary commander of the mounted force would have been thrown directly fronting the guard, and between them and the multitude. Bacon saw the intended movement, and instantly countermanded the orders, "Let the people," said he, "deal with this handful of soldiers; we will not weaken our force, and waste our energies by engaging in intestine broils, when our strength is so much called for by the enemies of our race upon the frontiers." The suggestion was immediately adopted; before the hireling band could bring their weapons to the charge, the multitude had closed in upon them, and disarmed them to a man. This accomplished, they were taken to the beach, in spite of the remonstrances of many of the more staid and sober of the Cavaliers and citizens, and there soundly ducked. Very unmilitary indeed was their appearance, as they were marshalled into battle array, all drooping and wet, and thus marched to the music of an ignominious tune to the front of the Governor's house.

The frantic passion of Sir William Berkley can be more easily imagined than described. He saw that he was left almost alone—that those citizens most remarkable for their loyalty had deserted him. However wilful and perverse, he saw the necessity of making temporary concessions, although at the same time more than ever bent upon summary vengeance against the most conspicuous leaders of the opposing party whenever chance or fortune should again place the real power of the colony in his hands. At present he felt that he was powerless—the very means which he had taken to thwart and provoke the people now became the source of the bitterest regret to himself, namely—sending the mercenary soldiers of the crown to distant posts on fictitious emergencies. He resolved therefore to disguise his real feelings until the departure of the popular army, when he could recall his own regular troops, and thus take signal vengeance

upon such of the agitators as should be left behind, and thence march immediately to the subjugation of the force commanded by Bacon. Scarcely had the presence of the dripping guard, as seen through his window, suggested these ideas, before an opportunity offered of putting in practice his temporary forbearance.

## THE PASSAGE OF THE MOUNTAINS

From 'Knights of the Horseshoe.'

At length the army was again in motion, the horses having recovered the use of their legs and the riders their spirits. They were now passing through a country wholly new even to the scout, and one of surpassing magnificence and beauty. The forest-crowned hills, and the bright, sparkling streams, tumbling over their rocky beds, succeeded each other with astonishing rapidity, exhibiting some of the finest landscapes of Nature.

The general course of the expedition was along the banks of these water-courses—supposed to have their rise near or beyond the mountains; but their devious windings were not pursued, so that they often crossed the same stream some twenty times a day, in pursuance of the more direct compass-line of the old chief.

Toward night of the first day's march after leaving the "horseshoe," some twenty miles, the great range of mountains began to appear distinctly in view, so that it was confidently predicted that another day's journey would bring them up to the base.

How gloriously the blue mountains loomed up in the distance to the astonished and delighted gaze of the young cavaliers, who supposed themselves just ready to grasp the magnificent prize for which they had so long toiled! But as the next day's march drew toward its close they were very much surprised to find the mountains still apparently as far off as though they pursued an *ignis fatuus*—so delusive were the distances to eyes accustomed so long to view objects on a dead-level. These daily disappointments and vexations at length, however, began to revive the Governor's youthful

experience and recollection of such things. Still that experience was not exactly in point, because here the towering heights were clothed in dense forests, over which the changing seasons were now throwing the gorgeous drapery of their autumnal hues, so that he was nearly as much at fault as his juniors.

In enthusiastic admiration of the matchless succession of panoramas which hourly greeted his sight he was not a whit behind any of them. Often would he halt his suite, as they preceded the main body over some high hill, and all with one voice would burst out in admiration at the new scenes presented, sometimes stretching far away into green, secluded valleys, and then towering up from their very borders into the most majestic and precipitous heights. As they advanced nearer and nearer to the mountains these characteristics gradually thickened upon them, until now the army was often closed up entirely between surrounding hills, and at other times the front ranks of the imposing array would be ascending one hill while the rear-guard was descending another. Often, too, were the echoes of the mountains awakened by the martial music of the trumpets and bugles, notwithstanding the oft-repeated remonstrances of the scout. Any one who has not heard a bugle among the mountains can form but a faint idea of the charming effect produced by the reverberations resounding from hill to valley and from valley to hill. For the greater part of the journey it was more like a triumphal procession than an army marching to new conquests through an unknown country.

On one of the last nights spent on the eastern side of the mountains, after the usual bustle of pitching tents and building fires had somewhat subsided, when soldiers and officers were lying about in lazy attitudes, seeking that repose made so necessary by the fatigue of a long day's march, powerfully induced, likewise, by one of those delightful Virginia autumnal twilights, Lee and Moore were resting themselves on the grass, and exchanging congratulations upon their prosperous journey thus far and the fine prospects of the morrow, when they observed the scout, instead of seeking that repose in which so many of his superiors were indulging, bustling about at a great rate. Our two adventurers soon discovered that

something more than common was in hand, and they called the scout to them and inquired what new scheme against the "varmints" he was now plotting.

"Oh, gents," replied Joe, "it's another sort of cattle I'm arter now—rare sport a-comin', gents; but it's a secret."

"No, no, Jarvis," replied Lee, as they both arose from their recumbent position, "no secrets from us—that is against our compact."

"Well, then," said Joe, "we are to have a grand fight to-night."

"What! to-night?" exclaimed both with one accord, springing to their feet. "Where, and with whom?"

"Ha, ha, ha! not so fast, not so fast; it's not with the yaller niggers."

They both turned away disappointed, and as they walked off Joe called after them, "It's a grand cock-fight, gents."

Both turned again almost as eagerly as before, and inquired of the scout how, in the name of all the wonders, the game-cocks had been brought so far from home. Joe told them that the servants of some of the young gentry had brought them by their masters' orders, and as they found it impossible to carry them farther they were determined to have one fight out of them before they were abandoned to their fate. "To tell you the truth," continued the scout, "I thought the critters would a' been made into cock-broth afore now, along with that dog o' mine, Squire Lee;" and he indulged again in a sort of inward chuckle at the idea of eating the tough fowls, and dining from his dog's carcass, to which he still persisted in saying they were coming before they reached their journey's end. As they walked toward the hastily arranged cockpit he went on to tell them what the governor had said when he (Jarvis) had made the prediction to him that they would at last have to return for want of forage and provisions. "The governor said, says he to me, 'Do you see those military boots, scout?' 'Yes, sir,' says I. 'Well,' says he, 'when I have supped upon them, and dined upon my saddle, then we may talk about going back without crossing the mountains.' That's the sort of commander for me; there is no back-out in his breed, depend upon it. They do say among the messes of the old life-guard that he's eat his boots

afore now, and June swears he had a bull-frog cooked the other night and that he eat him up. Now, I reckon that's the next thing to eating tanned leather."

By this time they arrived at the place already designated, by many torches and a crowd gathered round a rope fastened to stakes driven in a circle of considerable extent, on the borders of the encampment. A couple of cocks, belonging to some of the soldiers, were already engaged by way of prelude while they waited the arrival of the young gentry. They fought without gaffs; nevertheless, it was a bloody encounter, and one of them was soon gasping in the death-struggle.*

When the rest of the young gentry had arrived and the cocks were pitted how eagerly were the bets offered and taken! how excited became every eye! The rope was bent almost to the ground with the eager pressing forward of the excited men. The exclamations flew around, "Ten to one on the red and white!" "Done!" "An even bet on the brindle!" "Hurra! that was a home thrust!" etc., etc.

Now, it so happened that the tents of the encampment were pitched just under one of those spurs of the mountains which they were daily encountering, and which had more than once deceived them with the idea that they had at last arrived at the foot of the real Appalachee. Whether this was the real Blue Ridge (for the Blue Ridge and the Alleghanies were then all confounded together) they had not yet ascertained, but an incident now occurred which induced them to believe that they had at last arrived at the base of the true mountains. While so many were crowded round the cockpit, absorbed in the national amusement, an astonishing crash was heard like an avalanche coming down the mountains. Some huge object seemed to be coming directly toward them, bending and crashing the trees, and tracking its course in sparks of fire. Some thought a volcanic eruption had occurred, while others supposed it to be an avalanche; but, in far less time than we have taken to record it, a huge fragment of rock, weighing several tons, and carrying before it a shower of lesser bodies of the same sort, came leaping and bounding toward the very spot where the cockpit was located. For-

*We trust that our countrymen of this day will not find fault with us for giving a true picture of the amusements of our ancestors. The cock-fight was then almost a national game. (Author's note.)

tunately, a large tree stood directly between the crowd and the track of the fragment, or hundreds would have been instantly killed. As it was, several were badly hurt by the bursting of the rock and the scattering of the fragments. Jarvis shouted at once that it was the Indians; and in a few moments his sagacity was verified, for the whole side of the mountain seemed suddenly belted with a ribbon of fire. Appalling as the salutation had been, the young cavaliers stood lost in admiration at the grand and novel sight which now saluted their wondering eyes, until roused from their dangerous trance by the loud and commanding voice of Lee, who was already on horseback, and calling his comrades to arms, by the command of the governor. When he had drawn them sufficiently away from their dangerous propinquity to the base of the mountains, and while they were speedily mounting, a thought occurred to him which was productive of the happiest results. He had ordered the camp-fires extinguished, but suddenly countermanded the order and directed them to be furnished with fresh fuel, while he galloped off to communicate his scheme to the governor.

He found the veteran already in the saddle, and eager for the contest which he supposed about to ensue. His first order was to remove the tents and horses away from the base of the mountain, and out of reach of the new sort of artillery with which they were threatened. This was executed with alacrity and promptitude, the opposite side of the plain or valley furnishing an equally commodious site for the encampment and sure protection against the enemy. The next was to extinguish the fires, as before ordered at first by Frank Lee; but here the latter interposed and suggested to the governor to leave them burning, and to avoid all signs of the kind at the new camp-ground. Scarcely were the tents and horses removed before the wisdom of this course was made manifest, for the thundering missiles were again heard crashing down the mountain.

Frank also suggested that a body of volunteers should be sent round the spur or projection from the main body of the mountain, and thus out-flank the enemy, while they were engaged in loosing and hurling down the huge fragments of rock. He expressed his belief that such a force might ascend

on foot before daylight, and either get above them or hold them in check, while the main body ascended more leisurely, with the baggage.

The governor listened with attention to his scheme, and proposed that they should ascend the eminence behind them on the other side of the valley and reconnoitre, and suggested that then they could form a more accurate idea of the position of the enemy and the feasibility of the plan. Accordingly he took his aides-de-camp and those in whose sagacity he had confidence and ascended the eminence. By the time they had attained the desired elevation, however, the whole scene on the opposite mountain had changed its appearance. The wind, which had been some time blowing a moderate breeze from the north-west, suddenly chopped round to the north-east and blew almost a gale, sweeping the belt or cordon of fire with which the savages had surrounded themselves on three sides into magnificent eddies, and curling and sweeping over the mountains with a rapidity inconceivable to those who have never witnessed such a scene. For some moments the governor and his party were lost in admiration at the grandeur of the spectacle, and the army, the threatened battle, and everything else but the sight before them, were forgotten for the moment. The towering objects round threw fantastic and colossal shadows over the sides of the mountain, and sometimes the entranced officers imagined that they could see spires and domes and huge edifices encircled with the flames, when suddenly these fairy creations of the furious element would vanish and leave nothing behind but a cluster of pine-trees, with the curling flames encircling their now livid trunks, and occasionally pouring in one continuous sheet from their centres, presenting again an almost exact resemblance to the stack of some huge furnace burnt white-hot, with ungovernable fury of its own fires. Sometimes, too, they imagined they saw a fearful array of grim warriors marshalled behind the long line of fire; but, as the fury of the latter would become exhausted for lack of new combustibles in the course of the wind, or by the interposition of a ledge of rock, the warriors would dwindle into the trunks of black jacks and mountain laurels, and other products of the soil. The leaves were hung with magnificent festoons of crimson and purple,

constantly changing its hues, like the dying dolphin, as the fire burnt out over one tract and pursued its resistless career to another.

Every one saw now that they had indeed arrived at the veritable Blue Ridge, for the fire that had commenced in the spur beneath which the army had encamped had by this time swept around its base and entered upon the wider field of the main mountain, revealing what the governor had been so fearful of not being able to find, the gap of the mountains. This was a depression made by Nature, as if on purpose to afford a passage for man. The buffaloes first make their path along the winding track of these, and the Indians with true savage sagacity are sure to follow in their footsteps. While one party on the hill were expressing their delight at this discovery, the scout was heard, ascending just beneath them on foot, singing in loud and joyous tones the old song beginning,

"Run, boys, run, boys—fire in the mountains," etc.

When Jarvis had attained to the same level the governor suffered him to run his eye over the scene before he addressed him. The sagacious woodsman saw into the whole geography of the scene before him at a single survey, and no sooner had he done so than he seized his old coon-skin cap and tossed it into the air with boyish delight, exclaiming with the action, "We've caught 'em in their own trap! We've caught 'em in their own trap!"

The governor rode around to his side, and asked him if he thought it possible to convey the horses and baggage over the gap.

"Sartin, sure, your honor," replied Joe, without the least hesitation; "haven't they gone over before us? and isn't there a buffalo-path all the way over, beginning at the hollow?" (a ravine which separated the spur from the main mountain); and with his finger he traced out, along the sides of the mountain, the probable course of the winding path. He was then told of Lee's scheme of ascending with a picket company on the other side of the spur, and getting behind the savages.

"The very thing itself," said Joe, "the very *idee* I was going to propose to you; and I'll tell you what it is, governor,

as fine a scout was spiled, when Squire Lee was made a gentleman of, as ever wore a moccasin."

At this regret of Joe's all the young cavaliers laughed.

It was evident enough to the veteran leader that here the savages had concentrated their whole force to make one last and desperate effort against the encroachment of the whites. They were evidently determined to dispute the passage of the mountains.

# MADISON JULIUS CAWEIN

[1865— ]

HUBERT GIBSON SHEARIN

MADISON JULIUS CAWEIN was born in Louisville, Kentucky, March 23, 1865. His father, William Cawein, had come to this city early in the last century from the Rhine Palatinate, where the family, who were Huguenots of noble extraction, had resided since their flight from Paris after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685. His mother was Christiana Stelsley, the daughter of a German officer of cavalry in Napoleon's army, who after the defeat at Waterloo, came with his wife to Ohio, eventually settling in Louisville. Here William Cawein met Christiana and married her; to them were born four sons and a daughter. In 1872 the family moved to Oldham County, Kentucky; thence, after a year, to the "knob" country back of New Albany, Indiana. "Here," says the poet, "I found my first love of Nature. For nearly three years we lived there in a small farmhouse on the top of a hill, surrounded by woods and orchards, meadows and cornlands. If ever children were happy, they were happy there. We walked two and a half miles every school day from fall to spring to the New Albany district school; but we enjoyed it. I used to walk along by myself making up wonderful stories of pirate treasures and adventures, which I could continue serial-wise from day to day in my imagination unendingly—dependent upon no publisher."

Thence the family returned to Louisville, where Cawein attended the city schools, later, in 1881, entering the Male High School. During these years his favorite reading consisted in tales of the Wild West. At the age of sixteen, legends of chivalry began to attract his attention. "I secured and read," he says, 'The Faerie Queene,' and liked it so well that I wrote the publishers for the remaining six books—and was chagrined to learn from them that Spenser had never completed the poem." Under the inspiration of Professor Reuben Post Halleck, then instructor in English and elocution in the High School, Cawein was led to walk with the masters, especially Scott, Shelley, Tennyson, and Keats, writing many lengthy and bombastic imitations of them, which he used to declaim from the rostrum of the school chapel. He says, "I recall one nearly two thousand lines long, in the manner of Christabel, on which I remember working till

two or three o'clock in the morning." He graduated in 1886, preparing the class poem, "Mariners," published in 'Nature Notes' nineteen years later.

Cawein longed to begin his collegiate course, but circumstances forbade. He also thought seriously of entering the navy, or West Point; but found these, too, impracticable. He therefore went to work as accountant under his oldest brother, who was cashier in a Third Avenue poolroom, The Newmarket. Here the poet toiled for nearly eight years, in a most unsympathetic atmosphere of tobacco smoke, auctioneering, and betting, remaining till nine and often eleven o'clock at night. Now and then, between cashing of winning tickets presented at the window, he could snatch a short space to keep up his favorite studies, Ovid and Heine, natural science, and the English classics. On Sundays he roamed among the wooded hills along the Ohio on the Kentucky side, or near the Falls on the Indiana shore, or else among the knobs, the playmates of his childhood, prying into the lives of tree, flower, weed, bird, and insect. Here he used to stroll, composing in his mind, stopping now and then to set down in his notebook the finished stanza—a method since habitual with the poet, whose latest book, he assures me, was thus written in the open air.

With his first savings he published in 1887 his first collection, 'Blooms of the Berry.' William Dean Howells, whose daughter had called her father's attention to the youthful book, reviewed it sympathetically in *Harper's Magazine;* from that time he has remained one of Cawein's most appreciative critics. Since this initial venture, hardly a year has passed without adding its volume to the accumulating series. In 1888 appeared 'The Triumph of Music, and Other Lyrics,' inscribed to William Dean Howells "with friendship and esteem." 1889 brought forth 'Accolon of Gaul, and Other Poems'; 1890, 'Lyrics and Idyls'; all the above were published by Morton, Louisville. In 1891 Putnam's, New York, issued 'Days and Dreams'; in 1892, 'Moods and Memories'; in 1893, 'Red Leaves and Roses,' and 'Poems of Nature and Love,' the last including many selections, revised or rewritten, from earlier volumes; in 1894, 'Intimations of the Beautiful,' perhaps his most sustained and thoughtful collection. In 1895 his Louisville publishers issued 'The White Snake, and Other Poems,' translated in the original meters from the German of Geibel, Uhland, Heine, Mirza-Schaffy, and Goethe. This book marks the close of his apprentice period; henceforth a self-control, conducive to surer taste and lucidity, becomes increasingly dominant in his work.

In 1896 Copeland and Day, Boston, issued 'Undertones,' and Morton published 'The Garden of Dreams,' the latter containing many

poems already printed in *The Atlantic, Harper's, The Century,* and other magazines. In 1898 Russell, New York, published 'Shapes and Shadows'; Morton, 'Idyllic Monologues.' In 1899 Putnam's issued 'Myth and Romance.' In 1901, 'One Day and Another' was published by Badger and Company, Boston; and 'Weeds by the Wall,' by Morton, who also issued in 1902 his next volume, 'A Voice on the Wind,' containing several poems reprinted from the magazines. This is inscribed to Edmund Gosse, the English critic, who, with Arthur Symons and Andrew Lang, was now heralding Cawein to lovers of verse in England. In the same year Mr. Gosse was instrumental in bringing out from the press of Grant Richard, London, the Cawein anthology called 'Kentucky Poems,' comprising about two hundred and sixty pages of selected verse. The next year Dutton, New York, issued the same volume to the American trade; and in 1905 published 'The Vale of Tempe'; and in 1906 'Nature Notes and Impressions.' The last contains, besides a few magazine reprints, his only prose, a sketch, "Woman or—What?" and "impressions, ideas, fancies, . . . notes, suggestions, what you will, jotted down hurriedly—sometimes taking the form of prose, sometimes that of verse, as the fancy moved me." These are arranged chronologically from the year 1883 to 1905, and are invaluable as an aid in tracing the growth of the poet's habit of thought. In 1907 the Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis, published in five volumes a complete uniform edition, with an introduction by Edmund Gosse, illustrations by Eric Pape. Two forthcoming books for 1908 are a series of child rhymes, 'The Giant and the Star,' and the 'Ode on the Founding of the Massachusetts Bay Colony.'

Cawein now resides at 18 St. James Court in his native city, living the life of a man of letters, happy in his work, his friendships, and in the love of his cultured wife, formerly Miss Gertrude McKelvey, a singer of note. He is of medium height, blond, slight of figure, quiet in manner, elegant in person, regular in habit, a genial "clubable" man, and naturally a tramper and lover of the woods and fields.

To classify his poems is difficult, each volume being a casual collection of pieces averaging less than one hundred lines. The longer ones are narrative or didactic, wherein we wander from oasis to oasis—sometimes to mirage—of isolated beauty. Such are "Accolon of Gaul," "Intimations of the Beautiful," "Triumph of Music," "Wild Thorn and Lily," "One Day and Another." Nature lyrics abound, usually miniatures, and often in the Hellenic vein, such as "The Limnad" and "The Dead Oread." Of Norse material are such as the "Punishment of Loke." Others are redolent with the rich sensuousness of the Orient. Some themes are based upon Kentucky

pioneer history, or upon the Civil War; others are arctic or tropical, aboriginal, mediæval, colonial, or contemporary. In pictures of the weird the poet is often at his best, for his muse is ever melancholy, oftenest with the soothing sadness of the sunset dove or whippoorwill, but sometimes with the power of a Poe, to draw us against our wills through dank sepulchres of Ulalume, or under dripping walls of the House of Usher.

Critics have diverted themselves and amused the public by trying to label the genius of Cawein. Some hail him as a Kentucky poet preëminent, citing in proof the masses of local color with which he paints, and sometimes, they say, bedaubs, his pictures:—chinquapin and cohosh, pawpaw and persimmon, jimson-weed and pennyroyal. Others call him a Keats, a Hellenist, an idolator to beauty, whom he enthrones for worship wherever he can find her, whether in Persia, Greece, Italy, Spain, France, or in Kentucky. Perhaps both are right. As early as 1890 Cawein formulated his poetic creed, "Poetry is the rhythmical expression of the relation of the ideal, which is the beautiful, to the real." This "ideal," he—confessed Hellenist that he is—naturally seeks wherever it may be found, in books and times Hellenic, Augustan, Mediæval, or Oriental. But the "actual," the other half of his equation, he finds in Kentucky nature-scenes. Into these he boldly introduces all the mythological personnel of a pseudo-classicist: the pennyroyal is crushed by the feet of fleeing nymphs, the air is filled with the fragrance of sassafras, broken by struggling satyrs, and all the knob-land echoes to the pipes of Pan.

But herein consists the differentia of Cawein's originality: his is a rationalized Hellenism, convincing to a modern scientific temperament. Classic deities he with true creative boldness admits into contemporary local setting, but their presence is justified upon some subtle yet inevitable realistic basis. His is a modern mythology. A mischievous faun must give tangible evidence of his presence, and a puff of wind showering white elder-blossoms into the poet's face is the physical proof of the conception; again, Puck's fat fist is thrust in threatening wise at him from the grass, and a puff-ball is there to attest the fact of the figure; fairies have danced in the garden over-night, their revels have been rudely interrupted by the warning matin cock—and their morning-glory petticoats yet hang there in the daytime for a witness to a hasty flight.

The poet errs in limiting his endeavors too straitly by his Keatsian creed, which often has led him to riot without restraint in subtle analogies between the ideal and the actual. The stream of his genius has even in the soft moss of its beginning been unmuddied, mirroring with limpid perfection the flowers of fancy bending from its banks. But the time is approaching when it must show

a deeper channel, not merely reflecting, but holding in its blue abysses its own essential treasures, flowing with a wider volume, strong enough to bear the weight of deep-laden argosies of thought. Only then will disappear the poet's present tendency to repetition in theme and figure and epithet. Of this weakness he is evidently conscious; for a severe pruning away of lush overgrowth with a consequent clarity of form and thought has characterized each successive edition of his works. He is learning to use his strength, and is thereby fulfilling the prophecy of a recent critique, that "Cawein's constant growth, his youth, and the mass of excellent work already done, lead us to hope and believe that he will become one of the foremost poets America has yet produced.

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## OVERSEAS

*Non Numero Horas Nisi Serenas.*

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When fall drowns morns in mist, it seems
In soul I am a part of it;
A portion of its humid beams,
A form of fog, I seem to flit
From dreams to dreams.

An old château sleeps 'mid the hills
Of France: an avenue of sorbs
Conceals it: drifts of daffodils
Bloom by a 'scutcheoned gate with barbs
Like iron bills.

I pass the gate unquestioned, yet,
I feel, announced. Broad holm-oaks make
Dark pools of restless violet.
Between high bramble banks a lake—
As in a net

The tangled scales twist silver—shines.
Gray mossy turrets swell above
A sea of leaves. And where the pines
Shade ivied walls, there lies my love,
My heart divines.

I know her window, dimly seen
From distant lanes with hawthorn hedged;
Her garden, with the nectarine
Espaliered, and the peach-tree, wedged
'Twixt walls of green.

Cool-babbling a fountain falls
From gryphons' mouths in porphyry;
Carp haunt its waters; and white balls
Of lilies dip it that the bee
Sucks in and drawls.

And butterflies, each with a face
Of faëry on its wings, that seem
Beheaded pansies, softly chase
Each other down the gloom and gleam
Trees interspace.

And roses! roses, soft as vair,
Round sylvan statues and the old
Stone dial—Pompadours that wear
Their royalty of purple and gold
With queenly air.—

Her scarf, her lute, whose ribbons breathe
The perfume of her touch; her gloves,
Modeling the daintiness they sheathe;
Her fan, a Watteau, gay with loves,
Lie there beneath

A bank of eglantines that heaps
A rose-strewn shadow.—Naïve-eyed,
With lips as suave as they, she sleeps;
The romance by her, open wide,
O'er which she weeps.

## THE RIDE

She rode o'er hill, she rode o'er plain,
She rode by fields of barley,
By morning-glories filled with rain,
Along the wood-side gnarly.

She rode o'er plain, she rode o'er hill,
By orchard land and berry;
Her eyes were sparkling as the rill,
Cheeks, redder than the cherry.

A bird sang here, a bird sang there,
Then blithely sang together;
Sang sudden greeting everywhere,
"Good-morrow!" and "Good weather!"

The sunlight's laughing radiance
Laughed in her radiant tresses;
The bold breeze made her wild curls dance,
And flushed her face with kisses.

"Why ride you here, why ride you there,
Why ride you here so merry?
The sunlight living in your hair,
And in your cheek the berry?

"Why ride you with your sea-green plumes
Your sea-green silken habit,
By balmy bosks of faint perfumes,
And haunts of roe and rabbit?"

"The morning ploughed the East with gold,
And planted it with holly;
And I was young and he was old,
And rich, and melancholy.

"A wife they'd have me to his bed,
And to the church they hurried;
But now, Gramercy! he is dead!
Thank God! is dead and buried.

"I ride by tree, I ride by rill,
I ride by rye and clover,
For by the church beyond the hill
Awaits my first true lover."

## CARMEN

*La Gitannilla,* tall dragoons
In Andalusian afternoons,
With ogling eye and compliment,
Smiled on you as along you went
Some sleepy street of old Seville;
Twirled with a military skill
Moustaches; buttoned uniforms
Of Spanish yellow bowed your charms.

Proud, wicked head, and hair blue-black,
When the mantilla, half thrown back.
Discovered shoulders and bold breast
Bohemian brown. And you were dressed
In some short skirt of gypsy red
Of smuggled stuff; and stockings—dead
White silk—that, worn with many a hole,
Let the plump leg peep through; while stole,
Now in, now out, your dainty toes
Sheathed in morocco shoes, with bows
Of scarlet ribbon.—Flirtingly
You walked by me; and I did see
Your oblique eyes, your sensuous lip
That gnawed the rose I saw you flip
At bashful José's nose while loud
The gaunt guards laughed among the crowd;—
And in your brazen chemise thrust,
Heaved with the swelling of your bust,
A bunch of white acacia blooms
Whiffed past my nostrils hot perfumes.

As in a cool *neveria*
I ate an ice with Mérimée,
Dark Carmencita, very gay
You passed with light and lissome tread,
All holiday bedizenèd;
A new mantilla on your head:
Your crimsoned dress gleamed, spangled fierce;

And crescent gold, hung in your ears,
Shone, wrought Morisco; and each shoe,
Of Cordovan leather, buckled blue,
Glanced merriment; and from large arms
To well-turned ankles all your charms
Blew flutterings and glitterings
Of satin bands and beaded strings;
Around each tight arm, twisted gold
Coiled serpents, and, a single fold,
Wreathed wrists; each serpent's jeweled head,
With rubies set, convulsive red.

In flowers and trimmings, to the jar
Of mandolin and gay guitar,
You in the grated patio
Danced; the curled coxcombs' staring row
Rang pleased applause. I saw you dance,
With wily motion and glad glance,
Voluptuous, the wild *romalis,*
Where every movement was a kiss.

A song, a poem, interwound
With your Basque tambourine's dull sound.
I—as the ebon castanets
Clucked out dry time in unctuous jets—
Saw angry José through the grate
Glare on us, a pale face of hate,
When some indecent officer
Presumed too lewdly to you there.

Some still night in Seville: the street
Candilejo: two shadows meet:
Swift sabres flash within the moon—
Clash rapidly.—A dead dragoon.

## WAR-TIME SILHOUETTES

### I

#### THE BATTLE.

The night had passed. The day had come,
Bright-born, into a cloudless sky:
We heard the rolling of the drum,
And saw the war-flags fly.

And noon had crowded upon morn
Ere Conflict shook her red locks far,
And blew her brazen battle-horn
Upon the hills of War.

Noon darkened into dusk—one blot
Of nightmare lit with hell-born suns;
We heard the scream of shell and shot
And booming of the guns.

On batteries of belching grape
We saw the thundering cavalry
Hurl headlong—iron shape on shape—
With shout and bugle-cry.

When dusk had moaned and died, and night
Came on, wind-swept and wild with rain,
We slept, 'mid many a bivouac light,
And vast fields heaped with slain.

### II

#### IN HOSPITAL.

Wounded to death he lay and dreamed
The drums of battle beat afar,
And round the roaring trenches screamed
The hell of war.

Then woke; and, weeping, spoke one word
To the kind nurse who bent above;
Then in the whitewashed ward was heard
A song of love.

The song *she* sang him when she gave
The portrait that he kissed; then sighed,
"Lay it beside me in the grave!"
And smiled and died.

## III

### THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

A brown wing beat the apple leaves and shook
Some blossoms on her hair. Then, note on note,
The bird's wild music bubbled. In her book,
Her old romance, she seemed to read. No look
Betrayed the tumult in her trembling throat.

The thrush sang on. A dreamy wind came down
From one white cloud of afternoon and fanned
The dropping petals on her book and gown,
And touched her hair, whose braids of quiet brown
Gently she smoothed with one white jeweled hand.

Then, with her soul, it seemed, from feet to brow
She felt him coming: 't was his heart, his breath
That stirred the blossom on the apple bough;
His step the wood-thrush warbled to. And now
Her cheek went crimson, now as white as death.

Then on the dappled page his shadow—yes,
Not unexpected, yet her haste assumed
Fright's startle; and low laughter did confess
His presence there, soft with his soul's caress
And happy manhood, where the rambo bloomed.

Quickly she rose and all her gladness sent
Wild welcome to him. Her his unhurt arm
Drew unresisted; and the soldier lent
Fond lips to hers. She wept. And so they went
Deep in the orchard towards the old brick farm.

## IV

### THE APPARITION.

A day of drought, foreboding rain and wind,
As if stern heaven, feeling earth had sinned,
Frowned all its hatred. When the evening came,
Along the west, from bank on bank unthinned
Of clouds, the storm unfurled its oriflamme.

Then lightning signaled, and the thunder woke
Its monster drums, and all God's torrents broke.—
She saw the wild night when the dark pane flashed;
Heard, where she stood, the disemboweled oak
Roar into fragments when the welkin crashed.

Long had she waited for a word. And, lo!
Anticipation still would not say "No":
He has not written; he will come to her;
At dawn!—To-night!—Her heart hath told her so;
And so expectancy and love aver.

She seems to hear his fingers on the pane—
The glass is blurred, she cannot see for rain:
Is *that* his horse?—the wind is never still;
And *that* his cloak?—Ah, surely that is plain!—
A torn vine tossing at the window-sill.

She hurries forth to meet him; pale and wet,
She sees his face; the war-soiled epaulet;
A sabre-scar that bleeds from brow to cheek;
And now he smiles, and now their lips have met,
And now . . Dear Heart, he fell at Cedar Creek!

## V

### WOUNDED.

It was in August that they brought her news
Of his bad wounds; the leg that he must lose.
And August passed, and when October raised
Red rebel standards on the hills that blazed,
They brought a haggard wreck; she scarce knew whose,
Until they told her, standing stunned and dazed.

A shattered shadow of the stalwart lad,
The five-months husband, whom his country had
Enlisted, strong for war; returning this,
Whose broken countenance she feared to kiss,
While health's remembrance stood beside him sad,
And grieved for that which was no longer his.

They brought him on a litter; and the day
Was bright and beautiful. It seemed that May
In woodland rambles had forgot her path
Of season, and, disrobing for a bath,
By the autumnal waters of some bay,
With her white nakedness had conquered Wrath.

Far otherwise she wished it: wind and rain;
The sky, one gray commiserative pain;
Sleet, and the stormy drift of frantic leaves;
To match the misery that each perceives
Aches in her hand-clutched bosom, and is plain
In eyes and mouth and all her form that grieves.

Theirs, a mute meeting of the lips; she stooped
And kissed him once: one long, dark side-lock drooped
And brushed against the bandage of his breast;
With feeble hands he held it and caressed;
All his happiness in one look grouped,
Saying, "Now I am home, I crave but rest."

Once it was love! but then the battle killed
All that sweet nonsense of his youth, and filled
His heart with sterner passion.—Ah, well! peace
Must balm its pain with patience; whose surcease
Means reconcilement; e'en as God hath willed,
With war or peace who shapes His ends at ease.—

What else for these but, where their mortal lot
Of weak existence drags rent ends, to knot
The frail unravel up!—while love (afraid
Time will increase the burthen on it laid),
Seeks consolation, that consoleth not,
In toil and prayer, waiting what none evade.

## VI

### THE MESSAGE.

Long shadows toward the east: and in the west
A blaze of garnet sunset, wherein rolled
One cloud like some great gnarly log of gold;
Each gabled casement of the farm seemed dressed
In ghosts of roses blossoming manifest.

And she had brought his letter there to read,
There on the porch that faced the locust glade;
To watch the summer sunset burn and fade,
And breathe the twilight scent of wood and weed,
Forget all care and her soul's hunger feed.

And on his face her fancy mused awhile:
"Dark hair, dark eyes.—And now he has a beard
Dark as his hair."—She smiled; yet almost feared
It changed him so she could not reconcile
Her heart to that which hid his lips and smile.

Then tried to feature, but could only see
The beardless man who bent to her and kissed
Her and her child and left them to enlist:
She heard his horse grind in the gravel: he
Waved them adieu and rose to fight with Lee.

Now all around her drowsed the hushful hum
Of evening insects. And his letter spoke
Of love and longings to her: nor awoke
One echo of the bugle and the drum,
But all their future in one kiss did sum.

The stars were thick now; and the western blush
Drained into darkness. With a dreamy sigh
She rocked her chair.—It must have been the cry
Of infancy that made her rise and rush
To where their child slept, and to hug and hush.

Then she returned. But now her ease was gone.
She knew not what, she felt an unknown fear
Press, tightening, at her heart-strings; then a tear
Scalded her eyelids, and her cheeks grew wan
As helpless sorrow's, and her white lips drawn.

With stony eyes she grieved against the skies,
A slow, dull, aching agony that knew
Few tears, and saw no answer shining to
Her silent questions in the stars' still eyes,
"Where Peace delays and where her soldier lies."

They could have told her. Peace was far away,
Beyond the field that belched black batteries
All the red day. 'Mid picket silences,
On woodland mosses, in a suit of gray,
Shot through the heart, he by his rifle lay.

## VII

### THE WOMAN ON THE HILL.

The storm-red sun, though wrecks of wind and rain,
And dead leaves driven from the frantic boughs,
Where, on the hill-top, stood a gaunt gray house,
Flashed wildest ruby on each rainy pane.

Then woods grew darker than unburdened grief;
And, crimson through the woodland's ruin, streamed
The sunset's glare—a furious eye, which seemed
Watching the moon rise like a yellow leaf.

The rising moon, against which, like despair,
High on the hill, a woman, darkly drawn,
The wild leaves round her, stood; with features wan,
And tattered dress and wind-distracted hair,

As still as death, and looking, not through tears,
For the young face of one she knows is lost,
While in her heart a melancholy frost
Gathers of all the unforgotten years.

What if she heard to-night a hurrying hoof
Wild as the whirling of the withered leaf,
Bring her a more immedicable grief,
A shattered shape to live beneath her roof!

The shadow of him who claimed her once as wife;
Her lover!—No!—the wreck of all their past
Brought back from battle!—Better to the last
A broken heart than heartbreak all her life!

## AFTER RAIN

Behold the blossom-bosomed Day again,
With all the star-white Hours in her train,
Laughs out of pearl-lights through a golden ray,
That, leaning on the woodland wildness, blends
A sprinkled amber with the showers that lay
Their oblong emeralds on the leafy ends.
Behold her bend with maiden-braided brows
Above the wildflower, sidewise with its strain
Of dewy happiness, to kiss again
Each drop to death; or, under rainy boughs,
With fingers, fragrant as the woodland rain,
Gather the sparkles from the sycamore,
To set within the core
Of crimson roses girdling her hips,
Where each bud dreams and drips.

Smoothing her blue-black hair—where many a tusk
Of iris flashes—like the falchions keen
Of Faery round blue banners of their Queen—
Is it a Naiad singing in the dusk,
That haunts the spring, where all the moss is musk
With footsteps of the flowers on the banks?
Or but a wild-bird voluble with thanks?

Balm for each blade of grass; the Hours prepare
A festival each weed's invited to;
Each bee is drunken with the honied air,
And all the heaven is eloquent with blue.

The wet hay glitters, and the harvester
Tinkles his scythe—as twinkling as the dew—
    That shall not spare
Blossom or brier in its sweeping path;
    And, ere it cut one swath,
Rings them they die, and tells them to prepare.

What is the spice that haunts each glen and glade?
A Dryad's lips, who slumbers in the shade?
A Faun, who lets the heavy ivy-wreath
Slip to his thigh as, reaching up, he pulls
The chestnut blossoms in whole bosomfuls?

A sylvan Spirit, whose sweet mouth doth breathe
Her viewless presence near us, unafraid?
Or troops of ghosts of blooms, that whitely wade
The brook? whose wisdom knows no other song
But that the bird sings where it builds beneath
The wild-rose and sits singing all day long.

Oh, let me sit with silence for a space,
A little while forgetting that fierce part
Of man that struggles in the toiling mart;
Where God can look into my heart's own heart
From unsoiled heights made amiable with grace;
And where the sermons that the old oaks keep
Can steal into me.—And what better then
Than, turning to the moss a quiet face,
To fall asleep? a little while to sleep
And dream of wiser worlds and wiser men.

## EVENING ON THE FARM

From out the hills where twilight stands,
Above the shadowy pasture-lands,
With strained and strident cry,
Beneath pale skies that sunset bands,
The bull-bats fly.

A cloud hangs over, strange of shape,
And, colored like the half-ripe grape,
Seems some uneven stain
On heaven's azure, thin as crape,
And blue as rain.

By-ways, that sunset's sardonyx
O'erflares, and gates the farm-boy clicks,
Through which the cattle came,
The mullein stalks seem giant wicks
Of downy flame.

From woods no glimmer enters in,
Above the streams that, wandering, win
From out the violet hills,
Those haunters of the dusk begin,
The whippoorwills.

Adown the dark the firefly marks
Its flight in golden-emerald sparks;
And, loosened from its chain,
The shaggy watch-dog bounds and barks,
And barks again.

Each breeze brings scents of hill-heaped hay;
And now an owlet, far away,
Cries twice or thrice, "T-o-o-w-h-o-o-";
And cool dim moths of mottled gray
Flit through the dew.

The silence sounds its frog-bassoon,
Where, on the woodland creek's lagoon,
Pale as a ghostly girl
Lost 'mid the trees, looks down the moon,
With face of pearl.

Within the shed where logs, late hewed,
Smell forest-sweet, and chips of wood
Make blurs of white and brown,
The brood-hen huddles her warm brood
Of teetering down.

The clattering guineas in the tree
Din for a time; and quietly
The hen-house, near the fence,
Sleeps, save for some brief rivalry
Of cocks and hens.

A cow-bell tinkles by the rails,
Where, streaming white in foaming pails,
Milk makes an uddery sound;
While overhead the black bat trails
Around and round.

The night is still. The slow cows chew
A drowsy cud. The bird that flew
And sang is in its nest.
It is the time of falling dew,
Of dreams and rest.

The brown bees sleep; and round the walk,
The garden path, from stalk to stalk
The bungling beetle booms,
Where two soft shadows stand and talk
Among the blooms.

The stars are thick; the light is dead
That dyed the west; and Drowsyhead,
Tuning his cricket-pipe,
Nods, and some apple, round and red,
Drops over-ripe.

Now down the road, that shambles by,
A window, shining like an eye
Through climbing rose and gourd,
Shows where Toil sups and these things lie—
His heart and hoard.

## JULY

Now 'tis the time when, tall,
The long blue torches of the bellflower gleam
Among the trees; and, by the wooded stream,
In many a fragrant ball,
Blooms of the button-bush fall.

Let us go forth and seek
Woods where the wild plums redden and the beech
Plumps its stout burrs; and, swelling, just in reach,
The pawpaw, emerald-sleek,
Ripens along the creek.

Now 'tis the time when ways
Of glimmering green flaunt white the giant plumes
Of the black-cohosh; and through bramble glooms—
A blur of orange rays—
The butterfly-blossoms blaze.

Let us go forth and hear
The spiral music that the locusts beat,
And that small spray of sound, so grassy sweet,
Dear to a country ear,
The cricket's summer cheer.

Now golden celandine
Is hairy hung with silvery sacs of seeds,
And bugled o'er with freckled gold, like beads,
Beneath the fox-grape vine,
The jewel-weed's blossoms shine.

Let us go forth and see
The dragon—and the butterfly, like gems,
Spangling the sunbeams; and the clover stems,
Weighed down with many a bee,
Nodding mellifluously.

Now morns are full of song;
The catbird and the redbird and the jay
Upon the hilltops rouse the ruddy day,
Who, dewy, blithe, and strong,
Lures their wild wings along.

Now noons are full of dreams;
The clouds of heaven and the wandering breeze
Follow a vision; and the flowers and trees,
The hills and fields and streams,
Are lapped in mystic gleams.

The nights are full of love;
The stars and moon take up the golden tale
Of the sunk sun, and passionate and pale,
Mixing their fires above,
Grow eloquent thereof.

Such days are like a sigh
That beauty heaves from a full heart of bliss;
Such nights are like the sweetness of a kiss
On lips that half deny—
The warm lips of July.

## THE OLD SPRING

Under rocks whereon the rose
Like a strip of morning glows;
Where the azure-throated newt
Drowses on the twisted root;
And the brown bees, humming homeward,
Stop to suck the honeydew;
Fern and leaf-hid gleaming gloamward,
Drips the wildwood spring I knew,
Drips the spring my boyhood knew.

Myrrh and music everywhere
Haunt its cascades—like the hair
That a Naiad tosses cool,
Swimming strangely beautiful,
With white fragrance for her bosom,
And her mouth a breath of song—
Under leaf and branch and blossom
Flows the woodland spring along,
Sparkling, singing flows along.

Still the wet wan mornings touch
Its gray rocks, perhaps; and such
Slender stars as dusk may have
Pierce the rose that roofs its wave;
Still the thrush may call at noontide
And the whippoorwill at night;
Nevermore, by sun or moontide,
Shall I see it gliding white,
Falling, flowing, wild and white.

## THE END OF SUMMER

Pods are the poppies, and slim spires of pods
The hollyhocks; the balsam's pearly bredes
Of rose-stained snow are little sacs of seeds
Collapsing at a touch; the lote, that sods
The pond with green, has changed its flowers to rods
And discs of vesicles; and all the weeds,
Around the sleepy water and its reeds,
Are one white smoke of seeded silk that nods.

Summer is dead, ay me! sweet summer 's dead!
The sunset clouds have built her funeral pyre,
Through which, e'en now, runs subterranean fire:
While from the East, as from a garden-bed,
Mist-vined, the Dusk lifts her broad moon—like some
Great golden melon—saying, "Fall has come."

## IN THE LANE

When the hornet hangs in the hollyhock,
And the brown bee drones i' the rose,
And the west is a red-streaked four-o'-clock
And summer is near its close—
It's—Oh, for the gate and the locust lane
And dusk and dew and home again!

When the katydid sings and the cricket cries,
And ghosts of the mists ascend,
And the evening-star is a lamp i' the skies
And summer is near its end—
It's—Oh, for the fence and the leafy lane,
And the twilight peace and the tryst again!

When the owlet hoots in the dogwood-tree,
That leans to the rippling Run,
And the wind is a wildwood melody,
And the summer is almost done—
It's—Oh, for the bridge and the bramble lane,
And the fragrant hush and her hands again!

When fields smell moist with the dewy hay,
And woods are cool and wan,
And a path for dreams is the Milky-way,
And summer is nearly gone—
It's—Oh, for the rock and the woodland lane,
And the silence and stars and her lips again!

When the weight of the apples breaks down the limbs,
And muskmelons split with sweet,
And the moon's broad boat in the heaven swims,
And summer has spent its heat—
It's—Oh, for the lane, the trysting lane,
And the deep-mooned night and her love again!

## A MAID WHO DIED OLD

Frail, shrunken face, so pinched and worn,
That life has carved with care and doubt!
So weary waiting, night and morn,
For that which never came about!
Pale lamp, so utterly forlorn,
In which God's light at last is out.

Gray hair, that lies so thin and prim
On either side the sunken brows!
And soldered eyes, so deep and dim,
No word of man could now arouse!
And hollow hands, so virgin slim,
Forever clasped in silent vows!

Poor breasts! that God designed for love,
For baby lips to kiss and press!
That never felt, yet dreamed thereof,
The human touch, the child caress—
That lie like shriveled blooms above
The heart's long perished happiness.

O withered body, Nature gave
For purposes of death and birth,
That never knew, and could but crave
Those things perhaps that make life worth—
Rest now, alas! within the grave,
Sad shell that served no end of Earth.

## FALL

Sad-hearted Spirit of the solitudes,
Who comest through the ruin-wedded woods!
Gray-gowned in fog, gold-girdled with the gloom
Of tawny sunsets; burdened with perfume
Of rain-wet uplands, chilly with the mist;
And all the beauty of the fire-kissed
Cold forests crimsoning thy indolent way,
Odorous of death and drowsy with decay.

I think of thee as seated 'mid the showers
Of languid leaves that cover up the flowers—
The little flower-sisterhoods, whom June
Once gave wild sweetness to, as to a tune
A singer gives her soul's wild melody—
Watching the squirrel store his granary.
Or, 'mid old orchards, I have pictured thee:
Thy hair's profusion blown about thy back;
One lovely shoulder bathed with gypsy black;
Upon thy palm one nestling cheek, and sweet
The rosy russets tumbled at thy feet.
Was it a voice lamenting for the flowers?
Or heart-sick bird that sang of happier hours?
A cricket dirging days that soon must die?
Or did the ghost of Summer wander by?

## THERE ARE FAIRIES

### I

There are fairies, bright of eye,
Who the wildflower's warders are:
Ouphes, that chase the firefly,
Elves that ride the shooting-star:
Fays, who in a cobweb lie,
Swinging on a moonbeam bar;
Or who harness bumble-bees,
Grumbling on the clover-leas,
To a blossom or a breeze,
That's their fairy car.
If you care, you too may see
There are fairies.—Verily,
There are fairies.

### II

There are fairies. I could swear
I have seen them busy, where
Roses loose their scented hair,
In the moonlight weaving, weaving,

Out of starlight and the dew,
Glinting gown and shimmering shoe;
Or, within a glow-worm lair,
From the dark earth slowly heaving
Mushrooms whiter than the moon,
On whose tops they sit and croon,
With their grig-like mandolins,
To fair fairy ladykins,
Leaning from the window-sill
Of a rose or daffodil,
Listening to their serenade
All of cricket music made.
Follow me, oh, follow me!
Ho! away to Faërie!
Where your eyes like mine may see
There are fairies.—Verily,
There are fairies.

III

There are fairies. Elves that swing
In a wild and rainbow ring
Through the air; or mount the wing
Of a bat to courier news
To the fairy King and Queen:
Fays, who stretch the gossamers
On which twilight hangs the dews;
Who, within the moonlight sheen,
Whisper dimly in the ears
Of the flowers words so sweet
That their hearts are turned to musk
And to honey; things that beat
In their veins of gold and blue:
Ouphes, that shepherd moths of dusk—
Soft of wing and gray of hue—
Forth to pasture on the dew.
There are fairies; verily,
Verily;
For the old owl in the tree,
Hollow tree,

He who maketh melody
For them tripping merrily,
Told it me.
There are fairies.—Verily,
There are fairies.

## HYMN TO DESIRE

Mother of visions, with lineaments dulcet as numbers,
Breathed on the eyelids of love by music that slumbers,
Secretly, sweetly, O presence of fire and snow,
Thou comest mysterious,
In beauty imperious,
Clad on with dreams and the light of no world that we know,
Deep to my innermost soul am I shaken,
Helplessly shaken and tossed,
And of thy tyrannous yearnings so utterly taken,
My lips, unsatisfied, thirst;
Mine eyes are accurst
With longings for visions that far in the night are forsaken;
And mine ears, in listening lost,
Yearn, yearn for the note of a chord that will never awaken.

II

Like palpable music thou comest, like moonlight; and far—
Resonant bar upon bar—
The vibrating lyre
Of the spirit responds with melodious fire,
As thy fluttering fingers now grasp it and ardently shake,
With flame and with flake,
The chords of existence, the instrument star-sprung,
Whose frame is of clay, so wonderfully molded from mire.

III

Vested with vanquishment, come, O Desire, Desire!
Breathe in this harp of my soul the audible angel of love!
Make of my heart an Israfel burning above,
A lute for the music of God, that lips, which are mortal,
but stammer!
Smite every rapturous wire,

With golden delirium, rebellion and silvery clamour,
Crying—"Awake! Awake!
Too long hast thou slumbered! Too far from the regions
of glamour,
With its mountains of magic, its fountains of faëry, the
star-sprung,
Hast thou wandered away, O Heart!
Come, oh, come and partake
Of necromance banquets of beauty; and slake
Thy thirst in the waters of Art,
That are drawn from the streams
Of love and of dreams.

IV

"Come, oh, come!
No longer shall language be dumb!
Thy vision shall grasp—
As one doth the glittering hasp
Of a dagger made splendid with gems and with gold—
The wonder and richness of life, not anguish and hate of it
merely.
And out of the stark
Eternity, awful and dark,
Immensity silent and cold—
Universe-shaking as trumpets, or thunderous metals
That cymbal; yet pensive and pearly
And soft as the rosy unfolding of petals,
Or crumbling aroma of blossoms that wither too early—
The majestic music of Death, where he plays
On the organ, eternal and vast, of eons and days."

## THE RUE-ANEMONE

Under an oak-tree in a woodland, where
The dreaming Spring had dropped it from her hair,
I found a flower, through which I seemed to gaze
Beyond the world and see what no man dare
Behold and live—the myths of bygone days—
Diana and Endymion; and the bare,
Slim beauty of the boy whom Echo wooed;
And Hyacinthus whom Apollo dewed
With love and death, and Daphne, ever fair;
And that reed-slender girl whom Pan pursued.

I stood and gazed and through it seemed to see
The Dryad dancing by the forest tree,
Her hair wild blown: the Faun, with listening ear,
Deep in the boscage, kneeling on one knee,
Watching the wandered Oread draw near,
Her wild heart beating like a honey-bee
Within a rose.—All, all the myths of old,
All, all the bright shapes of the Age of Gold,
Peopling the wonder-worlds of Poetry,
Through it I seemed in fancy to behold.

What other flower, that, fashioned like a star,
Draws its frail life from earth and braves the war
Of all the heavens, can suggest the dreams
That this suggests? in which no trace of mar
Or soil exists: where stainless innocence seems
Enshrined; and where, beyond our vision far,
That inaccessible beauty, which the heart
Worships as truth and holiness and art,
Is symbolized; wherein embodied are
The things that make the soul's immortal part.

## INTIMATIONS OF THE BEAUTIFUL

The gods of Greece are mine once more!
The old philosophies again!
For I have drunk the hellebore
Of dreams, and dreams have made me sane—
The wine of dreams; that doth unfold
My other self—'mid shadowy shrines
Of myths which marble held of old,
Part of the Age of Bronze or Gold—
That lives, a pagan, 'mid the pines.

Dead myths, to whom such dreams belong!
O beautiful philosophies
Of Nature! crystallized in song
And marble, peopling lost seas,
Lost forests and the star-lost vast,
Grant me the childlike faith that clung—
Through loveliness that could not last—
To Heaven in the pagan past,
Calling for God with infant tongue!

## BERTRAND DE BORN

Knight and Troubadour, to his Lady the beautiful Maenz of Martagnac.

The burden of the sometime years,
That once my soul did overweigh,
Falls from me, with its griefs and fears,
When gazing in thine eyes of gray;
Wherein, behold, like some bright ray
Of dawn, thy heart's fond love appears,
To cheer my life upon its way.

Thine eyes! the daybreak of my heart!
That give me strength to do and dare;
Whose beauty is a radiant part
Of all my songs; the music there;
The morning, that makes dim each care,
And glorifies my mind's dull mart,
And helps my soul to do and dare.

God, when He made thy fresh fair face,
And thy young body, took the morn
And made thee like a rose, whose race
Is not of Earth; without a thorn,
And dewed thee with the joy that 's born
Of love, wherein hope hath its place
Like to the star that heralds morn.

I go my way through town and thorp:
In court and hall and castle bower
I tune my lute and strike my harp:
And often from some twilight tower
A lady drops to me a flower,
That bids me scale the moat's steep scarp,
And climb to love within her bower.

I heed them not, but go my ways:
What is their passion unto me!
My songs are only in thy praise;
Thy face alone it is I see,
That fills my heart with melody—
My sweet aubade! that makes my days
All music, singing here in me!

One time a foul knight in his towers
Sneered thus: "God's blood! why weary us
With this one woman all our hours!—
Sing of *our* wenches! amorous
Yolande and Ysoarde here!—Not thus
Shalt sing, but of *our* paramours!—
What is thy Lady unto us!"

And then I flung my lute aside;
And from its baldric flew my sword;
And down the hall 't was but a stride;
And in his brute face and its word
My gauntlet; and around the board
The battle, till all wild-beast-eyed
He lay and at his throat my sword.

Thou dost remember in Provence
The vile thing that I slew; and how
With my good jongleurs and my lance
Kept back his horde!—The memory now
Makes fierce my blood and hot my brow
With rage.—Ah, what a madman dance
We led them, and escaped somehow!

Oft times, when, in the tournament,
I see thee sitting yet uncrowned;
And bugles blow and spears are bent,
And shields and falchions clash around,
And steeds go crashing to the ground;
And thou dost smile on me—though spent
With war, again my soul is crowned:

And I am fire to strike and slay;
Before my face there comes a mist
Of blood; and like a flame I play
Through the loud lists; all who resist
Go down like corn; until thy wrist,
Kneeling, I kiss; the wreath they lay
Of beauty on thy head's gold mist.

And then I seize my lute and sing
Some chanson or some wild aubade
Full of thy beauty and the swing
Of swords and love which I have had
Of thee, until, with music mad,
The lists reel with thy name and ring
The echoed words of my aubade.

I am thy knight and troubadour,
Bertrand de Born, whom naught shall part
From thee: who art my life's high lure
And wild bird of my wilder heart
And all its music: yea, who art
My soul's sweet sickness and its cure,
From which, God grant! it ne'er shall part.

## THE MOONMEN

I stood in the forest on Huron Hill
When the night was cold and the world was still.

The Wind was a wizard who muttering strode
In a raven cloak on a haunted road.

The Sound of Water, a witch who crooned
Her spells to the rocks the rain had runed.

And the Gleam of the Dew on the fern's green tip
Was a sylvan passing with robe a-drip.

The Light of the Stars was a glimmering maid
Who stole, an elfin, from glade to glade.

The Scent of the Woods in the delicate air,
A wild-flower shape with chilly hair.

And Silence, a spirit who sat alone
With lifted finger and eyes of stone.

And it seemed to me these six were met
To greet a greater who came not yet.

And the speech they spoke, that I listened to,
Was the archetype of the speech I knew.

For the Wind clasped hands with the Water's rush,
And I heard them whisper, "Hush, oh, hush!"

The Light of the Stars and the Dew's cool Gleam
Touched lips and murmured, "Dream, oh dream!"

The Scent of the Woods and the Silence deep
Sighed, bosom to bosom, "Sleep, oh sleep!"

And so for a moment the six were dumb,
Then exulted together, "They come, they come!"

And I stood expectant and seemed to hear
A visible music drawing near.

And the first who came was the Captain Moon
Bearing a shield in God's House hewn.

Then an Army of Glamour, a glittering host,
Beleaguered the night from coast to coast.

And the world was filled with spheric fire
From the palpitant chords of many a lyre,

As out of the East the Moonmen came
Smiting their harps of silver and flame.

More beauty and grace did their forms express
Than the God of Love's white nakedness.

More chastity too their faces held
Than the snowy breasts of Diana swelled.

Translucent-limbed, I saw the beat
In their hearts of pearl of the golden heat.

And the hair they tossed was a crystal light,
And the eyes beneath it were burning white.

Their hands that lifted, their feet that fell,
Made the darkness blossom to asphodel.

And the heavens, the hills, and the streams they trod
Shone pale with th' communicated God.

A placid frenzy, a waking trance,
A soft oracular radiance,

Wrapped forms that move as melodies move
Laurelled with Godhead and haloed with Love.

And there in the forest on Huron Hill
The Moonmen camped when the world was still.

* * * * * *

What wonder that they who have looked on these
Are lost to the earth's realities!

That they sit aside with a far-off look
Dreaming the dreams that are writ in no book!

That they walk alone till the day they die,
Even as I, yea, even as I!

## THE MAN HUNT

The woods stretch deep to the mountain side,
And the brush is wild where a man may hide.

They have brought the bloodhounds up again
To the roadside rock where they found the slain.

They have brought the bloodhounds up, and they
Have taken the trail to the mountain way.

Three times they circled the trail and crossed,
And thrice they found it and thrice they lost.

Now straight through the trees and the underbrush
They follow the scent through the forest's hush.

And their deep-mouthed bay is a pulse of fear
In the heart of the wood that the man must hear,

The man who crouches among the trees
From the stern-faced men who follow these.

A huddle of rocks that the ooze has mossed
And the trail of the hunted again is lost.

An upturned pebble, a bit of ground
A heel has trampled—the trail is found.

And the woods reëcho the bloodhounds' bay
As again they take to the mountain way.

A rock, a ribbon of road, a ledge,
With a pine tree clutching its crumbling edge.

A pine, that the lightning long since clave,
Whose huge roots hollow a ragged cave.

A shout, a curse, and a face aghast,
And the human quarry is laired at last.

The human quarry with clay-clogged hair
And eyes of terror who waits them there.

That glares and crouches and rising then
Hurls clods and curses at dogs and men,

Until the blow of a gun-butt lays
Him stunned and bleeding upon his face.

A rope; a prayer; and an oak-tree near,
And a score of hands to swing him clear.

A grim, black thing for the setting sun
And the moon and the stars to look upon.

THE ALAMO

# WILLIAM LAWRENCE CHITTENDEN

[1862— ]

JOHN A. LOMAX

TO write of a living author in other than the spirit of a helper, who through praise or caution or admonition would urge him to greater efforts, is a difficult, and sometimes an embarrassing, task. After a man of letters has lain quietly in his grave for a century or so, an impartial judgment of his work or a critical estimate of his place in literature, wounds no one. The non-critical public has, however, come almost to say, "Praise the living writer and reserve judicial comment for the dead." So the fear of the public and a decent respect for the truth are both before one whose task is to judge the work of a poet still young and still courting the muse, living in a lodge in the "still vexed Bermoothes"; who has his home, in fact, not far from the Walsingham mansion where Tom Moore once visited, and swims of mornings, so the newspapers declare, in Church Bay, into which, likewise, the author of "Lalla Rookh" was wont to plunge nearly a century ago.

William Lawrence Chittenden was born in Montclair, New Jersey, March 23, 1862. His boyhood was spent in his native town, and there he received his education. Afterwards he was in business in St. Louis for some time. In 1887 he took charge of a cattle ranch near Anson, Jones County, Texas, where he lived continuously until about 1900; since then he has been in Texas only at intervals. Part of the time since 1900 has been spent in travel and part in or near New York City. Mr. Chittenden gives his present address as "Larry's Lodge, Bailey's Bay, Bermuda." Here he is devoting himself to syndicate newspaper work and to the preparation of another volume of poetry.

Mr. Chittenden's life on the ranch probably resulted in a greater number of verses than of white-faced cattle. For the ten years following 1887 many of his poems appeared in the *Dallas News,* the *Galveston News,* the *San Antonio Express,* the *Houston Post,* and in other Southern and Eastern newspapers. In 1893 the best of these fugitive poems were published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, under the title 'Ranch Verses.' A little more than twelve years afterwards the twelfth edition has come from the press—an unusual tribute to any writer of poetry at any time in literary history.

Mr. Chittenden belongs to that rather large class of verse writers who indulge in "swallow flights of fancy" for relaxation, or, perhaps, for the pleasure of exercising themselves in measured mental gymnastics. It is difficult to think that he ever takes his work seriously except during the moments when he feels the glow of composition. "Very pretty verse and very comprehensive," says a critic in *The New York World,* in summing up the merits of the book. The majority of the poems may, indeed, be classed under three heads: *vers de société,* moralizing or didactic poems, and poems of ranch life, most of which are in dialect. Such a classification would not include several really excellent pieces of descriptive versification, exemplified in "Neptune's Steeds," in "The Vikings of Cape Ann," in "Old Fort Phantom Hill." in "The Old Mackenzie Trail," in "When the Norther Sighs," and others; but it is broad enough to indicate the correctness of the *World's* critic in saying that the range of Mr. Chittenden's subjects is "comprehensive." Perhaps one should also mention such characterizations as "Texas Types," "The Cowboy," "The Sheriff," "The Cattle Queen," and "The Hermit's Soliloquy," though here also he succeeds best when he speaks in dialect. He does indeed dabble in many moods, and the setting of his poems extends from Bar Harbor, Maine, to the "silvery Rio Grande." Some of his verses, too, are "pretty." The word fits them admirably.

When one examines the entire volume, classified as heretofore indicated—society verse, didactic verse, ranch verse—a considerable unevenness in his work is evident. When he wanders, as he frequently does, away from purely "Ranch Verses," he is least happy. This is particularly true of his *vers de société.*. Verse that has a joke for its theme or its climax, and that is at the same time sentimental in tone, is usually very clever or it is commonplace. There is no half-way ground. The same statement could be made of purely sentimental verse. The sole excuse for its being is that the rhyme form best conveys the subtle play of fancy, the delicate allusions, the unlooked for *dénouement,* that constitute the essence of the situation involved. One cannot say that Mr. Chittenden succeeds in such poems. He is lacking both in the technical skill and in the dash of genius that must be present when playful verse gives the highest pleasure. He tries over and over again—in "Sub Rosa"; in "The Difference"; in "The Ranchman's Letter"; in "A Bachelor's Dilemma"; in "A Summer Girl"; in "Declined"; in "The Waltz"; and in many others. But the poems want just a shade more of knack, or happy phrasing, of unconscious simplicity, to make them rise above mediocrity. They are almost clever. That is the utmost one can say of them.

"Declined" is typical:

She—
"Come back, dear Tom," she wrote to say;
"To you I've been unkind;
So name our earliest bridal day,
For I have changed my mind."
He—
"Thank you," writes Tom, "I beg to state
Your overture's declined;
Our wedding's off—there is no date—
I, too, have changed my mind."

Mr. Chittenden is often serious. Perhaps he seems more serious than he really is; but he sees pathos in life and he is fond of singing about it. He also likes to give advice to the troubled, suggesting how they can best face the ills that beset them. For example, he writes poems on such subjects as, "Why Not be Happy To-day"; "Persevere"; "Never Despair." Again he addresses himself "To Dives"; "The Prodigal Daughter"; "Misunderstood"; "The Cynic and the Poet"; and indulges in serious reflections which take him very far away, both from his jocular society verse and from his distinctive and successful interpretation of life as he saw it on a Texas ranch.

If Mr. Chittenden's poetry is "vital and destined to live," that which sets forth pictures of the fast disappearing old-style cattle ranch will certainly be the portion to survive longest. This is true even though he has put a good deal of "Way Down East" dialect into the mouths of "cow-punchers," and a lot more of Yankee canniness into their thought and action. He has, however, caught the genuine spirit of the prairies as reflected in the lowing cattle; the hooting owls; the howling cayotes; the whispering mesquite leaves; the moaning northers; the dull, brown, broad expanse of the wide spread, eternal plains, dreary and big with the loneliness of the open sea. In such scenes Mr. Chittenden is far more at his ease than when he is attempting the cleverness of Wallace Irwin or in rephrasing some second-rate ethical idea that has already been forever fixed in the monotonous numbers of Longfellow. In such poems as "The Texas Norther," "The Dying Scout," "A Stockman's Adventure in New York," "The Brazos Queen," "The Round-up," he finds himself. In like manner such descriptive or character sketches as "The Cowboys' Christmas Ball," "Majah Green," "The Parson Pickax Gray," "Maverick Bill," reveal poetic instinct and the ability to phrase appropriately certain aspects of Western life that are inherently poetic. Mr. Chittenden has done this not so

successfully as James Barton Adams of Denver, perhaps, but his tuneful lines run along smoothly, tinkling off the ingenuous feelings of the untutored Westerner with an occasional effective application of the soft pedal in the pathetic parts.

It may be that he has gotten from the scenes all the poetry that was in them. One fears, however, that the frequent repetition of the same figure and ideas betrays the author's want of equipment. He has without question a fairly accurate feeling for rhythm; in some degree he possesses, too, the "seeing eye"; but he lacks the elementals, the raw materials of poetry—words and ideas—and he frequently betrays this need.

He is very partial, for example, to "zephyrs." Scattered through his poems are "soft-fluted zephyrs," "warm zephyrs," "mournful zephyrs," "breezy zephyrs," "rare zephyrs," "rarest zephyrs," "tropical zephyrs," "zephyrs' kisses," "waving zephyrs," "soft southern zephyrs," and often the unmodified "zephyr." In other instances he puts the zephyrs into action: There are the "songs of the zephyrs"; "the zephyrs breathed their passion"; the "zephyrs rare are sighing"; "the zephyrs were wooing the ocean"; "where rarest zephyrs dwell"; "the zephyrs soft fling fragrance to the breeze"; "zephyrs fling twilight kisses to the rose."

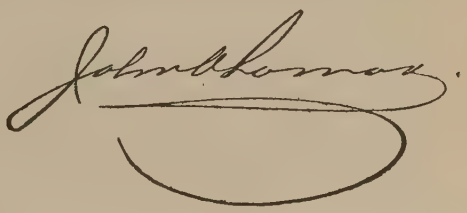
In the same manner, wherever there is a likeness of theme, Mr. Chittenden is very apt to adopt not only similar figures, but also similar phraseology and manner of treatment, as well as identical metre. A favorite method of beginning a poem may be seen in the opening lines of "My Old Friend, The Majah Green":

"In the sunny land of Texas, where Tom Ochiltree's at home,
Where the cowman swings the lasso and the wild jack-rabbits roam;
Where hearts of gallant gentlemen are full of sand and glow";

—and so on he swings with his description, often happy, sometimes forced and stiff, though seldom, when the scene is laid in the West, without catching some of the free, open spirit of the prairies. One or two poems begun this way would not attract the critic; but Mr. Chittenden repeats in monotonous iteration the method a dozen times, and employs, by actual count, descriptive lines beginning with "Where" more than fifty times. There are one hundred and thirty-two titles in 'Ranch Verses.' The volume probably contains material enough for fifty short poems, and it would have been far better for Mr. Chittenden's reputation had he never dignified some of these "offsprings of idle hours" with space in the book.

Perhaps the faults of these poems, many of which are genuinely delightful, should have been passed by in silence. For very true

is it that whatever tells of the big Plains country, with its far-stretching horizon, the white, kindly stars of its calm nights, the camp fires, the mountains, the trail; whatever will make more vivid the characters and deeds of the cowboys, the outlaws, the rangers, the Indians, the Forty-niners on the overland trail to California; whatever will vitalize the past of the West and reproduce somethings of its life, will be sure to have perennial interest for all those who love daring men and rugged simplicity of character. Now and then the verse of Mr. Chittenden, freed of self-consciousness and convention, catches some of the fresh and buoyant Western spirit. Whenever this is true, he writes poetry. The spontaneity is no longer affected. It becomes unconscious, direct, simple—like the ballad. Without writing any great poetry, Mr. Chittenden has blazed the way, rather he has outlined, in some degree, the poetic canvas distinctively Western. Those that come after him will be able to tell which pictures will bear heavy coloring, which must be airy and delicate. That poetry, virile and strong, will ultimately come out of the West no one who feels its romance and its beauty can doubt. When the great poet does come, William Lawrence Chittenden will be pointed out as one of the first, one of the very few voices that cried out in the wilderness, when the great West was yet brooding in quiet unconsciousness of its possibilities in poetry and in song.



## HIDDEN

TO GEN. R. M. GANO.

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Afar on the pathless prairies
  The rarest of flowers abound;
And in the dark caves of the valleys
  There is wealth that will never be found;
So there are sweet songs in the silence
  That never will melt into sound.

The twilight illumines her banners
  With colors no artist can teach;
And aloft in the sky there are sermons
  Too mighty for mortals to preach;
So life has its lovely ideals
  Too lofty for language to reach.

Afar on the sea there's a music
  That the shore never knows in its rest;
And in the green depths of the forest
  There are choirs that carol unblest;
So, deep in the heart there's a music
  And a cadence that's never expressed.

## MY OLD FRIEND, "THE MAJAH GREEN"

In the sunny land of Texas, where Tom Ochiltree's at home,
Where the cowman swings the lasso and the wild jack-rabbits roam;
Where hearts of gallant gentlemen are full of sand and glow,
And the prairies laugh to plenty with the tickle of the hoe;
Where the vote is always solid—on the Democratic side,
And old "Tariff Mills" is grinding grist and thought from far and wide;
Where the mocking birds are singing on the feathery mesquite trees,
And the zephyrs soft are flinging rarest fragrance to the breeze;
Where the rustlers from the ranches chase the wild-eyed maverick steer,
And the pitching pony prances o'er the dog-towns far and near;
Where the antelope is grazing, thirty miles from Abilene,
There it was I met the "Majah"—my old friend, "The Majah Green."

* * * * * *

He had led the Southern armies, when their banners floated free,
From the winding Rappahannock to the tropic Mexique Sea.
Ay, he told me wondrous stories of the days "befo' de wah,"
When he "owned the pertest darkies," "that was raised in Georgah, sah."
And he spoke about his boyhood in a "rah old Southern town,"
On the lazy Ocamulgee, with its houses old and brown;
Where they raised big sweet potatoes, and the "little goober vines,"
And the "roses blushed forever," 'neath the softly wooing pines.
But at last he came to Texas, to the "woolly wild" frontier,
Where he "founded Anson City," in the springtime of the year.
There he built his "little homestead," garlanded with eglantine,

Where the hollyhocks threw kisses to the fragrant jessamine.
He was bluff and stout and hearty, rather pompous in his mien,
Yet he had a kindly "howdy" for all, had Major Green.

* * * * * *

Perhaps he was not educated, as a tenderfoot conceives,
But he *scanned the books of Nature,* as the seasons turned the leaves.
He was very fond of hunting—that 's the reason he liked me;
Many a time we roamed together o'er the prairies broad and free,
Where the Double Mountain standeth, and will stand for many a day,
Till the *Seventh Trumpet* soundeth, and the earth shall pass away.
Oft we watched the gilded banners of the golden hours depart,
When the twilight's richest beauty sheds its shadows o'er the heart.
Soon the evening fire was kindled, and we rested on the ground,
While the breathing stars shed lustre o'er the wilderness profound.
Then the Major told his stories, sang some deep bass roundelay
To his "Lily of the Valley" or "Old Dixie," far away.
Yes, his heart beat high but kindly, square and honest, nothing mean
'Bout that "Vetran, sah," "the Majah," my old friend, the Major Green.

* * * * * *

Hark! the lonely doves are cooing, in the weeping mesquite vale,
And the south winds sad are sighing o'er the old McKenzie trail;
Ah, they miss that sturdy figure, for his honest feet have trod
Far beyond the sunset mountains where his spirit went to God.
The prairie flowers are waving o'er a lonely little mound,
For the Major roams the borders of the Happy Hunting Ground.

He has crossed the Royal River that rolls on to crystal seas,
And has found his old commander, Stonewall Jackson, " 'neath the trees."
They are resting from their labors; oh, I know that smile serene
That in olden days illumined my old friend, "The Majah Green."

## WHY NOT BE HAPPY TO-DAY?

I have questioned my hopes of the future,
I have doubted my dreams of the past,
I have roamed through the realms of ambition,
With visions too lovely to last.
I have longed for youth's fondest ideals,
But those phantoms are now far away,
And at last fair philosophy whispers,
Oh, why not be happy to-day?

Though storm clouds may darken life's valley,
(And each heart has some shadows of care),
The bright sun will soon gild the heavens,
And thy troubles will melt into air.
So what is the use of repining?
Will it bless or ennoble you, pray?
No!—The world does not care for your whining,
So why not be happy to-day?

Ah, the old world at heart is too solemn,
For life is at best full of trials;
But try to be cheerful, 't will help you,
If you brighten all pathways with smiles.
Then life will be well worth the living,
Let kindness illumine its way,
And with Hope's gilded banners before us
Let's strive to be happy to-day.

## A SONNET—THE PRAIRIES

I love the prairies broad and free,
For there I know and there I feel
My heart is not a thing of steel.
Lost in this tawny, fragrant sea
I breathe and hear that minstrelsy
Which Nature's vibrant chords reveal,
And Nature's tuneful songs appeal
To all that 's best and good in me.
The stars, the clouds, the azure skies
And viewless vastness all combine
To broaden life; yes, here my spirit soars and flies
Beyond the world's low level line
Till, lost, forgetful of life's sighs,
It dwells in miraged realms divine.

## THE COWBOYS' CHRISTMAS BALL

TO THE RANCHMEN OF TEXAS

'Way out in Western Texas, where the Clear Fork's waters flow,
Where the cattle are "a-browzin'," an' the Spanish ponies grow;
Where the Northers "come a-whistlin' " from beyond the Neutral strip;
And the prairie dogs are sneezin', as if they had "The Grip";
Where the cayotes come a-howlin' 'round the ranches after dark,
And the mocking-birds are singin' to the lovely "medder lark";
Where the 'possum and the badger, and rattlesnakes abound,
And the monstrous stars are winkin' o'er a wilderness profound;
Where lonesome, tawny prairies melt into airy streams,
While the Double Mountains slumber, in heavenly kinds of dreams;
Where the antelope is grazin' and the lonely plovers call—
It was there that I attended "The Cowboys' Christmas Ball."

The town was Anson City, old Jones's county seat,
Where they raise Polled Angus cattle, and waving whiskered wheat;
Where the air is soft and "bammy," an' dry an' full of health,
And the prairies is explodin' with agricultural wealth;
Where they print the *Texas Western*, that Hec. McCann supplies,
With news and yarns and stories, uv most amazin' size;
Where Frank Smith " pulls the badger," on knowin' tenderfeet,
And Democracy's triumphant, and mighty hard to beat;
Where lives that good old hunter, John Milsap from Lamar,
Who "used to be the Sheriff, back East, in Paris, sah!"
'T was there, I say, at Anson, with the lively "widder Wall,"
That I went to that reception, "The Cowboys' Christmas Ball."

The boys had left the ranches and come to town in piles;
The ladies—"kinder scatterin'"—had gathered in for miles.
And yet the place was crowded, as I remember well,
'T was got for the occasion, at "The Morning Star Hotel."
The music was a fiddle an' a lively tambourine,
And a "viol come imported," by the stage from Abilene.
The room was togged out gorgeous—with mistletoe and shawls,
And candles flickered frescoes, around the airy walls.
The "wimmin folks" looked lovely—the boys looked kinder treed,
Till their leader commenced yellin': "Whoa! fellers, let's stampede,"
And the music started sighin', an' a-wailin' through the hall,
As a kind of introduction to "The Cowboys' Christmas Ball."

The leader was a feller that came from Swenson's Ranch,
They called him "Windy Billy," from "little Deadman's Branch."
His rig was "kinder keerless," big spurs and high-heeled boots;
He had the reputation that comes when "fellers shoots."
His voice was like a bugle upon the mountain's height;
His feet were animated, an' a *mighty, movin' sight,*

When he commenced to holler, "Neow fellers, stake yer pen!
"Lock horns ter all them heifers, an' russle 'em like men.
"Saloot yer lovely critters; neow swing an' let 'em go,
"Climb the grape vine 'round 'em—all hands do-ce-do!
"You Mavericks, jine the round-up—Jest skip her water-
fall,"
Huh! hit wuz gettin' happy—"The Cowboys' Christmas Ball!"

The boys were tolerable skittish, the ladies powerful neat,
That old bass viol's music *just got there with both feet!*
That wailin', frisky fiddle, I never shall forget;
And Windy kept a singin'—I think I hear him yet—
"O Xes, chase your squirrels, an' cut 'em to one side,
"Spur Treadwell to the centre, with Cross P Charley's bride,
"Doc. Hollis down the middle, an' twine the ladies' chain,
"Varn Andrews pen the fillies in big T Diamond's train.
"All pull yer freight tergether, neow swallow fork an' change,
"'Big Boston' lead the trail herd, through little Pitchfork's
range.
"Purr 'round yer gentle pussies, neow rope 'em! Balance all!"
Huh! hit wuz gettin active—"The Cowboys' Christmas Ball!"

The dust riz fast an' furious, we all just galloped 'round,
Till the scenery got so giddy, that Z Bar Dick was downed.
We buckled to our partners, an' told 'em to hold on,
Then shook our hoofs like lightning, until the early dawn.
Don't tell me 'bout cotillions, or germans. No sir 'ee!
That whirl at Anson City just takes the cake with me.
I'm sick of lazy shufflin's, of them I've had my fill,
Give me a frontier break-down, backed up by Windy Bill.
McAllister ain't nowhar! when Windy leads the show,
I've seen 'em both in harness, and so I sorter know—
Oh, Bill, I sha'n't forget yer, and I'll oftentimes recall.
That lively gaited sworray—"The Cowboys' Christmas Ball."

## GALVESTON

TO "M. P. W."

Where sea-gulls fair are flying
Above a lonely sea,
And zephyrs rare are sighing
Across the sandy lea;
Where oleanders blossom beneath a generous sun,
There by the sobbing billows, dreams lovely Galveston.

Her roses bloom forever
Beneath an azure sky.
Her sunlight fadeth never,
For summer lingers nigh.
There at the gates of Texas, in tropic garlands drest,
She smiles in budding beauty—the queen of the Southwest.

## NEPTUNE'S STEEDS

Hark to the wild nor'easter!
That long, long booming roar,
When the Storm King breathes his thunder
Along the shuddering shore.
The shivering air re-echoes
The ocean's weird refrain,
For the wild white steeds of Neptune
Are coming home again.

No hand nor voice can check them,
These stern steeds of the sea,
They were not born for bondage,
They are forever free.
With arched crests proudly waving,
Too strong for human rein,
The wild white steeds of Neptune
Are coming home again.

With rolling emerald chariots
They charge the stalwart strand,
They gallop o'er the ledges
And leap along the land;

With deep chests breathing thunder
  Across the quivering plain,
The wild white steeds of Neptune
  Are coming home again.

Not with the trill of bugles,
  But roar of muffled drums
And shrouded sea-weed banners,
  That mighty army comes.
The harbor bars are moaning
  A wail of death and pain,
For the wild white steeds of Neptune
  Are coming home again.

Well may the sailor women
  Look out to scan the lee,
And long for absent lovers,
  Their lovers on the sea.
Well may the harbored seamen
  Neglect the sails and seine,
When the wild white steeds of Neptune
  Are coming home again.

How sad their mournful neighing,
  That wailing, haunting sound;
It is the song of sorrow,
  A dirge for dead men drowned.
Though we must all go seaward,
  Though our watchers wait in vain,
The wild white steeds of Neptune
  Will homeward come again.

## A MESSAGE

Pretty blossom on the prairies, where the breezes play,
Dost thou know my lovely lady, hast thou seen her—say?
She is like thee in her beauty, for her eyes are violet blue,
And her cheeks are fairest lilies which the roses love to woo.

Mocking-bird that singeth gayly midst the bowers of spring,
Dost thou know my bonnie lassie, hast thou heard her sing?
She is like thee, always happy, and her voice resembles thine,
Ah! her laugh's an airy echo of thy liquid notes divine.

Lovely sunbeam, kissing beauty, blessings on thy ray,
Dost thou know *my blushing beauty,* hast thou kissed her, pray?
She is like thee, gleam from heaven, pure and cheerful as thou art,
And she blesses all who know her, with the sunshine of her heart.

Perfumed zephyr, softly sighing, o'er the tropic sea,
Take this message to my lady, waft it now from me.
Woo, oh! woo her, sigh it ever, breathe my story in a line;
Softly tell her that I love her, gently ask her to be mine.

## THE PARSON PICKAX GRAY

Though he had no fancy pulpit, or church with lofty spire,
He corralled crowds uv sinners, an' giv' 'em all—hell fire!
He'd crawl up on some bowlder, or mount an ole tree stump,
Shufflin' through his Scriptur' deck until he'd cut his trump!
He'd loosen out his buzzum, fer he seldom wore a coat,
He'd ante up, then deal his text an' preech without er note;
He'd crevice through the Bible, an' mine hits wealth untold,
Then shovel out salvation in nuggets uv pure gold.
His truths would roll like thunder around thet human sod,
Till at times he seemed transfiggered an' peered tu "walk with God."
Oh, he pruned thet human vineyard an' driv' his gospel pick
Through the bed-rock of perdition till he made the devil sick!

An' the boys yelled hallelujah! an'ole sinners crossed the line—
Huh! I tell yer, that wuz preechin' in them days of Forty-nine.
His prayers wuz like a cloud-burst upon Sin's mountain height,
They'd wash them delvin' miners out uv darkness inter light,
Till they clutched the Rock of Ages an' hauled theirselves ashore,
An' quit Sin's gloomy gulches an' sluiceways evermore.
An' when we sang the finish to "Praise Him Here Below,"
A shimmerin' halo drifted 'round that aujence 'bout ter go.
Then cum the benediction; that wuz his greatest charm,
A soothin', heavenly rainbow uv peace an' love an' balm.
Thet wuz a preecher fer yer, that acted out his part;
He wuzzent much on polish, but panned out in his heart.
And when the Great Jehovah shall come at Judgment Day
He'll call that good ole feller, "The Parson Pickax Gray."

## THE CYNIC AND POET

A cynic once said to a poet,
"Fie, fie, you gay piper of song;
Your tunes are all lies, and you know it;
You know that this life is all wrong;
You sing about Hope in gay measures,
While the Future is shrouded in mist
How can you keep piping of pleasures
When you know that they do not exist?
You know that this life means confusion,
That time is enshrouded with care,
That joy is a fancied delusion
Which dwells in a castle of air;
You know that the world's full of sorrow,
That Love is a lost dream of youth,
That Hope is a dream of to-morrow,
So tell us the Present's sad truth!"

"Ha! ha," laughed the gay, jolly poet,
"The truth is I'm sorry for you;
You hate the whole world, and you know it,
'Tis a pity alas! but it's true.

And yet the old world doesn't mind it,
It thinks far too much of itself;
So why not take life as you find it,
And stop growling there on the shelf?
Of course there is trouble and sorrow,
Of course there is sadness and gloom,
But Hope is the beacon to borrow,
And Love is life's purest perfume;
So leave your dry husks, my dear fellow,
Life's pastures are blooming to-day;
Grow cheerful, be kinder, grow mellow,
Believe me, you'll find 'it will pay.'"

## ODE TO THE NORTHER

Thrice welcome to the Norther,
The Norther roaring free,
Across the rolling prairies
Straight from the Arctic sea!
Avaunt, ye western breezes
And southern zephyrs warm!
Here's to the cold, blue Norther,
The stern, relentless storm!

I'm tired of love and laughter,
To-night I long for war;
For the bugle blasts are sounding
From the heights of Labrador.
"Whoo-hoo!" the winds are wailing
Their muffled reveilles,
And 'round my chimney fortress
Roar angry, shoreless seas.

Wild storms and wants and dangers
Will thrill a poet's heart,
And free his Viking spirit
Far more than feeble art.
So welcome to the storm wind!
The Northers I invoke.
Here's to the strong, gray weather
That makes the heart of oak!

## "REMEMBER THE ALAMO"

To the San Antonio Club.

Fair Greece and Rome brave heroes knew,
But Texas has her heroes, too,
The men of Alamo!
That bold, courageous, noble band
Of rangers in the border land,
Who fighting fell with sword in hand,
At San Antonio!

Their well-remembered woes and wrongs
Demand no feeble minstrel's songs,
For history's fame is theirs.
Their names shall live on mortal tongue,
Their deeds of valor long be sung,
Their memories blessed by old and young
In silent tears and prayers.

Dark Gettysburg and Waterloo
Survivors from their carnage knew,
Thermopylæ had one!
But on the Lone Star's gory field
The Texans bled, but would not yield;
Each man died fighting on his shield—
The Alamo left none!

Crockett, Travis, and Bowie's names
Shall glow with Freedom's holy flames
And brighten Glory's sheath!
No lettered urn or flowered perfume
Need mark such storied heroes' tomb,
For honors round their names shall bloom
In an immortal wreath!

## THE RANCHMAN'S RIDE

Hurrah for a ride on the prairies free,
On a fiery untamed steed,
Where the curlews fly and the cayotes cry,
And a fragrant breeze goes whispering by;
Hurrah! and away with speed.

With left hand light on the bridle-rein,
And saddle-girths cinched behind,
With lariat tied at the pommel's side,
And lusty bronchos true and tried,
We'll race with the whistling wind.

We are off and away, like a flash of light
As swift as the shooting star,
As an arrow flies towards its distant prize,
On! on we whirl toward the shimmering skies;
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

As free as a bird o'er billowy sea
We skim the flowered Divide,
Like seamews strong we fly along,
While the earth resounds with galloping song
As we plunge through the fragrant tide.

Avaunt with your rides in crowded towns!
Give me the prairies free,
Where the curlews fly and the cayotes cry,
And the heart expands 'neath the azure sky;
Ah! that's the ride for me.

## OLD FORT PHANTOM HILL

An abandoned fort in Jones County, Texas. Supposed to be haunted.

TO THE VETERANS OF THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

On the breezy Texas border, on the prairies far away,
Where the antelope is grazing and the Spanish ponies play;
Where the tawny cattle wander through the golden incensed hours,
And the sunlight woos a landscape clothed in royal robes of flowers;
Where the Elm and Clear Fork mingle, as they journey to the sea,
And the night-wind sobs sad stories o'er a wild and lonely lea;
Where of old the dusky savage and the shaggy bison trod,
And the reverent plains are sleeping 'midst drowsy dreams of God;
Where the twilight loves to linger, e'er night's sable robes are cast
'Round grim-ruined, spectral chimneys, telling stories of the past,
There upon an airy mesa, close beside a whispering rill,
There to-day you'll find the ruins of the Old Fort Phantom Hill.

Years ago, so runs the legend, 'bout the year of Fifty-three,
This old fort was first established by the gallant soldier, Lee;
And to-day the restless spirits of his proud and martial band
Haunt those ghostly, gloomy chimneys in the Texas borderland.
There once every year at midnight, when the chilling Northers roar,
And the storm-king breathes its thunder from the heights of Labrador,
When the vaulted gloom re-echoes with the owls—"whit-tu-woo!"
And the stealthy cayote answers with his lonely, long "ki-oo!"
Then strange phantoms flit in silence through that weeping mesquite vale,
And the reveilles come sounding o'er the old McKenzie Trail,

Then the muffled drums beat muster and the bugles sadly trill,
And the vanished soldiers gather 'round the heights of Phantom Hill.

Then pale bivouac fires are lighted and those gloomy chimneys glow,
While the grizzled veterans muster from the taps of long ago,
*Lee* and *Johnston* and *McKenzie, Grant* and *Jackson, Custer,* too,
Gather there in peaceful silence waiting for their last review;
Blue and gray at length united on the high redoubts of fame,
Soldiers all in one grand army, that will answer in God's name.
Yes, they rest on heights of glory in that fair, celestial world,
"Where the war-drum throbs no longer, and the battle-flags are furled."
And to-day the birds are singing where was heard the cannons' roar,
For the gentle doves are nesting 'midst those ruins of the war.
Yes, the mocking-birds re-echo: "Peace on earth, to men good will,"
And the "swords are turned to ploughshares" in the land of Phantom Hill.

# THOMAS HOLLEY CHIVERS

[1807—1858]

JOHN WILSON TOWNSEND

THOMAS HOLLEY CHIVERS, named after his paternal grandfather and descended on both sides from English ancestry, was born at Digby Manor, near Washington, Georgia, in 1807. He was the eldest of a family of three sons and four daughters born to Colonel Robert Chivers, a wealthy Georgia planter, and his wife, of the well-known Digby house. Thomas Holley was fitted for college at a Georgia preparatory school, and, choosing medicine for his profession, entered the Medical School of the Transylvania University (now rechristened with its honored name) in Lexington, Kentucky.

After his graduation, in 1830, Chivers returned to Georgia, where he practiced his profession for some months; but, in 1832, he went North to live, and soon afterwards married a Massachusetts woman, Miss Harriet Hunt. Chivers's father furnished him with money, with which he and his bride were enabled to spend their time in Boston, New Haven and New York. Many of his earlier poems were written at the various hotels in these cities. Of the seven children born to them only two daughters are still living.

The next twenty-five years of his life were, for the most part, spent in New York, where writing poetry and administering medical aid to the poor and needy were his occupations. In 1856 Chivers returned to Georgia and died at his Decatur home, Saturday, December 19, 1858. His passing was noted in many journals, and among the tributes to his memory was a rather meritless elegy by a Danish scholar.

Chivers published his first work, a tragedy of five acts, 'Conrad and Eudora; or, The Death of Alonzo,' at Philadelphia, in 1834. The background of this drama is set in Kentucky, and the incidents were suggested by real events connected with Jeroboam Beauchamp's* murder of Colonel Solomon P. Sharp, at Frankfort, Ken-

*Material for a splendid book could easily be found in the history of the Beauchamp-Sharp murder. Beyond doubt it has attracted the attention of more literary men than any similar event in American history. Besides Chivers's closet-drama, Poe's 'Politian,' Charles Fenno Hoffman's 'Greyslaer,' William Gilmore Simms's 'Beauchampe,' with its sequel, 'Charlemont,' and a poem by the actor, Isaac Starr Classon, which was left in manuscript and is now probably lost, were all based on this celebrated tragedy.

tucky in 1826. Chivers followed the historical sources with almost absolute accuracy. In his drama, Beauchamp is Conrad; his wife, Eudora; and Sharp Alonzo. Many fine lines may be found in this little drama of eighty-two pages; the remainder of the volume is filled with short poems, forty-nine in number, entitled "Songs of the Heart." Many of these were afterwards revised and issued in 'Nacoochee.'

Between the publication of his first and second volumes several years elapsed, and Chivers utilized this time in writing for periodicals, especially for *The Southern Literary Messenger,* the famous journal of Richmond, Virginia. A small volume could be compiled of Chivers's magazine poems, which were never used in any of his published works.

In 1837 Chivers issued his first volume of lyrics, 'Nacoochee,' an Indian word signifying "beautiful star." The poem recites an Indian love story. Nacoochee is the maiden, and Ostenee her lover. Ostenee builds himself a boat and sails for the beautiful island which is Nacoochee's home. His sweetheart is frightened and prays to one of her gods to take her from Ostenee's reach. This the god kindly consents to do, and the first canto closes. Chivers intended to write others, if the public desired them; but, seemingly, the public was silent, and Nacochee's end remains a mystery. Besides the title-poem, the volume contains forty-eight other poems, the best of which are, "To a China Tree," "Georgia Waters," written in his student days at Transylvania University, "Ode to the Mississippi," "Song of the Maids of Texas." Really nothing but echoes of his poetical masters—Moore, Coleridge, Blake, Keats, Shelley, and the Bible—can be found in 'Nacoochee.'

Chivers had been reared a Baptist, but he became, in turn, a Swedenborgian, a Transcendentalist, and an Associationist. "The son of a Southern slave-holder, a devotee of Shelley, a friend of Boston vagaries, Chivers had fallen on unlucky times."

In 1840 Edgar Allan Poe, in his effort to launch successfully *The Penn Magazine,* solicited the aid of Chivers as a contributor and canvasser for subscriptions, but the magazine was not successful and the association of the two men ceased. Later Poe criticised severely Chivers's poetry, for which, after Chivers's remonstrance, he apologized, but he did not take the volunteered advice to give his criticism a milder tone. On the other hand, when Poe attempted again to launch *The Penn Magazine,* Chivers, whose financial aid Poe desired, declined to become his partner, though he showed his good will by forwarding some subscriptions.

About this time Chivers lost his little daughter and went South for the funeral. From Augusta, Georgia, under date of December

7, 1842, Chivers wrote Poe one of the saddest letters ever penned. His references to his little blue-eyed child are wonderfully pathetic and pitiful. At the close he asks Poe about *The Penn Magazine;* Poe took two years to answer his letter. When he did reply he told Chivers that he had changed the name of the magazine to *The Stylus,* and renewed his offer to Chivers to join him. And again the Georgia poet refused. Although they had corresponded for several years, Poe and Chivers met for the first time on the street in New York in 1845. Poe was intoxicated and Chivers, wisely avoiding useless conversation, took him home to Mrs. Clemm and delayed his call until Poe had recovered. During this call they discussed at length the world's "Sons of Song." It was during this talk that Poe told Chivers of his great admiration for Tennyson, whose two famous volumes of 1842 he had recently read.

Just before Chivers left New York for Georgia, he published "The Lost Pleiad" (1845). It is an elegy of seven pages on the death of the poet's first child. The father represented himself as a shepherd who cannot be consoled. Eventually a stranger appears and reasons with him that he, in selecting a lamb for some occasion, always chooses the best. Thus it is with the stranger—God. He ever takes the good to heaven. This comforts the father's heart and he is reconciled. The remaining twenty-five pages is made up of short poems, most of which possess merit. Poe reviewed the book favorably in his new magazine, *The Broadway Journal.* He now made another attempt to get money from Chivers with which to pay for this paper, but the doctor, in spite of his great admiration for Poe, was too wise to sink any money in his mushroom magazine. Two or three more letters passed between the two men, but Poe finally cast Chivers off when he saw he could not use him in a financial way. Chivers was a hero-worshipper and Poe was his hero. Is it any wonder he tried to ape his master? After Poe's death, Chivers partially compiled a biography of him that, if finished, would have refuted, no doubt, Griswold's bitter attack.

We come now to Chivers's most famous volume, 'Eonchs of Ruby.' It was issued in 1851 and contained forty-two poems of one hundred and sixty-eight pages. The motto on the title-page was a line of Wordsworth's, "The precious music of the heart." This verse must have appealed strongly to Chivers as he also used it as the motto for 'The Lost Pleiad.' Scholars are indebted to Professor Harrison, of the University of Virginia, for discovering the meaning of "Eonch"—shell, horn. His suggestion that it is a misprint for conch, is, however, far more satisfying and convincing. "Isabel," "Isadore," "Love," and "Lily Adair" contain many musi-

cal and graceful lines. The thought in Chivers, as in Poe, is usually limited, yet 'Eonchs,' strangely enough, is an exhilarating book.

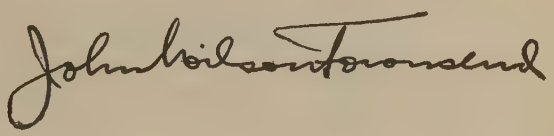
Two years after the publication of the above volume, 'Virginalia' appeared. It contained "Rosalie Lee," the third stanza of which Bayard Taylor garbled and made famous. Indeed, if Chivers has a single poem that may be called his masterpiece, it is this one, the title and material of which was a "double steal" from Poe and Philip P. Cooke. 'Virginalia' also contains a requiem on the death of Henry Clay, "that mighty man," and a very good sonnet, "On Reading Mrs. Browning's 'Drama of Exile.'" Only two of Chivers's books, 'Atlanta' and 'Heroes of Freedom,' were issued from Southern presses. All of his other volumes were published in the North. There is only one copy of 'Atlanta' in America, and it has been inaccessible to the writer. He has, however, found the next best thing; a good review, which appeared in *The Southern Literary Messenger*. The reviewer declared the poem to be very obscure and he caustically criticised Chivers for this. The third of the trilogy which Chivers issued during this year of 1853, was 'Memoralia.' 'Memoralia' proper contained only twelve pages of short poems, the best of which is a "Hymn to the Deity." The poems were not of sufficient importance to justify a brochure, so Chivers issued them as a sort of poetical preface to a second edition of 'Eonchs of Ruby.' His next volume appeared three years later. The title, 'Birth-Day Song of Liberty,' has, from the day of the publication, been dropped, and the sub-title 'Heroes of Freedom' used. It is a one-poem pamphlet of fifteen pages. The only copy in existence has not been accessible. Chivers's final work, published the year of his death, was 'The Sons of Usna.' It is a five-act drama, founded on the old Irish legend of Milesia, with English pronunciation, however, of the Irish proper names. The preface is dated 1854, but the drama did not appear until four years later.

Although primarily a poet, Chivers was also an artist and an inventor. He made several creditable portraits of his family and some splendid pen-and-ink sketches. He had an inventive mind, not only for the coining of curious words and phrases, but for practical inventions; among the latter a machine for unwinding the fibre from silk cocoons. Chivers was, as the preface to 'Memoralia' reveals, an accomplished Greek and Hebrew scholar.

A word now as to the famous Poe-Chivers controversy. In a letter to William Gilmore Simms, written in 1852, three years after his master's death, Chivers claimed that Poe stole the words "Lenore," "Nevermore," and the form and rhythm of "The Raven" from him, and then added that he was "the Southern man who taught Mr. Poe all these things." To another friend Chivers wrote:

"Poe stole his 'Raven' from me; but was the greatest poetical critic that ever existed." Chivers's friends took up this charge; it was denied by Poe's friends, and thus the battle has been waged for over half a century. Chivers claimed that his "To Allegra Florence in Heaven," written in 1842 and printed three years later in 'The Lost Pleiad,' was the original of Poe's masterpiece. The grotesque eighth and tenth stanzas are the ones which are rightly ridiculed by critics. There is hardly anything in the poem that resembles in the slightest particular the matchless poem of Poe. But if the great Virginian did really use "Allegra," in the making of "The Raven," he so transformed it that no one can to-day recognize its presence. Chivers would never have declared himself to be Poe's precursor had he not been troubled with the "Orphic egotism."

Of course, Poe read Chivers's poems, and they probably influenced him as much as any other poems in the world's literature; but beyond the fact that they both revelled in extravagant, weird and mystical language, one cannot go. Most obviously it was Chivers who was influenced by Poe, and not Poe by Chivers. Had he claimed to have been William Blake's forerunner, the world, perchance, might have disregarded chronology and stopped to listen; but Poe's never. The doctor's great mistake was that he regarded plagiarism and parallelism as identical. It will ever be a great regret to students of our literature that Chivers refused to let his poetry stand on its own merits (and it has rather distinct merits), instead of seeking entrance to that unenviable class of literary claimants whose demands the world never allows. Yet, after all is said, Chivers, with his nine hundred pages of poetry and his unsubstantiated claims, remains among the most picturesque, most pathetic, and most elusive figures in the whole range of Southern letters.



## TO ALLEGRA FLORENCE IN HEAVEN

From 'The Lost Pleiad.'

"My life, my joy, my food, my all-the-world."—*Shakespeare.*
"I shall go to her, but she shall not return to me."—*Bible.*
"But the grave is not deep—it is the shining tread of an Angel that seeks us."—*Jean Paul Richter.*

When thy soft round form was lying
On the bed where thou wert sighing,
I could not believe thee dying,
Till thy angel-soul had fled;
For no sickness gave me warning,
Rosy health thy cheeks adorning—
Till that hope-destroying morning,
When my precious child lay dead!

Now, thy white shroud covers slightly
Thy pale limbs, which were so sprightly,
While thy snow-white arms lie lightly
On thy soul-abandoned breast;
As the dark blood faintly lingers
In thy pale, cold, lily fingers,
Thou, the sweetest of Heaven's singers!
Just above thy heart at rest!

Yes, thy sprightly form is crowded
In thy coffin, all enshrouded,
Like the young Moon, half enclouded,
On the first night of her birth;
And, as down she sinks when westing,
Of her smiles the Night divesting—
In my fond arms gently resting,
Shall thy beauty to the earth!

Like some snow-white cloud just under
Heaven, some breeze has torn asunder,
Which discloses, to our wonder,
Far beyond, the tranquil skies;

Lay thy pale, cold lids, half closing,
(While in death's cold arms reposing,
Thy dear seraph form seemed dozing—)
On thy violet-colored eyes.

For thy soft blue eyes were tender
As an angel's, full of splendor,
And, like skies to earth, did render
Unto me divine delight;
Like two violets in the morning
Bathed in sunny dews, adorning
One white lily-bed, while scorning
All the rest, however bright.

As the Earth desires to nourish
Some fair Flower, which loves to flourish
On her breast, while it doth perish,
And will barren look when gone;
So, my soul did joy in giving
Thee what thine was glad receiving
From me, ever more left grieving
In this dark, cold world alone!

Holy angels now are bending
To receive thy soul ascending
Up to Heaven to joys unending,
And to bliss which is divine;
While thy pale, cold form is fading
Under death's dark wings now shading
Thee with gloom which is pervading
This poor, broken heart of mine!

For, as birds of the same feather
On the earth will flock together,
So, around thy *Heavenly Father,*
They now gather there with thee—
Ever joyful to behold thee—
In their soft arms to enfold thee,
And to whisper words oft told thee,
In this trying world by me!

With my bowed head thus reclining
On my hand, my heart repining,
Shall my salt tears, ever shining,
    On my pale cheeks, flow for thee—
Bitter soul-drops ever stealing
From the fount of holy feeling,
Deepest anguish now revealing,
    For thy loss, dear child! to me!

As an egg, when broken, never
Can be mended, but must ever
Be the same crushed egg forever—
    So shall this dark heart of mine!
Which, though broken, is still breaking,
And shall never more cease aching
For the sleep which has no waking—
    For the sleep which now is thine!

And as God doth lift thy spirit
Up to Heaven, there to inherit
Those rewards which it doth merit,
    Such as none have reaped before;
Thy dear father will, tomorrow,
Lay thy body, with deep sorrow,
In the grave which is so narrow—
    There to rest forevermore!

## LILY ADAIR

From 'Eonchs of Ruby.'

### I

The Apollo Belvidere was adorning*
The Chamber where Eulalie lay,
While Aurora, the Rose of the Morning,
Smiled full in the face of the Day.
All around stood the beautiful Graces
Bathing Venus—some combing her hair—
While she lay in her husband's embraces
A-moulding my Lily Adair—
Of my fawn-like Lily Adair—
Of my dove-like Lily Adair—
Of my beautiful, dutiful Lily Adair.

### II

Where the Oreads played in the Highlands,
And the Water-Nymphs bathed in the streams,
In the tall Jasper Reeds of the Islands—
She wandered in life's early dreams.
For the Wood-Nymphs then brought from the Wildwood
The turtle-doves Venus kept there,
Which the Dryades tamed, in his childhood,
For Cupid, to Lily Adair—
To my dove-like Lily Adair—
To my lamb-like Lily Adair—
To my beautiful, dutiful Lily Adair.

### III

Where the Opaline Swan circled, singing,
With her eider-down Cygnets at noon,
In the tall Jasper Reeds that were springing
From the marge of the crystal Lagoon—

*It was a beautiful idea of the Greeks that the procreation of beautiful children might be promoted by keeping in their sleeping apartments an Apollo or Hyacinthus. In this way they not only patronized Art, but begat a likeness of their own love.

Rich Canticles, clarion-like, golden,
Such as only true love can declare,
Like an Archangel's voice in times olden—
I went with my Lily Adair—
With my lamb-like Lily Adair—
With my saint-like Lily Adair—
With my beautiful, dutiful Lily Adair.

IV

Her eyes, lily-lidded, were azure,
Cerulian, celestial, divine—
Suffused with the soul-light of pleasure,
Which drew all the soul out of mine.
She had all the rich grace of the Graces,
And all that they had not to spare;
For it took all their beautiful faces
To make one for Lily Adair—
For my Christ-like Lily Adair—
For my Heaven-born Lily Adair—
For my beautiful, dutiful Lily Adair.

V

She was fairer by far than that Maiden,
The star-bright Cassiope,
Who was taken by Angels to Aiden,
And crowned with eternity.
For her beauty the Sea-Nymphs offended,
Because so surpassingly fair;
And so death then the precious life ended
Of my beautiful Lily Adair—
Of my Heaven-born Lily Adair—
Of my star-crowned Lily Adair—
Of my beautiful, dutiful Lily Adair.

VI

From her Paradise-Isles in the ocean,
To the beautiful City of On,
By the mellifluent rivers of Goshen,
My beautiful Lily is gone!

In her Chariot of Fire translated,
Like Elijah, she passed through the air,
To the City of God golden-gated—
The Home of my Lily Adair—
Of my star-crowned Lily Adair—
Of my God-loved Lily Adair—
Of my beautiful, dutiful Lily Adair.

VII

On the vista-path made by the Angels,
In her Chariot of Fire, she rode,
While the Cherubim sang their Evangels—
To the Gates of the City of God.
For the Cherubim-band that went with her,
I saw them pass out of the air—
I saw them go up through the ether
Into Heaven with my Lily Adair—
With my Christ-like Lily Adair—
With my God-like Lily Adair—
With my beautiful, dutiful Lily Adair.

## HYMN TO THE DEITY

From 'Memoralia,' 1853.

"Heal me, oh! Lord! and I shall be healed; and save me, and I shall be saved; for Thou art my praise."—*Jer.* 17:14.

Lord! let the rivers of Thy love,
Pour down upon me from above;
Let the bright waves of glory roll
Around this Sanctuary of my soul.

Let not the Island-clouds that lie
In the Pavilion of the sky
Gather around my Dwelling-place,
And hide the glory of Thy face.

Thou art upon the raging seas,
And in the whispers of the breeze;
And in the lightnings of the sky,
Filling the firmament on high.

Thou art upon the mighty hills,
And in the music of the rills;
And in the whirlwinds of the sea,
And in the voice that speaks to Thee.

Thou art upon the darkest night,
And in the brightest of the light;
And in the Highest Heaven, as well
And in the lowest depths of Hell.

Thus, seeing that Thy Home is here,
And feeling that Thy voice is near;
And knowing what Thy strength must be—
I offer up my prayer to Thee!

## ODE TO THE MISSISSIPPI

From 'Nacoochee,' 1837.

Thou *"Father of Waters!"* thou million in one!
Oh! speak from the North where thy travels begun,
And tell me the first with thyself to unite,
Who walked down the valley like lovers at night,
Till thou, with thy freedom majestic and deep,
Bestrode like an emperor walking in sleep.

And where is the strength that can sever the bands
That bind them in union from far distant lands?
So strange in complexion, in climate, and light,
Like soldiers enlisted for Freedom to fight!
Who started their marching ere Adam was born,
And never shall stop till Eternity's morn.

Thus endless, majestic, supreme, and divine!
They never grow callous by age or decline!
But ever uniting and shaking of hands,
They walk down in love through the low valley-lands;
And however strange in complexion at sight,
They always commingle and ever unite.

'Tis strange that so many should flow into one,
And rush down the valley like light from the sun!
'Tis strange to think that the savage and free
Should walk the same road to their homes in the sea!
Which proves that the lion and lamb shall be friends,
And earth, in a time, to its uttermost ends.

He came with Eternity—flows with its tide—
And none can say aught or his wonders deride—
He opens his breast like a schoolboy at play.
And bears the world's merchandise freely away!
He looks in the moonlight as wide as the sea,
And rolls up his billows in tempest as free!

Then wind thee along to the climes of the sun—
Thou bottomless king! to Eternity run!
The wild, like Manoah, hath prayed for a child,
And thou art the Samson, the king of the wild!
And, like unto Ishmael, around thee shall spring
A kingdom of nations to call thee their king.

We look on thy bosom, but can not control
The terror that strikes from the heart to the soul!
We know thee unique in the East or the West,
Who look'st in a calm like a lion at rest!
We give thee the praise—then adieu to the wild
That brought forth a son called Eternity's child.

## SONG OF THE MAIDS OF TEXAS

From 'Nacoochee,' 1837.

Awake, love, awake! for the morning is high,
And the sunbeams are bright in the vault of the sky—
The trumpet is heard by the isles of the sea,
Then awake, love, awake! for my soul is with thee!
The roses are wet with the dews of the night,
And the day-dawn is crowning the hills with delight;
The roebucks are making their tracks in the sand,
*"And the voice of the turtle is heard in our land."*

Awake, love, awake! for the dews of the morn
Are dashed from the boughs by the sound of the horn—
The autumn is gone, and the winter is past,
And the ring-doves are heard in the valleys at last;
The rose-buds are bright in the light of the dew,
And the sage-bells are blooming with nectar for you;
The cymbal-bee drinks from the chalice at hand,
*"And the voice of the turtle is heard in our land."*

Awake, love, awake! for the young fawns are nigh,
And the last star is gone from its home in the sky—
The lily-bells shine in the valleys below,
And the sweet william shakes by the foot of the roe;
The snow-pigeon hies from the hill-tops to feed,
And the blackbirds are singing their songs in the mead—
Awake, love, awake, for my heart and my hand,
*"For the voice of the turtle is heard in our land."*

## LOVE

From 'Eonchs of Ruby,' 1853.

### I

What is it that makes the maiden
So like Christ in Heaven above?
Or, like Heavenly Eve in Aiden,
Meeting Adam, blushing?—love—
Love, love, love!
Echo.
Love!

### II

What it is that makes the murmur
Of the plaintive turtle dove
Fill our hearts with so much Summer
Till they melt to passion?—love—
Love, love, love!
Echo.
Love!

III

See the Rose unfold her bosom
To the amorous Sun above—
Bursting into fragrant blossoms
At his sight!—what is it?—love—
Love, love, love!
Echo.
Love!

IV

Like the peace-songs of the Angels
Sent to one from Heaven above
Who believes in Christ's Evangels—
Is the voice of one in love—
Love, love, love!
Echo.
Love!

V

Christ, who once on earth was sorry,
Captain of the host above,
Left His Father's throne of glory
To redeem us by His love—
Love, love, love!
Echo.
Love!

VI

Why was He made Mediator—
Stooping from the Heavens above
Was He not our Great Creator?
Angels answer—"God is love"—
Love, love, love!
Echo.
Love!

VII

All the Christian Constellations
Choiring through the realms above,
Soon would cease their ministrations
Were it not for thee, oh! love!
Love, love, love!
Echo.
Love!

## SONNET

From 'Virginalia,' 1853. On Reading Mrs. Browning's 'Drama of Exile.'

Like some great storm-cloud from the troubled ocean,
Pregnant with lightnings which are born in thunder,
Waxing like mountains in their Heavenward motion,
Till, by their own strength, they are torn asunder—
Weeping themselves to death in freshening rain;
So rose up from thy soul that God-like strain,
In Miriam-jubilations through the sky,
Filling the star-gemmed altitudes on high
With deep, pathetic wailings, full of pain!
Then, like Apollyon's last sigh, when he fell,
Scented with memories of his Eden-gladness—
God's mercy following him with wrath to Hell—
While Angels' tears drop on him their sadness;
So died upon my soul thy song in blissful madness.

## ROSALIE LEE

From 'Virginalia,' 1853.

On the banks of the yellow lilies,
Where the cool wave wanders by,
All bedamasked with Daffodillies,
And the bee-beset Crowtie;
More mild than the Paphian Luna
To her nude Nymphs on the Sea,
There dwelt, with her milk-white Una,

My beautiful Rosalie Lee—
My high-born Rosalie Lee—
My child-like Rosalie Lee—
My beautiful, dutiful Rosalie Lee.

More coy than the wild Goldfinches,
When they hunt for the Butterfly,
Which the dew of the morning quenches,
In the psychical month July;
Like the opaline Dove's neck chiming
Cherubic beauty for me,
Were her ovaline arms in their rhyming,
Of my beautiful Rosalie Lee—
Of my lamb-like Rosalie Lee—
Of my Heaven-born Rosalie Lee—
Of my beautiful, dutiful Rosalie Lee.

Many mellow Cydonian Suckets,
Sweet apples, anthosmial, divine,
From the Ruby-rimmed Beryline buckets,
Star-gemmed, lily-shaped, hyaline—
Like that sweet, golden goblet found growing
On the wild emerald Cucumber tree,
Rich, brilliant, like Chrysopraz blowing,
I then brought to my Rosalie Lee—
To my lamb-like Rosalie Lee—
To my Dove-like Rosalie Lee—
To my beautiful, dutiful Rosalie Lee.

Warbling her wood-notes wild, she wended
Her way with the turtle doves,
And the wood-nymphs weird that attended
Her steps through the flowery groves.
In the light of her eyes of azure,
My soul seemed on earth to see
All that Heaven could give me of pleasure,
With my beautiful Rosalie Lee—
With my Heaven-born Rosalie Lee—
With my Christ-like Rosalie Lee—
With my beautiful, dutiful Rosalie Lee.

But my darling Ulpsyche sighing
    Her soul out to give me delight,
Went away with the great Undying
    To the Courts of the Heavenly Light.
Through an Arc made in Azure
    Of God's azimuth, Heaven to see,
There to dwell with the Angels in pleasure—
    Went my beautiful Rosalie Lee—
    Went my fair-browed Rosalie Lee—
    Went my much-loved Rosalie Lee—
Went my beautiful, dutiful Rosalie Lee.

Through the Valley of Avalon lonely
    By the light of the argentine moon,
From the presence that lived for her only
    On the banks of the Rivers of Rune;
Through the Star-Islands studding the Ether,
    With the Angels that took her from me—
(Though my soul in its sorrow went with her—)
    Soared my beautiful Rosalie Lee—
    Soared my Christ-like Rosalie Lee—
    Soared my God-loved Rosalie Lee—
Soared my beautiful, dutiful Rosalie Lee.

# KATE CHOPIN

[1851—1904]

LEONIDAS RUTLEDGE WHIPPLE

KATE CHOPIN shares with Cable and Grace King the honor of having achieved for the Creole a permanent place in American literature. She was a woman of sensitive temper, brought by life to an intimate knowledge of a simple and emotional people dwelling in a region of peculiar beauty. After many years of sympathetic acquaintance with this people and this background, she began, for her own sake, to record in precise and expressive language the stories her experience had suggested to her imagination. The result was her fiction—vivid histories of emotional situations, told with a delicate sensuous realism, and a few studies of complex feminine natures. Her value is in her material, her universality, and her art.

Mrs. Chopin was born in St. Louis, Missouri, February 8, 1851, the daughter of Thomas O'Flaherty, of County Galway, Ireland, and Eliza Faris, who was herself the daughter of Wilson Faris, a Virginian, and Athénaïse Charleville, descendant of an early Huguenot family. Such ancestry explains in part Mrs. Chopin's mingled talents: she has the humor and pathos of the Celt fused with a keen Gallic sensuousness and love for art. She was educated at the Convent of the Sacred Heart, where, though remarkable for her essays and poetic exercises, she achieved little scholastic distinction, preferring Fielding and Scott in her father's attic to the lives of the saints in his library. Yet even at that age she was a natural story-teller and acquainted with the soft Creole French. At seventeen she entered St. Louis society, where, doubtless, she began to acquire her subtle insight into the feminine character and the intricacies of the feminine soul in sex and conscience. At nineteen she was married to Oscar Chopin, a distant cousin, a cotton-factor in New Orleans, where, after a visit to Europe, the Chopins spent the next ten years. During this time, though engrossed in social and maternal duties—she bore six children—and without a thought of writing, she was gathering the Creole material afterwards so exquisitely employed. In 1880 she entered into final and intimate touch with the actors of her drama when the family removed to a large plantation in the little hamlet of Cloutiersville, in Natchitoches Parish, Louisiana—"a rambling little French village of one street, with the Catholic church at one end, and

our plantation at the other, and Red River flowing through everybody's back-yard." Her best stories are in this setting, for here, leading the happy and industrious life of châtelaine to the whole neighborhood, she learned by heart the scenery, the customs, and the people. Creole, free mulatto, and negro came under her humorous yet tolerant eye, and her nature absorbed the country and its stories. In 1882 her husband died: his widow, after managing the plantation for about a year, moved to take up her permanent residence in St. Louis.

Mrs. Chopin was now over thirty-five years old, yet had not written a line for publication. Until this time she had been learning her material; afterward she used it, and, strangely enough, she never used any other. Her latter life finds absolutely no direct reflection in her work: her mature wisdom was all employed in the interpretation of her early vivid experience. The actual practice of writing was undertaken at the suggestion of a friend, apparently to relieve her loneliness and to fill the new leisure of a life always full. Her first story, called "Euphrasie," was written in 1888, and later rewritten and published in the *Century* under the title "A No Account Creole." As her stories became known, she contributed regularly to the *Atlantic, Century, Youth's Companion, Saturday Evening Post, Mirror, Criterion, Vogue,* and others. Thenceforth her output, though limited, was steady until the appearance of her best known novel, 'The Awakening.' The unfriendly reception given this by certain narrow-minded critics struck deep at the author's heart, even killing her desire to write; so that from about 1899 until her death in St. Louis, August, 1904, she produced nothing more.

Mrs. Chopin's complete work consists of four books and numerous uncollected sketches and stories in newspapers and magazines. Her first volume was a novel 'At Fault' (1890). This was a beginner's novel and had a local success. Occasional scenes are vivid and full of dramatic strength, but the dramatic often becomes melodramatic, and the solution is cheap and conventional. Two or three of the Creole characters are drawn with the faultless objective touch that makes them real: Thérèse lives, and Grégoire Santien is clear-cut and vital. In the book are tokens of the author's ultimate qualities—an intimate knowledge of feminine psychology, joined with the power of translating this into concrete emotional form.

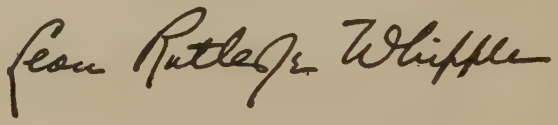
But Kate Chopin's lasting fame will depend upon her two collections of Creole short-stories—'Bayou Folk' (1894) and 'A Night In Acadie' (1897). These stories are "distinguished by a keen knowledge of dramatic values, a rare insight into character, a pronounced story-telling gift of the first order." Her technique has the instinctiveness of genius; for she wrote her stories often at one sit-

ting, and devoted little time to rewriting or revision. Her motifs are the old trite human emotions called forth by elemental situations in a warm Southern atmosphere, where they exist as pure and full-colored as the flowers. She uses plots as old as Homer to depict the individual Creole—his foible and his passion—to him the outline and the substance of the world. Such stories live because they are our stories and to-morrow's and God's. The faithfulness of old slaves; the childish pride of the twins who buy their new shoes, but carry them home in hand to keep from getting them dusty; the good Ozème's sacrifice of his long-expected holiday to help a bed-ridden negro mammy save her cotton crop; the flight from her husband of Athénaïse, unaware of her approaching motherhood—these are simple things, yet of lasting interest to humanity. And the events happen in a land of bayous, and flowers, and sunshine, of galleried houses and chicken "gumbo," where the village priest carries consolation through dusty streets, listening to appeals in soft patois and dialect. In reproducing the charm of this atmosphere, in saturating her stories with color, Mrs. Chopin is, in her way, superior to Cable. The qualities of her style are largely French. There is the wonderful precision and simplicity: Maupassant's economical selection of detail and Flaubert's brilliant analysis, tempered with some of Gautier's picturesqueness. There is restraint, flexibility, exquisite taste and proportion, finish, and an inevitable *dénouement*. In "Desirée's Baby," for example, these elements are joined in one of the most perfect short-stories in English.

Mrs. Chopin's most ambitious work, and that by many regarded as her greatest achievement, is 'The Awakening,' a novel (1899). It was written in the belief that in this larger form she could best develop the qualities of her talent. The book shows breadth of view, sincerity, art of the finest kind, a deep knowledge of the woman soul, and accurate individualized character delineation. But it fails of greatness because its theme and its persons are not usual. Or if usual, they do not appeal to a wide audience. The awakening is from the easy comfort of a marriage of convenience to a realization of deeper soul-needs. Edna, the wife of Léonce Pontellier, and mother of two children, is aroused by the simple love of a young Creole to the knowledge of demands in her rich passionate nature that cannot be satisfied by her wifely and maternal duties. Without a fitting education she tries to realize her self at the expense of her functions. Meeting with insurmountable obstacles in society and in her own soul, she surrenders life rather than her new independence. The morals of this study were harshly criticized by people who misunderstood its motive. It is true that the

growth of the woman's nature requires sensuous treatment, but this treatment, though bold, is always of the greatest purity. It is not immoral—merely honest, and the only question is whether the theme is worth the exquisite art employed in developing it. Its problem is not one for children, because they would not understand it, but the author with her loftiest mother-love might well have paraphrased Daudet's words and written as dedication: "For my daughter when she shall be twenty-one years old."

In Southern literature, Mrs. Chopin's stories are representative of that group of fiction-writers who with knowledge, fine art, and sympathetic love for the people and scenes around them, have, in studies of their own localities, recorded and interpreted the permanent human emotions.



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## MADAME CÉLESTIN'S DIVORCE

From 'Bayou Folk.'

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MADAME CÉLESTIN always wore a neat and snugly fitting calico wrapper when she went out in the morning to sweep her small gallery. Lawyer Paxton thought she looked very pretty in the gray one that was made with a graceful Watteau fold at the back, and with which she invariably wore a bow of pink ribbon at the throat. She was always sweeping her gallery when lawyer Paxton passed by in the morning on his way to his office at St. Denis Street.

Sometimes he stopped and leaned over the fence to say good morning at his ease; to criticise or admire her rose-bushes; or, when he had time enough, to hear what she had to say. Madame Célestin usually had a good deal to say. She would gather up the train of her calico wrapper in one hand, and balancing the broom gracefully in the other, would go tripping down to where the lawyer leaned, as comfortably as he could, over her picket fence.

Of course she had talked to him of her troubles. Every one knew of Madame Célestin's troubles.

"Really, madame," he told her once, in his deliberate, calculating, lawyer-tone, "It's more than human nature—woman's nature—should be called upon to endure. Here you are, working your fingers off"—she glanced down at two rosy finger-tips that showed through the rents of her baggy doe-skin gloves—"taking in sewing; giving music lessons; doing God knows what in the way of manual labor to support yourself and those two little ones"—Madame Célestin's pretty face beamed with satisfaction at this enumeration of her trials.

"You right, Judge. Not a picayune, not one, not one, have I lay my eyes on in the pas' fo' months that I can say Célestin give it to me or sen' it to me."

"The scoundrel!" muttered lawyer Paxton in his beard.

"An' *pourtant*," she resumed, "they say he's making money down round Alexandria w'en he wants to work."

"I dare say you haven't seen him for months?" suggested the lawyer.

"It's good six month' since I see a sight of Célestin," she admitted.

"That's it, that's what I say; he has practically deserted you; fails to support you. It wouldn't surprise me a bit to learn that he has ill treated you."

"Well, you know, Judge," with an evasive cough, "a man that drinks—w'at can you expec'? An' if you would know the promises he has made me! Ah, if I had as many dolla' as I had promise from Célestin, I would n' have to work, *je vous garantis*."

"And in my opinion, madame, you would be a foolish woman to endure it longer, when the divorce court is there to offer you redress."

"You spoke about that befo', Judge; I'm goin' think about that divo'ce. I believe you right."

Madame Célestin thought about the divorce and talked about it, too; and lawyer Paxton grew deeply interested in the theme.

"You know, about that divo'ce, Judge," Madame Célestin was waiting for him that morning, "I been talking to my family an' my frien's, an' it's me that tells you, they all plumb agains' that divo'ce."

"Certainly, to be sure; that's to be expected, madame, in this community of Creoles. I warned you that you would meet with opposition, and would have to face it and brave it."

"Oh, don't fear, I'm going to face it! Maman says it's a disgrace like it's neva been in the family. But it's good for Maman to talk, her. W'at trouble she ever had? She says I mus' go by all means consult with Père Duchéron—it's my confessor, you undastan'—Well, I'll go, Judge, to please Maman. But all the confessor' in the worl' ent goin' make me put up with that conduc' of Célestin any longa."

A day or two later, she was there waiting for him again. "You know, Judge, about that divo'ce."

"Yes, yes," responded the lawyer, well pleased to trace a new determination in her brown eyes and in the curves of her pretty mouth. "I suppose you saw Père Duchéron and had to brave it out with him, too."

"Oh, fo' that, a perfec' sermon, I' assho' you. A talk of giving scandal an' bad example that I thought would neva

en'! He says, fo' him, he wash' his hands; I mus' go see the bishop."

"You won't let the bishop dissuade you, I trust," stammered the lawyer more anxiously than he could well understand.

"You don't know me yet, Judge," laughed Madame Célestin with a turn of the head and a flirt of the broom which indicated that the interview was at an end.

"Well, Madame Célestin! And the bishop!" Lawyer Paxton was standing there holding to a couple of the shaky pickets. She had not seen him. "Oh, it's you, Judge?" and she hastened towards him with an *empressement* that could not but have been flattering.

"Yes, I saw Monseigneur," she began. The lawyer had already gathered from her expressive countenance that she had not wavered in her determination. "Ah, he's a eloquent man. It's not a mo' eloquent man in Natchitoches Parish. I was fo'ced to cry, the way he talked to me about my troubles; how he undastan's them, an' feels for me. It would move even you, Judge, to hear how he talk' about that step I want to take; its danga, its temptation. Now it is the duty of a Catholic to stan' everything till the las' extreme. An' that life of retirement an' self-denial I would have to lead—he tole me all that."

"But he hasn't turned you from your resolve, I see," laughed the lawyer complacently.

"For that, no," she returned emphatically. "The bishop don't know w'at it is to be married to a man like Célestin, an' have to endu' that conduc' like I have to endu' it. The Pope himse'f can't make me stan' that any longer, if you say I got the right in the law to sen' Célestin sailing."

A noticeable change had come over lawyer Paxton. He discarded his work-day coat and began to wear his Sunday one to the office. He grew solicitous as to the shine of his boots, his collar, and the set of his tie. He brushed and trimmed his whiskers with a care that had not before been apparent. Then he fell into a stupid habit of dreaming as he walked the streets of the old town. It would be good to take unto himself a wife, he dreamed. And he could dream of no other than pretty Madame Célestin filling that

sweet and sacred office as she filled his thoughts, now. Old Natchitoches would not hold them comfortably, perhaps; but the world was surely wide enough to live in, outside of Natchitoches town.

His heart beat in a strangely irregular manner as he neared Madame Célestin's house one morning, and discovered her behind the rose-bushes, as usual plying her broom. She had finished the gallery and steps and was sweeping the little brick walk along the edge of the violet border.

"Good-morning, Madame Célestin."

"Ah, it's you, Judge? Good-morning." He waited. She seemed to be doing the same. Then she ventured, with some hesitancy. "You know, Judge, about that divo'ce. I been thinking—I reckon you betta neva mine about that divo'ce." She was making deep rings in the palm of her gloved hand with the end of the broom-handle, and looking at them critically. Her face seemed to the lawyer to be unusually rosy; but maybe it was only the reflection of the pink bow at the throat. "Yes, I reckon you need n' mine. You see, Judge, Célestin came home las' night. An' he's promise me on his word an' honor he's going to turn ova a new leaf."

## BEYOND THE BAYOU

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The bayou curved like a crescent around the point of land on which La Folle's cabin stood. Between the stream and the hut lay a big abandoned field, where cattle were pastured when the bayou supplied them with water enough. Through the woods that spread back into unknown regions the woman had drawn an imaginary line, and past this circle she never stepped. This was the form of her only mania.

She was now a large, gaunt black woman, past thirty-five. Her real name was Jacqueline, but every one on the plantation called her La Folle, because in childhood she had been frightened literally "out of her senses," and had never wholly regained them.

It was when there had been skirmishing and sharpshooting

all day in the woods. Evening was near when P'tit Maître, black with powder and crimson with blood, had staggered into the cabin of Jacqueline's mother, his pursuers close at his heels. The sight had stunned her childish reason.

She dwelt alone in her solitary cabin, for the rest of the quarters had long since been removed beyond her sight and knowledge. She had more physical strength than most men, and made her patch of cotton and corn and tobacco like the best of them. But of the world beyond the bayou she had long known nothing, save what her morbid fancy conceived.

People at Bellissime had grown used to her and her way, and they thought nothing of it. Even when "Old Mis' " died, they did not wonder that La Folle had not crossed the bayou, but had stood upon her side of it, wailing and lamenting.

P'tit Maître was now the owner of Bellissime. He was a middle-aged man, with a family of beautiful daughters about him, and a little son whom La Folle loved as if he had been her own. She called him Chéri, and so did everyone else because she did.

None of the girls had ever been to her what Chéri was. They had each and all loved to be with her, and to listen to her wondrous stories of things that always happened "yonda, beyon' de bayou."

But none of them had stroked her black hand quite as Chéri did, nor rested their heads against her knee so confidingly, nor fallen asleep in her arms as he used to do. For Chéri hardly did such things now, since he had become the proud possessor of a gun, and had had his black curls cut off.

That summer—the summer Chéri gave La Folle two black curls tied with a knot of red ribbon—the water ran so low in the bayou that even the little children at Bellissime were able to cross it on foot, and the cattle were sent to pasture down by the river. La Folle was sorry when they were gone, for she loved these dumb companions well, and liked to feel that they were there, and to hear them browsing by night up to her own inclosure.

It was Saturday afternoon, when the fields were deserted. The men had flocked to a neighboring village to do their week's trading, and the women were occupied with household affairs—La Folle as well as the others. It was then she

mended and washed her handful of clothes, scoured her house, and did her baking.

In this last employment she never forgot Chéri. To-day she had fashioned croquignoles of the most fantastic and alluring shapes for him. So when she saw the boy come trudging across the old field with his gleaming little new rifle on his shoulder, she called out gayly to him, "Chéri! Chéri!"

But Chéri did not need the summons, for he was coming straight to her. His pockets all bulged out with almonds and raisins and an orange that he had secured for her from the very fine dinner which had been given that day up at his father's house.

He was a sunny-faced youngster of ten. When he had emptied his pockets La Folle patted his round cheek, wiped his soiled hands on her apron, and smoothed his hair. Then she watched him as, with his cakes in his hand, he crossed her strip of cotton back of the cabin, and disappeared into the wood.

He had boasted of the things he was going to do with his gun out there.

"You think they got plenty deer in the wood, La Folle?" he had inquired, with the calculating air of an experienced hunter.

"*Non, non!*" the woman laughed. "Don't you look fo' no deer, Chéri. Dat's too big. But you bring La Folle one good fat squirrel fo' her dinner to-morrow, an' she goin' be satisfi'."

"One squirrel ain't a bite. I'll bring you mo' 'an one, La Folle," he had boasted pompously as he went away.

When the woman, an hour later, heard the report of the boy's rifle close to the wood's edge, she would have thought nothing of it if a sharp cry of distress had not followed the sound.

She withdrew her arms from the tub of suds in which they had been plunged, dried them upon her apron, and as quickly as her trembling limbs would bear her, hurried to the spot whence the ominous report had come.

It was as she feared. There she found Chéri stretched upon the ground, with his rifle beside him. He moaned piteously:

"I'm dead, La Folle! I'm dead! I'm gone!"

"*Non, non!*" she exclaimed resolutely, as she knelt beside him. "Put you' arm 'roun' La Folle's nake, Chéri. Dat's nuttin'; dat goin' be nuttin'." She lifted him in her powerful arms.

Chéri had carried his gun muzzle-downward. He had stumbled—he did not know how. He only knew that he had a ball lodged somewhere in his leg, and he thought that his end was at hand. Now, with his head upon the woman's shoulder, he moaned and wept with pain and fright.

"Oh, La Folle! La Folle! it hurt so bad! I can' stan' it, La Folle!"

"Don't cry, *mon bébé, mon bébé, mon Chéri!*" the woman spoke soothingly as she covered the ground with long strides. "La Folle goin' mine you; Doctor Bonfils goin' come make *mon Chéri* well agin."

She had reached the abandoned field. As she crossed it with her precious burden, she looked constantly and restlessly from side to side. A terrible fear was upon her—the fear of the world beyond the bayou, the morbid and insane dread she had been under since childhood.

When she was at the bayou's edge she stood there, and shouted for help as if a life depended upon it:

"Oh, P'tit Maître! P'tit Maître! *Venez donc! Au secours! Au secours!*"

No voice responded. Chéri's hot tears were scalding her neck. She called for each and every one upon the place, and still no answer came.

She shouted, she wailed; but whether her voice remained unheard or unheeded, no reply came to her frenzied cries. And all the while Chéri moaned and wept and entreated to be taken home to his mother.

La Folle gave a last despairing look around her. Extreme terror was upon her. She clasped the child close against her breast, where he could feel her heart beat like a muffled hammer. Then shutting her eyes, she ran suddenly down the shallow bank of the bayou, and never stopped till she had climbed the opposite shore.

She stood there quivering an instant as she opened her eyes. Then she plunged into the footpath through the trees.

She spoke no more to Chéri, but muttered constantly, "*Bon Dieu, ayez pitié La Folle! Bon Dieu, ayez pitié moi!*"

Instinct seemed to guide her. When the pathway spread clear and smooth enough before her, she again closed her eyes tightly against the sight of that unknown and terrifying world.

A child, playing in some weeds, caught sight of her as she neared the quarters. The little one uttered a cry of dismay.

"La Folle!" she screamed, in her piercing treble. "La Folle done cross de bayer!"

Quickly the cry passed down the line of cabins.

"Yonda, La Folle done cross de bayou!"

Children, old men, old women, young ones with infants in their arms, flocked to doors and windows to see this awe-inspiring spectacle. Most of them shuddered with superstitious dread of what it might portend. "She totin' Chéri!" some of them shouted.

Some of the more daring gathered about her, and followed at her heels, only to fall back with new terror when she turned her distorted face upon them. Her eyes were bloodshot and the saliva had gathered in a white foam on her black lips.

Some one had run ahead of her to where P'tit Maître sat with his family and guests upon the gallery.

"P'tit Maître! La Folle done cross de bayou! Look her! Look her yonda totin' Chéri!" This startling intimation was the first which they had of the woman's approach.

She was now near at hand. She walked with long strides. Her eyes were fixed desperately before her, and she breathed heavily, as a tired ox.

At the foot of the stairway, which she could not have mounted, she laid the boy in his father's arms. Then the world that had looked red to La Folle suddenly turned black —like that day she had seen powder and blood.

She reeled for an instant. Before a sustaining arm could reach her, she fell heavily to the ground.

When La Folle regained consciousness, she was at home again, in her own cabin and upon her own bed. The moon rays, streaming in through the open door and windows, gave what light was needed to the old black mammy who stood at

the table concocting a tisane of fragrant herbs. It was very late.

Others who had come, and found that the stupor clung to her, had gone again. P'tit Maître had been there, and with him Doctor Bonfils, who said that La Folle might die.

But death had passed her by. The voice was very clear and steady with which she spoke to Tante Lizette, brewing her tisane there in a corner.

"Ef you will give me one good drink tisane, Tante Lizette, I b'lieve I'm goin' sleep, me."

And she did sleep; so soundly, so healthfully, that old Lizette without compunction stole softly away, to creep back through the moonlit fields to her own cabin in the new quarters.

The first touch of the cool gray morning awoke La Folle. She arose, calmly, as if no tempest had shaken and threatened her existence but yesterday.

She donned her new blue cottonade and white apron, for she remembered that this was Sunday. When she had made herself a cup of strong black coffee, and drunk it with relish, she quitted the cabin and walked across the old familiar field to the bayou's edge again.

She did not stop there as she had always done before, but crossed with a long steady stride as if she had done this all her life.

When she had made her way through the brush and scrub cottonwood-trees that lined the opposite bank, she found herself upon the border of a field where the white, bursting cotton, with the dew upon it, gleamed for acres and acres like frosted silver in the early dawn.

La Folle drew a long, deep breath as she gazed across the country. She walked slowly and uncertainly, like one who hardly knows how, looking about her as she went.

The cabins, that yesterday had sent a clamor of voices to pursue her, were quiet now. No one was yet astir at Bellissime. Only the birds that darted here and there from hedges were awake, and singing their matins.

When La Folle came to the broad stretch of velvety lawn that surrounded the house, she moved slowly and with delight over the springy turf, that was delicious beneath her tread.

She stopped to find whence came those perfumes that were assailing her senses with memories from a time far gone.

There they were, stealing up to her from the thousand blue violets that peeped out from green, luxuriant beds. There they were, showering down from the big waxen bells of the magnolias far above her head, and from the jessamine clumps around her.

There were roses, too, without number. To right and left palms spread in broad and graceful curves. It all looked like enchantment beneath the sparkling sheen of dew.

When La Folle had slowly and cautiously mounted the many steps that led up to the veranda, she turned to look back at the perilous ascent she had made. Then she caught sight of the river, bending like a silver bow at the foot of Bellissime. Exultation possessed her soul.

La Folle rapped softly upon a door near at hand. Chéri's mother soon cautiously opened it. Quickly and cleverly she dissembled the astonishment she felt at seeing La Folle.

"Ah, La Folle! Is it you, so early?"

"*Oui,* madame. I come ax how my po' li'le Chéri do, 's mo'nin'."

"He is feeling easier, thank you, La Folle. Dr. Bonfils says it will be nothing serious. He's sleeping now. Will you come back when he awakes?"

"*Non,* madame. I'm goin' wait yair tell Chéri wake up." La Folle seated herself upon the topmost step of the veranda.

A look of wonder and deep content crept into her face as she watched for the first time the sun rise upon the new, the beautiful world beyond the bayou.

## DÉSIRÉE'S BABY

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As the day was pleasant, Madame Valmondé drove over to L'Abri to see Désirée and the baby.

It made her laugh to think of Désirée with a baby. Why it seemed but yesterday that Désirée was little more than a baby herself; when Monsieur in riding through the gateway of Valmondé had found her lying asleep in the shadow of the big stone pillar.

The little one awoke in his arms and began to cry for "Dada." That was as much as she could do or say. Some people thought she might have strayed there of her own accord, for she was of the toddling age. The prevailing belief was that she had been purposely left by a party of Texans, whose canvas-covered wagon, late in the day, had crossed the ferry that Coton Maïs kept, just below the plantation. In time Madame Valmondé abandoned every speculation but the one that Désirée had been sent to her by a beneficent Providence to be the child of her affection, seeing that she was without child of the flesh. For the girl grew to be beautiful and gentle, affectionate and sincere—the idol of Valmondé.

It was no wonder, when she stood one day against the stone pillar in whose shadow she had lain asleep, eighteen years before, that Armand Aubigny riding by and seeing her there, had fallen in love with her. That was the way all the Aubignys fell in love, as if struck by a pistol shot. The wonder was that he had not loved her before; for he had known her since his father brought him home from Paris, a boy of eight, after his mother died there. The passion that awoke in him that day, when he saw her at the gate, swept along like an avalanche, or like a prairie fire, or like anything that drives headlong over all obstacles.

Monsieur Valmondé grew practical and wanted things well considered: that is, the girl's obscure origin. Armand looked into her eyes and did not care. He was reminded that she was nameless. What did it matter about a name when he could give her one of the oldest and proudest in Louisiana? He ordered the *corbeille* from Paris, and contained himself

with what patience he could until it arrived; then they were married.

Madame Valmondé had not seen Désirée and the baby for four weeks. When she reached L'Abri she shuddered at the first sight of it, as she always did. It was a sad looking place, which for many years had not known the gentle presence of a mistress, old Monsieur Aubigny having married and buried his wife in France, and she having loved her own land too well ever to leave it. The roof came down steep and black like a cowl, reaching out beyond the wide galleries that encircled the yellow stuccoed house. Big, solemn oaks grew close to it, and their thick-leaved, far-reaching branches shadowed it like a pall. Young Aubigny's rule was a strict one, too, and under it his negroes had forgotten how to be gay, as they had been during the old master's easy-going and indulgent lifetime.

The young mother was recovering slowly, and lay full length, in her soft white muslins and laces, upon a couch. The baby was beside her, upon her arm, where he had fallen asleep, at her breast. The yellow nurse woman sat beside a window fanning herself.

Madame Valmondé bent her portly figure over Désirée and kissed her, holding her an instant tenderly in her arms. Then she turned to the child.

"This is not the baby!" she exclaimed, in startled tones. French was the language spoken at Valmondé in those days.

"I knew you would be astonished," laughed Désirée, "at the way he has grown. The little *cochon de lait!* Look at his legs, mamma, and his hands and finger-nails—real finger-nails. Zandrine had to cut them this morning. Isn't it true, Zandrine?"

The woman bowed her turbaned head majestically, "*Mais si,* madame."

"And the way he cries," went on Désirée, "is deafening. Armand heard him the other day as far away as La Blanche's cabin."

Madame Valmondé had never removed her eyes from the child. She lifted it and walked with it to the window that was lightest. She scanned the baby narrowly, then looked as searchingly at Zandrine, whose face was turned to gaze across the fields.

"Yes, the child has grown, has changed;" said Madame Valmondé, slowly, as she replaced it beside its mother. "What does Armand say?"

Désirée's face became suffused with a glow that was happiness itself.

"Oh, Armand is the proudest father in the parish, I believe, chiefly because it is a boy, to bear his name; though he says not—that he would have loved a girl as well. But I know it isn't true. I know he says that to please me. And mamma," she added, drawing Madame Valmondé's head down to her, and speaking in a whisper, "he hasn't punished one of them—not one of them—since baby is born. Even Négrillon, who pretended to have burnt his leg that he might rest from work—he only laughed, and said Négrillon was a great scamp. Oh, mamma, I'm so happy; it frightens me."

What Désirée said was true. Marriage, and later the birth of his son, had softened Armand Aubigny's imperious and exacting nature greatly. This was what made the gentle Désirée so happy, for she loved him desperately. When he frowned she trembled, but loved him. When he smiled, she asked no greater blessing of God. But Armand's dark, handsome face had not often been disfigured by frowns since the day he fell in love with her.

When the baby was about three months old, Désirée awoke one day to the conviction that there was something in the air menacing her peace. It was at first too subtle to grasp. It had only been a disquieting suggestion; an air of mystery among the blacks; unexpected visits from far-off neighbors who could hardly account for their coming. Then a strange, an awful change in her husband's manner, which she dared not ask him to explain. When he spoke to her, it was with averted eyes, from which the old love-light seemed to have gone out. He absented himself from home; and when there, avoided her presence and that of her child, without excuse. And the very spirit of Satan seemed suddenly to take hold of him in his dealings with the slaves. Désirée was miserable enough to die.

She sat in her room, one hot afternoon, in her *peignoir,* listlessly drawing through her fingers the strands of her long, silky brown hair that hung about her shoulders. The baby,

half naked, lay asleep upon her own great mahogany bed, that was like a sumptuous throne, with its satin-lined half-canopy. One of La Blanche's little quadroon boys—half naked too—stood fanning the child slowly with a fan of peacock feathers. Désirée's eyes had been fixed absently and sadly upon the baby, while she was striving to penetrate the threatening mist that she felt closing about her. She looked from her child to the boy who stood beside him, and back again; over and over. "Ah!" It was a cry that she could not help; which she was not conscious of having uttered. The blood turned like ice in her veins, and a clammy moisture gathered upon her face.

She tried to speak to the little quadroon boy; but no sound would come, at first. When he heard his name uttered, he looked up, and his mistress was pointing to the door. He laid aside the great, soft fan, and obediently stole away over the polished floor, on his bare tiptoes.

She stayed motionless, with gaze riveted upon her child, and her face the picture of fright.

Presently her husband entered the room, and without noticing her, went to a table and began to search among some papers which covered it.

"Armand," she called to him, in a voice which must have stabbed him, if he was human. But he did not notice. "Armand," she said again. Then she rose and tottered towards him. "Armand," she panted once more, clutching his arm, "look at our child. What does it mean? tell me."

He coldly but gently loosened her fingers from about his arm and thrust the hand away from him. "Tell me what it means!" she cried despairingly.

"It means," he answered lightly, "that the child is not white; it means that you are not white."

A quick conception of all that this accusation meant for her nerved her with unwonted courage to deny it. "It is a lie; it is not true, I am white! Look at my hair, it is brown; and my eyes are gray, Armand, you know they are gray. And my skin is fair," seizing his wrist. "Look at my hand; whiter than yours, Armand," she laughed hysterically.

"As white as La Blanche's," he returned cruelly; and went away leaving her alone with their child.

When she could hold a pen in her hand, she sent a despairing letter to Madame Valmondé.

"My mother, they tell me I am not white. Armand has told me I am not white. For God's sake tell them it is not true. You must know it is not true. I shall die. I must die. I cannot be so unhappy, and live."

The answer that came was as brief:

"My own Désirée: Come home to Valmondé; back to your mother who loves you. Come with your child."

When the letter reached Désirée she went with it to her husband's study, and laid it open upon the desk before which he sat. She was like a stone image: silent, white, motionless after she placed it there.

In silence he ran his cold eyes over the written words. He said nothing. "Shall I go, Armand?" she asked in tones sharp with agonized suspense.

"Yes, go."

"Do you want me to go?"

"Yes, I want you to go."

He thought Almighty God had dealt cruelly and unjustly with him, and felt, somehow, that he was paying Him back in kind when he stabbed thus into his wife's soul. Moreover he no longer loved her, because of the unconscious injury she had brought upon his home and his name.

She turned away like one stunned by a blow, and walked slowly towards the door, hoping he would call her back.

"Good-by, Armand," she moaned.

He did not answer her. That was his last blow at fate.

Désirée went in search of her child. Zandrine was pacing the sombre gallery with it. She took the little one from the nurse's arms with no word of explanation, and descending the steps, walked away, under the live-oak branches.

It was an October afternoon; the sun was just sinking. Out in the still fields the negroes were picking cotton.

Désirée had not changed the thin white garment nor the slippers which she wore. Her hair was uncovered and the sun's rays brought a golden gleam from its brown meshes. She did not take the broad, beaten road which led to the far-off plantation of Valmondé. She walked across a deserted

field, where the stubble bruised her tender feet, so delicately shod, and tore her thin gown to shreds.

She disappeared among the reeds and willows that grew thick along the banks of the deep, sluggish bayou; and she did not come back again.

* * * * * *

Some weeks later there was a curious scene enacted at L'Abri. In the centre of the smoothly swept back yard was a great bonfire. Armand Aubigny sat in the wide hallway that commanded a view of the spectacle; and it was he who dealt out to a half dozen negroes the material which kept this fire ablaze.

A graceful cradle of willow, with all its dainty furbishings, was laid upon the pyre, which had already been fed with the richness of a priceless *layette*. Then there were silk gowns, and velvet and satin ones added to these; laces, too, and embroideries; bonnets and gloves; for the *corbeille* had been of rare quality.

The last thing to go was a tiny bundle of letters; innocent little scribblings that Désirée had sent to him during the days of their espousal. There was the remnant of one back in the drawer from which he took them. But it was not Désirée's; it was part of an old letter from his mother to his father. He read it. She was thanking God for the blessing of her husband's love:

"But, above all," she wrote, "night and day, I thank the good God for having so arranged our lives that our dear Armand will never know that his mother, who adores him, belongs to the race that is cursed with the brand of slavery."

## THE DISCOVERY OF WILL

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"WHAT are you doing out here, Edna? I thought I should find you in bed," said her husband, when he discovered her lying there. He had walked up with Madame Lebrun and left her at the house. His wife did not reply.

"Are you asleep?" he asked, bending down close to look at her.

"No." Her eyes gleamed bright and intense, with no sleepy shadows, as they looked into his.

"Do you know it is past one o'clock? Come on," and he mounted the steps and went into their room.

"Edna!" called Mr. Pontellier from within, after a few moments had gone by.

"Don't wait for me," she answered. He thrust his head through the door.

"You will take cold out there," he said irritably. "What folly is this? Why don't you come in?"

"It isn't cold; I have my shawl."

"The mosquitoes will devour you."

"There are no mosquitoes."

She heard him moving about the room; every sound indicating impatience and irritation. Another time she would have gone in at his request. She would, through habit, have yielded to his desire; not with any sense of submission or obedience to his compelling wishes, but unthinkingly, as we walk, move, sit, stand, go through the daily treadmill of the life which has been portioned out to us.

"Edna, dear, are you not coming in soon?" he asked again. this time fondly, with a note of entreaty.

"No; I'm going to stay out here."

"This is more than folly," he blurted out. "I can't permit you to stay out there all night. You must come in the house instantly."

With a writhing motion she settled herself more securely in the hammock. She perceived that her will had blazed up, stubborn and resistant. She wondered if her husband had ever spoken to her like that before, and if she had submitted

to his command. Of course she had; she remembered that she had. But she could not realize why or how she should have yielded, feeling as she then did.

"Léonce, go to bed," she said. "I mean to stay out here. I don't wish to go in, and I don't intend to. Don't speak to me like that again; I shall not answer you."

Mr. Pontellier had prepared for bed, but he slipped on an extra garment. He opened a bottle of wine, of which he kept a small and select supply in a buffet of his own. He drank a glass of the wine and went out on the gallery and offered a glass to his wife. She did not wish any. He drew up the rocker, hoisted his slippered feet on the rail, and proceeded to smoke a cigar. He smoked two cigars; then he went inside and drank another glass of wine. Mrs. Pontellier again declined to accept a glass when it was offered to her. Mr. Pontellier once more seated himself with elevated feet, and after a reasonable interval of time, smoked some more cigars.

Edna began to feel like one who awakens gradually out of dream, a delicious, grotesque, impossible dream, to feel again the realities pressing into her soul. The physical need for sleep began to overtake her; the exuberance which had sustained and exalted her spirit left her helpless and yielding to the conditions which crowded her in.

The stillest hour of the night had come, the hour before dawn, when the world seems to hold its breath. The moon hung low, and had turned from silver to copper in the sleeping sky. The old owl no longer hooted, and the water-oaks had ceased to moan as they bent their heads.

Edna arose, cramped from lying so long and still in the hammock. She tottered up the steps, clutching feebly at the post before passing into the house.

"Are you coming in, Léonce?" she asked, turning her face toward her husband.

"Yes, dear," he answered, with a glance following a misty puff of smoke. "Just as soon as I have finished my cigar."

## THE KINDLING TORCH

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"WHAT is the matter with you?" asked Arobin that evening. "I never found you in such a happy mood." Edna was tired by that time, and was reclining on the lounge before the fire.

"Don't you know the weather prophet has told us we shall see the sun pretty soon?"

"Well, that ought to be reason enough," he acquiesced. "You wouldn't give me another if I sat here all night imploring." He sat close to her on a low tabouret, and as he spoke his fingers lightly touched the hair that fell a little over her forehead. She liked the touch of his fingers through her hair, and closed her eyes sensitively.

"One of these days," she said, "I'm going to pull myself together for a while and think—try to determine what character of a woman I am; for, candidly, I don't know. By all the codes which I am acquainted with, I am a devilishly wicked specimen of the sex. But someway I can't convince myself that I am. I must think about it."

"Don't. What's the use? Why should you bother thinking about it when I can tell you what manner of woman you are?" His fingers strayed occasionally down to her warm, smooth cheeks and firm chin, which was growing a little full and double.

"Oh, yes! You will tell me that I am adorable; everything that is captivating. Spare yourself the effort."

"No; I shan't tell you anything of the sort, though I shouldn't be lying if I did."

"Do you know Mademoiselle Reisz?" she asked irrelevantly.

"The pianist? I know her by sight. I have heard her play."

"She says queer things sometimes in a bantering way that you don't notice at the time and you find yourself thinking about afterward."

"For instance?"

"Well, for instance, when I left her to-day, she put her

arms around me and felt my shoulder blades, to see if my wings were strong, she said. 'The bird that would soar above the level plain of tradition and prejudice must have strong wings. It is a sad spectacle to see the weaklings bruised, exhausted, fluttering back to earth.' "

"Whither would you soar?"

"I'm not thinking of any extraordinary flights. I only half comprehend her."

"I've heard she's partially demented," said Arobin.

"She seems to be wonderfully sane," Edna replied.

"I'm told she's extremely disagreeable and unpleasant. Why have you introduced her at a moment when I desire to talk of you?"

"Oh! Talk of me if you like," cried Edna, clasping her hands beneath her head; "but let me think of something else while you do."

"I'm jealous of your thoughts to-night. They're making you a little kinder than usual; but someway I feel as if they were wandering, as if they were not here with me." She only looked at him and smiled. His eyes were very near. He leaned upon the lounge with an arm extended across her, while the other hand still rested upon her hair. They continued silently to look into each other's eyes. When he leaned forward and kissed her, she clasped his head, holding his lips to hers.

It was the first kiss of her life to which her nature had really responded. It was a flaming torch that kindled desire. Edna cried a little that night after Arobin left her. It was only one phase of the multitudinous emotions which had assailed her. There was with her an overwhelming feeling of irresponsibility. There was the shock of the unexpected and the unaccustomed. There was her husband's reproach looking at her from the external things around her which he had provided for her external existence. There was Robert's reproach making itself felt by a quicker, fiercer, more overpowering love, which had awakened within her toward him. Above all, there was understanding. She felt as if a mist had been lifted from her eyes, enabling her to look upon and comprehend the significance of life, that monster made up of beauty and brutality. But among the conflicting sensations

which assailed her, there was neither shame nor remorse. There was a dull pang of regret because it was not the kiss of love which had inflamed her, because it was not love which had held this cup of life to her lips.

## WHEN DESPONDENCY CAME

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Victor, with hammer and nails and scraps of scantling, was patching a corner of one of the galleries. Mariequita sat near by, dangling her legs, watching him work, and handing him nails from the tool-box. The sun was beating down upon them. The girl had covered her head with her apron folded into a square pad. They had been talking for an hour or more. She was never tired of hearing Victor describe the dinner at Mrs. Pontellier's. He exaggerated every detail, making it appear a veritable Lucullean feast. The flowers were in tubs, he said. The champagne was quaffed from huge golden goblets. Venus rising from the foam could have presented no more entrancing a spectacle than Mrs. Pontellier, blazing with beauty and diamonds at the head of the board, while the other women were all of them youthful houris, possessed of incomparable charms.

She got it into her head that Victor was in love with Mrs. Pontellier, and he gave her evasive answers, framed so as to confirm her belief. She grew sullen and cried a little, threatening to go off and leave him to his fine lady. There were a dozen men crazy about her at the *Chênière;* and since it was the fashion to be in love with married people, why, she could run away any time she liked to New Orleans with Celina's husband.

Celina's husband was a fool, a coward, and a pig, and to prove it to her, Victor intended to hammer his head into a jelly the next time he encountered him. This assurance was very consoling to Mariequita. She dried her eyes, and grew cheerful at the prospect.

They were still talking of the dinner and the allurements of city life when Mrs. Pontellier herself slipped around the corner of the house. The two youngsters stayed dumb with

amazement before what they considered to be an apparition. But it was really she in flesh and blood, looking tired and a little travel-stained.

"I walked up from the wharf," she said, "and heard the hammering. I supposed it was you, mending the porch. It's a good thing. I was always tripping over those loose planks last summer. How dreary and deserted everything looks!"

It took Victor some little time to comprehend that she had come in Beaudelet's lugger, that she had come alone, and for no purpose but to rest.

"There's nothing fixed up yet, you see. I'll give you my room; it's the only place."

"Any corner will do," she assured him.

"And if you can stand Philomel's cooking," he went on, "though I might try to get her mother while you are here. Do you think she would come?" turning to Mariequita.

Mariequita thought that perhaps Philomel's mother might come for a few days, and money enough.

Beholding Mrs. Pontellier make her appearance, the girl had at once suspected a lovers' rendezvous. But Victor's astonishment was so genuine, and Mrs. Pontellier's indifference so apparent, that the disturbing notion did not lodge long in her brain. She contemplated with the greatest interest this woman who gave the most sumptuous dinners in America, and who had all the men in New Orleans at her feet.

"What time will you have dinner?" asked Edna. I'm very hungry; but don't get anything extra."

"I'll have it ready in little or no time," he said, bustling and packing away his tools. "You may go to my room to brush up and rest yourself. Mariequita will show you."

"Thank you," said Edna. "But, do you know, I have a notion to go down to the beach and take a good wash and even a little swim, before dinner?"

"The water is too cold!" they both exclaimed. "Don't think of it."

"Well, I might go down and try—dip my toes in. Why, it seems to me the sun is hot enough to have warmed the very depths of the ocean. Could you get me a couple of towels? I'd better go right away, so as to be back in time. It would be a little too chilly if I waited till this afternoon."

Mariequita ran over to Victor's room, and returned with some towels which she gave to Edna.

"I hope you have fish for dinner," said Edna, as she started to walk away; "But don't do anything extra if you haven't."

"Run and find Philomel's mother," Victor instructed the girl. "I'll go to the kitchen and see what I can do. By Jimminy! Women have no consideration! She might have sent me word."

Edna walked on down to the beach rather mechanically, not noticing anything special except that the sun was hot. She was not dwelling upon any particular train of thought. She had done all the thinking which was necessary after Robert went away, when she lay awake upon the sofa till morning.

She had said over and over to herself:

"To-day it is Arobin; to-morrow it will be someone else. It makes no difference to me, it doesn't matter about Léonce Pontellier—but Raoul and Etienne!" She understood now clearly what she had meant long ago when she said to Adèle Ratignolle that she would give up the unessential, but she would never sacrifice herself for her children.

Despondency had come upon her there in the wakeful night, and had never lifted. There was no one thing in the world that she desired. There was no human being whom she wanted near her except Robert; and she even realized that the day would come when he, too, and the thought of him would melt out of her existence, leaving her alone. The children appeared before her like antagonists who had overcome her; who had overpowered and sought to drag her into the soul's slavery for the rest of her days. But she knew a way to elude them. She was not thinking of these things when she walked down to the beach.

The water of the Gulf stretched out before her, gleaming with the million lights of the sun. The voice of the sea is seductive, never ceasing, whispering, clamouring, murmuring, inviting the soul to wander in abysses of solitude. All along the white beach, up and down, there was no living thing in sight. A bird with a broken wing was beating the air above, reeling, fluttering, circling disabled down, down to the water.

Edna had found her old bathing suit still hanging, faded, upon its accustomed peg.

She put it on, leaving her clothing in the bath-house. But when she was there beside the sea, absolutely alone, she cast the unpleasant, pricking garments from her, and for the first time in her life she stood naked in the open air, at the mercy of the sun, the breeze that beat upon her, and the waves that invited her.

How strange and awful it seemed to stand naked under the sky! how delicious! She felt like some new-born creature, opening its eyes in a familiar world that it had never known.

The foamy wavelets curled up to her white feet, and coiled like serpents about her ankles. She walked out. The water was chill, but she walked on. The water was deep, but she lifted her white body and reached out with a long, sweeping stroke. The touch of the sea is sensuous, enfolding the body in its soft, close embrace.

She went on and on. She remembered the night she swam far out, and recalled the terror that seized her at the fear of being unable to regain the shore. She did not look back now, but went on and on, thinking of the blue-grass meadow that she had traversed when a little child, believing that it had no beginning and no ending.

Her arms and legs were growing tired.

She thought of Léonce and the children. They were a part of her life. But they need not have thought that they could possess her, body and soul.

* * * * * *

Exhaustion was pressing upon and overpowering her.

"Good-bye—because I love you." He did not know; he did not understand. He would never understand. Perhaps Doctor Mandelet would have understood if she had seen him —but it was too late; the shore was far behind her, and her strength was gone.

She looked into the distance, and the old terror flamed up for an instant, then sank again. Edna heard her father's voice and her sister Margaret's. She heard the barking of an old dog that was chained to a sycamore tree. The spurs of the cavalry officer clanged as he walked across the porch. There was the hum of bees and the musky odor of pinks filled the air.

# JOHN FRANCIS HAMTRAMCK CLAIBORNE

[1807—1884]

FRANKLIN L. RILEY

COLONEL WILLIAM CLAIBORNE, an ancestor of the subject of this sketch, came from the manor of Claiborne, or Cleborne, Westmoreland, England. He settled in Virginia in the reign of Charles I, and was prominently connected with the history of the colony under that sovereign, as well as under Cromwell and Charles II. His spirited struggle for Kent Island won for him the title of the "evil genius of Maryland."

William Claiborne, of Richmond, Virginia, the grandfather of Colonel J. F. H. Claiborne, was married to Miss Mary Leigh, an aunt of Hon. Benjamin Watkins Leigh, United States Senator from Virginia. Four sons were born of this union—General Ferdinand Leigh Claiborne, father of Colonel J. F. H. Claiborne; Governor William Charles Cole Claiborne; Dr. Thomas A. Claiborne; and the Hon. N. H. Claiborne, who was for twenty years a member of Congress from Virginia.

General F. L. Claiborne was connected with the army of the United States during the greater part of his life, and died in 1815 from a wound received in the service. His wife was a daughter of Colonel Anthony Hutchins, a British officer, who in 1771 obtained from the Crown a large tract of land near Natchez, Mississippi, in what was then West Florida. The eldest son by this marriage was born near Natchez, April 24, 1807. He was named after a German officer, Baron John Francis Hamtramck, who had served as colonel of the first regiment of United States infantry, Wayne's legion, in which the father had been captain and adjutant. A few years after the death of General Claiborne his eldest son was sent to relatives in Virginia to be educated. Four years later he began the study of law in the office of his cousin, Honorable Benjamin Watkins Leigh, of Richmond. Having suffered shortly afterwards from a slight hemorrhage, he decided to return to the warmer climate of his childhood home. He resumed his studies in the office of Griffith and Quitman, of Natchez, Mississippi, but becoming alarmed at the condition of his health, he again gave up his work and went to Cuba, for the double purpose of regaining his physical vigor and of studying the Spanish language. His health rapidly

improved and six months later he was back in Virginia studying law under the direction of General Alexander Smythe, at Wytheville. In less than a year thereafter he completed his course and was admitted to the bar.

On account of his delicate constitution he abandoned his intention of settling in Liberty, Bedford County, Virginia, and returned to Natchez, Mississippi. When he reached that place he found the country greatly excited over the second presidential contest between Adams and Jackson. The young lawyer, being an ardent Democrat, was drawn into the contest in behalf of General Jackson. In compliance with a request of the Democratic executive committee, he took temporary control of a paper which was then published in Natchez by the venerable Andrew Marchalk. Mr. Claiborne's valuable services as a writer and speaker soon attracted widespread attention, and having once entered upon a political career he found it difficult to extricate himself therefrom. Yielding to the solicitations of his friends, he became a Democratic candidate for the Legislature from Adams County before he had reached his twenty-first year. He was elected for three successive terms, "each time by an increasing majority."

In December, 1828, Mr. Claiborne was married to Miss Martha Dunbar, of Dunbarton, near Natchez. They had three children—Annie, now Mrs. Clarence Pell, of New York; Willis Herbert, who died from the effects of wounds received in the war between the States, and Martha, now Mrs. Henry Garrett, of New Orleans.

In 1835 Mr. Claiborne was nominated by acclamation as a candidate for Congress by the first Democratic convention that was ever held in the State, of which convention he was not a member. In the canvass which followed, he spoke in every county of the State and in every precinct in some of the counties. He was elected by a large majority, but his colleague on the Democratic ticket, Colonel B. W. Edwards, was defeated by General David Dickson, an independent candidate. Mr. Claiborne was not only the youngest member of the lower House of Congress when he entered that body, but "the only member from the west of the mountains" at that time who was a native born citizen of that region. Although he was in ill health during this entire session, he was a daily attendant on the House, and discharged his duties with commendable promptness and thoroughness.

The Journals of the House and the public press of the country give ample evidence of the effectiveness of Mr. Claiborne's oratory. One of his most eloquent efforts was made on the floor of Congress, January 4, 1837, in "Defence of the Settlers on the Public Domain." Referring to this speech, the New York *Evening Post*,

then edited by William Cullen Bryant, says, in its issue of February 2, 1837:

"The cause of humanity and equal rights has gained an able advocate, in the Hon. Mr. Claiborne of Mississippi. High-spirited, fearless, and independent, possessing natural talent of the first order, and extensive acquirements, he bids fair to be an ornament to the House and country. His speech in defence of the settlers on the public domain, delivered upon an amendment offered by him to the resolution of Mr. Allen, of Kentucky, would do honor to the orators of Greece or Rome. The best judges pronounce it a finished specimen of logic and eloquence. It should be in the hands of every friend of humanity and equal rights."

Mr. Claiborne was reëlected to his seat in the lower House of Congress in July, 1837. He served through an extra session of that body, but at the beginning of the regular session his seat was contested by Sargent S. Prentiss. Mr. Claiborne, having had a hemorrhage at the outset of this contest, was so prostrated and weakened from the loss of blood that for a period of two months he was unable to appear on the floor of the House to vindicate his claim. In the meantime, under the magic spell of Mr. Prentiss's eloquence, the House reversed its former act by which it had declared that Mr. Claiborne was lawfully elected. It refused, however, to seat Mr. Prentiss, and referred the case back to the people of Mississippi. Upon the advice of his physicians, Mr. Claiborne retired from the hustings and went to Cuba a second time for his health. At the request of his friends, however, he permitted the use of his name in the political campaign which followed. As a result of Mr. Prentiss's memorable canvass, Mr. Claiborne was defeated in this election.

The personal relations existing between Mr. Claiborne and Mr. Prentiss up to this time are best expressed in Mr. Claiborne's own language, which is as follows:

"During all the excitement of the contested election, my relations with Mr. Prentiss were perfectly friendly. He visited me while I was sick in Washington. My acquaintance with him commenced when he was a stranger, young, poor, and diffident—teaching school in the family of my relative, Mrs. Wm. B. Shields, and afterwards here, in the family of my wife's mother. He occupied this very office. There stood his bed. This was the table on which he wrote. Here are the Greek and Latin authors that he read. Here is a leaf of Plato turned down by him. Here in this Greek tragedy, his pencil marks. In both families his extraordinary genius was recognized and he was treated with the respect due a Professor."

The physical infirmity which suddenly blighted Mr. Claiborne's

political ambition and forced him to abandon the most cherished plans of his early life proved to be a blessing in disguise. A stay of several months in the balmy climate of Cuba again arrested the ravages of disease and gave him strength to enter upon a career which was destined ultimately to bring him distinction as a man of letters. In July, 1841, he became junior editor of the *Mississippi Free Trader,* which was then one of the most influential and widely circulated organs of the Democratic party in the State. This change of occupations was in full harmony with his tastes. In speaking of journalism he said:

"It demands the seclusion of the closet, which I have always preferred to the clash and clamor of the hustings and the bar. It best comports with the habits of a student, and my practice of considering both sides of a question and the merits as well as the demerits of a party; whereas, the lawyer and the professional politician examine but one side of a case, and exert all their energies in that behalf. The journalist has a grander mission, and if conscientiously pursued, it is the highest and noblest of all avocations."

His sketches entitled, "Trip Through the Piney Woods," and his first contributions to the history of Mississippi appeared in the *Free Trader* shortly after the beginning of his connection with it.

Unfortunately for the cause of literature, he was not permitted to remain in private life. Only a few months after the beginning of his editorial career he reluctantly laid aside his pen in order to serve his State and Nation in another capacity. In 1842 he was appointed president of the Board of Choctaw Commissioners, which was authorized to examine and adjudicate the claims of the Choctaw Indians under the fourteenth article of the treaty of Dancing Rabbit. These claims, most of which were fraudulent, involved the possession of many thousands of acres of the best land that had been ceded by the treaty to the Government. Companies of speculators, composed of men of all ranks, had purchased the Indian claims for a small consideration and had employed Sargent S. Prentiss "on a contingent fee of $100,000" to protect their interests before the Commission and elsewhere. Through the bold efforts of Mr. Claiborne, who was the only member of the Commission of three to antagonize these interests, the frauds were exposed and the schemes frustrated. In defiance of the repeated threats of assassination, and in disregard of a vitiated public sentiment which would have forced him to accept challenges to fight duels for the satisfaction of those whose interests he was opposing, he faced calumny and denunciation, eluded the snares and pitfalls of his most cunning enemies and gained a signal triumph over them in one of the most desperate and dangerous contests recorded in the history of Mississippi.

Mr. Prentiss and Colonel Claiborne, both of whom were wrecked in fortune, removed to New Orleans shortly after this acrimonious conflict. They often met, but did not speak. A few days before the death of Mr. Prentiss, John J. McRea, former Governor of Mississippi, effected a reconciliation. In speaking of this incident Colonel Claiborne says that he was deeply affected and Governor McRea wept like a child. Colonel Claiborne admired the talent of the brilliant orator and in the latter part of his life expressed a purpose to write a biography of Mr. Prentiss. Referring to the biography which had been written by Mr. Prentiss's brother, Mr. Claiborne says that it was full of error of fact, and a mere travesty of his career, personal and political. He stated further that this book represented Mr. Prentiss "as a semi-saint and somewhat of a Puritan, to please New England tastes, when all knew that he was the furthest possible from saintliness and Puritanism." Colonel Claiborne said further:

"No man living knew Mr. Prentiss better than I did; he crossed my path and I crossed his, in the last blow given to his fortune. We were early friends; bitter enemies; reconciled on the death bed."

Upon his removal to New Orleans (1844), Mr. Claiborne assumed editorial control of the *Jeffersonian,* published in French and in English, and of the *Statesman,* published in German and English. These arduous duties required twelve hours of work daily. Several years later he was induced to undertake the editorial control of the *Louisiana Courier,* which paper became under his direction one of the strongest supporters of Mr. Pierce in his campaign for the Presidency.

Mr. Pierce, who had been one of Colonel Claiborne's most intimate friends while they were in Congress, offered him "an eligible diplomatic position abroad or a comfortable berth at Washington." Mr. Claiborne declined these kindly offers, however, desiring to make his home in the pine woods on the sea-coast of Mississippi, where on the advice of his physician he had purchased a large tract of land. With this object in view he proposed that Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana be combined into one district and that the care of the public timber therein should be confided to him, with an appropriate salary. As this measure met the hearty approval of the senators and representatives from the three states, all of whom were Mr. Claiborne's personal friends, it was promptly passed by Congress and Mr. Claiborne was appointed to fill the newly created office. He was reappointed by President Buchanan, who was also his intimate friend, and continued in the discharge of his duties until the states that constituted his district had seceded from the Union.

Soon after obtaining his appointment from President Pierce, Mr.

Claiborne removed to his plantation near Bay St. Louis, in Hancock County, about twelve miles from Fort Pike, on the Rigolets. The salt sea breezes seem to have given him a new lease of life and enabled him to outlive most of his colleagues in Congress, who greatly excelled him in physical vigor.

The radical change from the strenuous life of a city editor to a solitary existence in the forest brought no regret to Mr. Claiborne, since he was thereby given an opportunity to gratify his love of literature, which had broadened and deepened with the passing years until it had become the dominant passion of his soul. For almost a decade he had met the numerous perplexing and exacting duties of a journalist and had gained additional fame in this important field, but he felt that his energies should be expended upon work that would be more enduring than the ephemeral literature of the daily press. Although he never lost his fondness for journalism, as is shown by his numerous contributions to the press from time to time during the remaining years of his life, he soon became completely absorbed in historical investigations. The best evidence of the zest with which he entered upon his new duties, which he expected to be the crowning work of his life, is afforded by the fact that four very carefully planned and well executed volumes were written by him in the period of seven years immediately preceding the war between the States.

Having inherited from his paternal grandfather, General F. L. Claiborne, his uncle, Governor W. C. C. Claiborne, and his maternal grandfather, Colonel Anthony Hutchins, a large collection of "time-worn papers and documents" relating to the early history of the State, he set himself to work to add thereto from all available sources. He spent much time collecting material and writing a 'History of the Southwest,' upon which he says he was "long engaged." Unfortunately the manuscript of this volume "when ready for the press" was lost "by the sinking of a steamer on the Mississippi." This work contained a memoir of Sam Dale, one of the most interesting characters in the early history of the Southwest, written from notes of his personal adventures, "taken down from his own lips," by Franklin Smith and Henry A. Garrett. As is usually the case with historical investigators, having once undertaken work of this kind he was never afterwards able to abandon it. Although the history was lost and the notes were destroyed, Colonel Claiborne prepared from memory the interesting book, entitled 'Life and Times of General Sam Dale, the Mississippi Partisan,' which was published by Harper and Brother in 1860. In the same year he also published his 'Life and Correspondence of John A. Quitman,' which was issued in two volumes from the press of the same publishers.

Unfortunately for Mr. Claiborne these valuable contributions to the biography and history of Mississippi were issued at a time when public attention was absorbed by the sectional questions which were just then culminating in war.

Mr. Claiborne's sectional animosities seem to have partly died out after his retirement from public life. He was, therefore, enabled to view the great issues that brought on the "inevitable conflict" in a calmer and more dispassionate light than could those who were directing public sentiment. He opposed the secession of the Southern States, and had no official connection with the Confederacy. We are told that he blamed both sections for the war—"the North for its unconstitutional encroachments, the South for its precipitate action and want of statesmanship in not providing for the general emancipation of the slaves, thus reconciling itself to the civilization of the age and acquitting its conscience of a great crime."

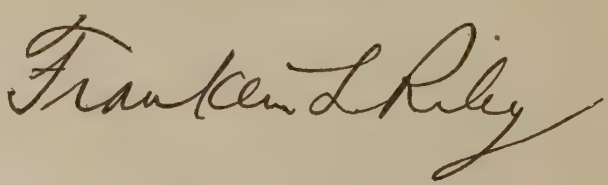
After the close of the war between the States, Colonel Claiborne, warned by declining health, retired for the most part from all other pursuits and devoted his energies to the writing of a history of Mississippi, which was the dominant ambition of the latter part of his life. In 1870 he removed to "Dunbarton," his wife's ancestral home, situated ten miles east of Natchez. The years which he had devoted to the collecting of papers, pamphlets, manuscripts, etc., had not been spent in vain. He realized that they constituted a rich historical mine, and he began to work it with an energy seldom excelled by a man of his advanced years and physical infirmities. We are told that the great object of his life was not only to make a history of his native State, but to have it printed in and distributed from a Mississippi publishing house. Against the advice of his friends, he, therefore, delivered the manuscript of the first volume of his history, as soon as it was ready for the press, to that great publisher and journalist of Mississippi, Colonel J. L. Power, to whose care and skill the successful execution of the work is largely due. In the year 1881 this book, entitled 'Mississippi as a Province, Territory and State, with Biographical Notices of Eminent Citizens, by J. F. H. Claiborne, Volume I' appeared from the press of Power and Barksdale, Jackson, Mississippi.

During the latter part of his life he reaped some of the fruits of his valuable services in the literary honors which were bestowed upon him at home and abroad. In 1875 he received the degree of LL. D. from the University of Mississippi. Five years later he was unanimously elected a Fellow of the Royal Historical Society of England. A few months afterwards he was invited to read a paper before this learned society, but was unable to do so because of ill

health. In 1881 he was elected to membership in the Virginia Historical Society.

By indefatigable efforts and persevering industry he completed the second volume of his history, which was unfortunately destroyed by the burning of his home on the night of March 2, 1884. This calamity prevented the fruition of his cherished hope. He was not spared to rewrite the pages upon which he had bestowed so much labor. His delicate constitution was unable to bear the shock and the grief incurred by this great loss, and he died at the home of his brother-in-law, William H. Dunbar, Esq., in Natchez, Saturday morning, May 17, 1884. He was buried from Trinity Church, Natchez, on the day following.

As appears from the sketch here given, Mr. Claiborne confined himself to no particular field of literature. His style was almost uniformly nervous and at times trenchant and even vitriolic. His imagery was vivid and pleasing. Although his diction was generally pure and chaste, it showed slight traces of colloquialism. He excelled in the sketching of character and in the description of men and places. His numerous allusions indicate that he was a close student of history and literature. As a debater and controversalist he was able to hold his own against some of the most brilliant men of the nation. His 'Life of Sam Dale,' being almost entirely a work of the imagination, is the only elaborate effort made by Mr. Claiborne in the realm of fiction. It abounds in thrilling incidents, heroic utterances, self-sacrificing deeds, and has other characteristics of a successful novel. Mr. Claiborne excelled as a biographer. In this field he was an artist. His sketches abound in delicate strokes which give life and expression to his subjects and which depict their mental and moral traits with a vividness that imparts character and individuality. Notwithstanding the blemishes in his work as an historian, it is in this capacity that he has rendered his greatest service to his State and to the South. He was a pioneer in this field in Mississippi, and though his interpretations of facts and his estimates of men have undergone revision in some cases, he is justly entitled to the honor of being the greatest writer of Mississippi history.



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## RECOLLECTIONS OF THE METROPOLITAN PRESS

From *The New Orleans Delta.*

THE career of Amos Kendall is so well known I shall merely glance at it. The son of a plain farmer—a hard-working student at a New England college—tutor in the family of Mr. Clay—a party editor in Kentucky—postmaster general and biographer of Andrew Jackson—chief director of the National Telegraph—now quietly composing memoirs of his times for posthumous publication. He is universally known for his talents as a writer, his capacity for organization and details, his unconquerable industry and ability to labor. When I first saw him he had a wheezing voice, an asthmatic cough, with a stooping frame, and a phthisicky physiognomy, reminding one of Madame Roland's description of the great war minister, Louvet, "ill-looking, weakly, near-sighted, and slovenly—a mere nobody in the crowd." Yet this little whiffet of a man, whom the Hoosiers would not call even an "individual," nothing more than a "remote circumstance," was the Atlas that bore upon his shoulders the weight of Jackson's administration. He originated or was consulted in advance upon every great measure, and what the prompt decision and indomitable will of the illustrious chief resolved upon, the subtle and discriminating intellect of Kendall elaborated and upheld. His style is both logical and eloquent. He is, besides, a man of dates and figures, one of those persons whose provoking exactitude so often upsets theories with a plain statement. Tristram Burgess, of Rhode Island, one of the few men that ever encountered Jack Randolph successfully, being once thus put down by Kendall, said, "It was very unbecoming in *a fact* to rise up in opposition to his *theory*."

No man, morally, has been more variously estimated than this gentleman. Mr. Clay told me that he reminded him of Maréchal Villars, whom St. Simons, in his memoirs, describes as having but one virtue—he was faithful to his friend. To save him, there was no depth of servility or baseness to which he would not descend—but *that friend was himself*.

His enemies allege that he was, like Swift, the greatest libeler of the day, and possessed all the qualifications it re-

quires; a vindictive temper, no admiration of noble qualities, no sympathy with suffering, no conscience, but a clear head, a cold heart, a biting wit, a sarcastic humor, a thorough knowledge of the baser parts of human nature, and a perfect familiarity with everything that is low in language and vulgar in society.

These, however, are extreme opinions. Many who know Mr. Kendall intimately attribute to him exalted public and private virtue and great generosity of heart. That he has an appreciation of the noble and illustrious is demonstrated by his ardent attachment and unwavering fidelity to General Jackson. That he has great moral courage is evident from the fact that in no emergency was he ever known to retreat, but stood, like a savage, with his spear in his hand, and his bow and quiver at his back. We must make allowance for contemporary praise and censure. Men and parties are not so formed that there are only gods on one side and only devils on the other.

Mr. Kendall was once embarrassed in his circumstances, but was relieved by fortunate investments in Western lands. He has a country seat near Washington, but when I saw it, many years since, it was a skeleton farm, and, like himself, meager and emaciated. Like his friend and co-laborer, the Honorable Thomas H. Benton, he is now devoting himself to literary labors for posterity, and by those labors posterity will pass judgment upon his life and character. At present the opinion of the world is conflicting, and may be summed up thus:

> Too bad for a blessing—too good for a curse;
> I wish, from my soul, thou wert better—or worse.

## GEORGE POINDEXTER

From 'Mississippi as a Province, Territory and State.'

THE last years of his life were chiefly spent at the card table, and with barroom companions, sneering at his former friends, and inciting the sectional hatreds which, in a few years, produced such bitter fruits. His mind was well preserved, and his latest newspaper articles exhibit the ancient style and vigor. His countenance has assumed a harsh, suspicious and cynical expression, and his heart, could it have been revealed, was doubtless a whited sepulchre of dead men's bones. He had contracted the habit of looking frequently over his left shoulder, as though he heard unexpected and unwelcome footsteps. Were these spectres of a guilty conscience? The vision of an innocent wife, blighted in her youth and beauty, by his shameful suspicions; of a son driven from his household to live the life of a vagabond, and die the death of a pauper—of bloody feuds—of friendships severed—of faith and covenants sacrificed for gold—all these doubtless came like chiding ghosts, to embitter and disturb his last days. Neither the rattle of dice, the lucky run of cards, nor the jests and gibes of low associates, brought a smile to his lips. His licentious eye, glazed and frozen, knew not the luxury of a tear. In the largest crowds, amidst ribaldry and revelry, he felt the solitude and the torments of Prometheus—chained to the rock of his own remorse!

Mr. Poindexter died in Jackson, September 5, 1855.

## DEFENCE OF THE SETTLERS ON THE PUBLIC DOMAIN

From *Congressional Journal*, January 4, 1837.

CAN the settler come in competition with the opulent planter or associated capital? Can he purchase at ten or twenty dollars per acre? No, sir; no. Deceived by his government, cheated by the deceitful illusions, not broken until the last hour, that some reservation, authorized by law, would be made in his favor, the care-worn occupant returns with a bitter and rebelious spirit, to witness the disappointment and wretchedness of his own fireside; . . . . . himself, decrepit and penniless, driven forth by the influence of wealth, and the ingratitude of his country. O, sir, it is unwise thus to sport with the affections of your people; it is hard thus to deprive one of his home, humble though it may be. Sprung from the earth, and destined to return to it, every man wishes to acquire an interest in it—some little spot that he may call his own. It is a deep, absorbing feeling that nature has planted in us. The sailor on the "vasty deep;" the lone Indian and wild-bee hunter on the prairies of Missouri; the mountaineer, as he threads his chamois track; and the soldier, perishing for fame ere he freezes into a stiffened corpse; dreams, all dream, of their early home; and when every other feeling is subdued and withered, the heart that would not blanch at scenes of crime and blood, will soften under the *Ranz des Vaches,* the early songs of childhood.

It is an undying feeling; and when one has gone out from his father's wasted roof, and in the untrodden forest clustered his family around some humble shed, can he see it wrested from him by the laws of his country, without cursing that country and those who govern it? Sir, what can compensate a Government for the loss of the love of its people? . . . . . If you wish to perpetuate this Union, if you wish to extinguish the fatal feeling to which I have alluded, to secure the quiet enjoyment of vested rights for ages to come, you will give to every man who seeks it a home in the soil. There is little faith in parchments or charter or in the liberty they affect to guarantee; but it is probable this

Government would endure uncounted centuries, if every quarter section of the public domain was a *bona fide* property of an actual settler. Incorporate every man with the soil, cluster around him the blessed endearments of home, and you bind him in an allegiance stronger than a thousand oaths.

## THE RESOLVE

From 'Life and Times of General Sam Dale, the Mississippi Partisan.'

The following Christmas my poor mother died, and in one week my dear father, broken-hearted, followed her to the grave. He never looked up, scarcely ever spoke, after her death, but took to his bed, and never rose from it again. Never before, certainly never since, though I have breasted many difficulties and endured many sorrows, has the iron ever entered so deeply into my heart. Never have I felt so crushed and overpowered by the feeling of helplessness and isolation. I was under twenty years of age; no foot of earth could be called our own; we were burdened with debt; no kindred blood or opulent friends to offer us sympathy or aid; eight brothers and sisters, all younger than myself, and one an infant, looking to me for bread, and the wilderness around our lonely cabin swarming with enemies. In this state of mind, on the night after we had laid father by our poor mother's side, when my little brothers and sisters had sobbed themselves to sleep, I went to their graves and prayed. Ah! those who are cradled in luxury and surrounded by opulent kindred can not know the whole strength of the tie that binds together parent and child that have no other friends, and how it tears the heart when that tie is broken. "'Tis the survivor dies." I went to the grave a broken-hearted, almost despairing boy. I came back tearful and sad, but a hopeful and resolute man. I felt the weight of the responsibility upon me, that I must be both father and mother to those orphaned little ones. I had faith in Providence and in myself, and when they awoke I met them with a smile, and with kind words and a cheerful spirit. We all went resolutely to work according to our strength, and God blessed our labors.

## A TRIP THROUGH THE PINEY WOODS

From 'Publications of the Mississippi Historical Society,' Vol. IX.

THE unbroken forests abound with game. The red deer troop along by dozens; for miles the wild turkeys run before you in the road; and the sharp whizzing of the startled partridge is constantly on the ear. But for this panorama of life, the solitude of a ride through this region would be painful. The houses on the road stand from ten to twenty miles apart; the cheering mileposts and the gossiping traveler are seldom met with; the armless pines look gaunt and spectral and fall sadly on the soul. At nightfall, when the flowers have faded away, no fireflies gem the road; you hear no tinkling bell; the robber owl flaps by lazily on the wing; fantastic shadows, like trooping apparitions, chase each other into settled gloom; and instead of "the watch dog's cheerful cry" the "wolf's long howl" comes up from the adjoining reed-brakes and is echoed back by the strolling companion on the neighboring hills.

* * * * * *

We spent the night with Mr. Sumrall, one of the oldest and worthiest men in the State. He has lived there ever since the settlement of the county [Perry]. Everything around him looked superannuated and solitary. The trees had an aged aspect and were gnarled and mossy. An old house dog bayed a melancholy notice of our approach. His antique but spacious dwelling was weather-beaten and decayed. The garden was grown up in weeds and the shrubbery that had once been nursed there by the hand of beauty looked stunted and neglected. Even the faithful rose vine which clings so long to the deserted dwelling and blooms over the graves of those that loved it in life was already in "the sere and yellow leaf." . . . . . there it lay as if conscious of widowhood, its tendrils broken and "wasting its fragrance on the desert air." There too in the soft light of a July moon, musing alone over the memories of the past, sat the fine old man, his head frosted over with wintry years but his eye still beaming with benevolence. He had raised a highly respectable family of children—had dowered them with enough of this

world's goods and they were all gone to distant settlements. He was left alone. A few months previous to our visit he had buried the aged partner of his bosom and now felt the *curse* of solitude. They err who suppose that age, though it dims the eye and shakes the nerves, can freeze the heart or weaken the affections. It is not so. Youth—all glowing as it is—sooner forgets the images of love. New scenes—impressions—balm the wounded soul, and ambition or gain distill the waters of Lethe over its afflictions. But in old age, when the dear ones of the fireside have wandered off like bees from the parent hive; when neither office nor wealth have charms and nothing remains but memories of early joy and the enduring companionship of years—the blow that severs this and calls one away forever, strikes the survivor also. This indeed is *death;* for in the dim future there is no smile. The old can then but count the weary hours of their pilgrimage and the soul wait, like an impatient and imprisoned bird, to wing its flight to heaven. It was thus we found and left our venerable friend—a man without an enemy, almost without a fault.

* * * * * *

About noon in the warmest day in July, we crossed a clear, deep stream, which, after meandering down a narrow ravine, leaped foaming over a huge bed of sandstone rock, and then spread itself out into a broad lake, fringed around with alder, sumach and evergreens. A cottage stood immediately on the brink of this crystal sheet, and the flowers in the porch above and the ever changing hues of the tinted sky were mirrored in the water below. Two old, long armed beech trees stooped towards the lake so low that every breeze which ruffled its surface must have dashed the spray up among the glistening leaves. Jessamine, honeysuckles and grape vines twined their tendrils on porch and tree, and completely veiled this picturesque resting place from the noonday sun. In all our journeying we had seen no place so inviting. No one met us, as is usual in that hospitable region, at the gate. It was the holy Sabbath, and its blessed influence had hushed all things to repose. The hour was that, when in our climate, at that season of the year, all nature seems to slumber and be still as at the "witching hour of night." The hum of the wild bees

was no longer heard; tired of toil they lay deep in the bosom of the flowers, seeking shelter from the sunbeams. The industrious wood-pecker ceased its tap, and the musical breeze itself languished away, or was heard only in the Memnon-like voice of the distant pines. The leaves no longer gayly fluttered, but hung drooping from their stems, and the peaceful herds lay sleeping in the shade.

The cottage itself, though rustic in its materials, was quite a gem. The whitewashed walls, the polished floors, the cots and lounges scattered about, the roses that peeped in with their smiling faces at every window, as if to welcome us, leaves of music and volumes of poetry, whispered to us some delightful presentiments.

* * * * * *

At Winchester we parted with our traveling companions, who had appointments more to the north; left town in the afternoon, crossed the river to the house of our friend Strickland, late sheriff of the county, who kindly entertained us, and in the morning started on our lonely journey; the day was dark and lowering; for weeks no rain nor gentle dew had refreshed the parched earth; a thunder cloud hung over us and its pent-up fury burst upon the heavy forest. The few birds that tenant these woods of long leaf pine flew screaming to their eyries; some cattle dashed madly across the hills for shelter, and taking the admonition we galloped to the left, a spot where fire or some long past hurricane had destroyed all the largest timber. Well was it that such a chance offered. The whole forest was in motion. The tall pines were bending their lofty heads. The few old ones fell thundering down, casting their doted fragments around us, and then the gale rushed madly on, plucking up the largest trees and hurling them, like javelins, through the air. The cloud was covered up with a pall, and long, lurid flashes, like sepulchral lights, streamed and blazed athwart it. The earthquake voice of nature trembled along the ground, and ere its running echoes had died away came again, crash after crash, thundering forth. But at last it paused; the clouds scudded along like giant phantoms in conflict with each other, and then, as if by magic, as we gazed, transformed themselves into castellated towers and frowning batteries. The wind died off, but the scene

around was appalling. Hundreds of trees lay scattered over the ground, while here and there others stood splintered by the bolt of heaven and smoking with its fire. God preserve us from another ride through the spectral pines in such a storm!

The day was now drawing to a close, and still gloomy and lowering, the road had become gradually more obscure; we had no sign of human habitation since we started in the morning; no finger board to direct our way; a drizzling rain set in; we forced our weary horse, sometimes fording, sometimes swimming the angry and swollen stream that rushed down from the hills, when on the summit of the ridge which divided itself in different directions the road branched off in trails of cow-patches. We acknowledged ourselves *lost* in the depths of the lonely forest; it was now nightfall. We remained undecided, as those who are bewildered in the woods always do, riding up one path and down another until suddenly we heard a rustling in the thicket below and the next moment a noble buck bounded up the hollow on our left, leaped convulsively back and fell exhausted almost at our feet. He had been wounded, for the blood oozed slowly out of his flank. Soon we heard the trampling of feet upon our back. The pursuers came plunging on through brake and glen, and we already heard in fancy the hearty cheers of the huntsmen.

On, *on* came the hungry pack upon the scent of blood. The reeds in the ravine below came under their feet. We raised ourselves in our stirrups to give the *death halloo* when at the instant a dozen fierce forms leaped with a savage yell upon the expiring animal. One glance sufficed. They were not *hounds,* but gaunt and ravenous *wolves,* their eyes bloodshot and glaring and their tongues hanging down from their voracious jaws. We had no disposition to remain in the neighborhood and our frightened horse dashed forward like a flying dragon, snorting with terror. It was in vain to try to check him. Away he flew. He had taken a stony path leading down a long descent; his iron hoofs fell fast and sharp and left a train of fire behind him. For half an hour he continued his flight, bearing hard upon the bit, bounding forward like a deer and quivering with alarm at the fire that burst from beneath his feet.

At length the gentle tinkle of a bell was heard; a light flash through the woods and then on an abrupt turn of the path a solitary farm-house stood before us.

In answer to our eager shout a female voice that sounded most benignantly bade us "light." We walked in, drenched and dripping, and found ourselves at the residence of an aged widow who with four daughters and three sons had lived there many years, their nearest neighbor being twelve miles off. They owned a large stock of cattle and the three *boys* (as the good mother called her sons, who were tall enough for Prussian grenadiers), were then absent with a drove. Finding ourselves welcome we stripped our horse and led him to a small stable that stood near. We found a trough filled with *potatoes* and the rack with hay made of the dry vines. Our horse ate them with great relish. On this farm, as on most of the others in the same locality, a few acres are cow-penned and planted for bread; an acre or two for rice; but the main crop is the *sweet potato*. Some nations boast of their palm tree which supplies them with food, oil, light, shelter and clothing, but it will be seen that we have in the potato a staple article scarcely inferior to it. It will grow upon soils too thin to produce corn and with little culture. It may be converted into a valuable manure. For forage it is excellent. Hogs and cows thrive upon it exceedingly. An acre properly cultivated will yield from three to five hundred bushels. Its farinaceous properties make it almost equal to bread and it supplies some of the most delicious dishes for the dessert.

Supper was somewhat tardy; but in an adjoining house, lit up by a brisk fire, we heard sundry "notes of preparation." It was a rare chance that brought a guest to that lone dwelling and its kind inmates were intent on making us comfortable. Lulled by the cheerful signs and savory odors we cast ourselves into an arm-chair and dozed until at length a gentle touch and a musical voice summoned us to the table. The repast was abundant, excellent and scrupulously neat—but almost every dish was composed of *potatoes* dressed in many various ways. There were baked potatoes and fried potatoes —bacon and potatoes boiled together—a fine loin of beef was flanked round with potatoes nicely browned and swimming in gravy. A hash of wild turkey was garnished with potatoes

mixed up in it. A roast fowl was stuffed with potatoes, beside us stood a plate of potato biscuit, as light as sponge; the *coffee,* which was strong and well flavored, was made of *potatoes,* and one of the girls drew from the corner cupboard a rich potato pie. In about an hour a charming blue-eyed girl brought us a tumbler of potato beer that sparkled like champagne and rather archly intimated that there were hot potatoes in the ashes if we felt like eating one. The beer was admirable, and we were told that good whiskey, molasses and vinegar were sometimes made of potatoes.

At length we turned in. The little chamber we were shown to was the perfection of neatness. The floor was sprinkled over with white sand. A small mirror stood on the wall, from which was suspended a sort of napkin tastily worked all over. Above was a rosary of bird eggs of every color, and over the window and pinned along the white curtains of the bed were wreaths of flowers, now dry indeed, but retaining their beautiful tints and making a very pretty ornament. An old oaken chest, highly polished and waxed, set in a corner, and over that a range of shelves stored with quilts, comforts, coverlids of many colors, the work of the industrious household. The pillows were bordered with fringed network and the sheets as white as the untrod snow; but the bed itself, though soft and pleasant, was made of *potato vines.* Either from over fatigue, our late and hearty supper, or from our imagination being somewhat excited, we rested badly; the nightmare brooded over us; we dreamed that we had *turned into a big potato,* and that some one was *digging us up.* Perspiring, struggling, we clinched the bed and finally leaped up gasping for breath. It was some time before the horrid idea would quit us. In the morning, owing to the drenching of the previous day, we were an invalid and threatened with fever and sore throat. The kind old lady insisted on our remaining in bed and she immediately bound a mashed roasted potato, just from the ashes, moistened with warm vinegar, to our neck and gave profusely a hot tea made of dried potato vines. These applications acted like a charm, and with the addition of a few simples from the woods were all the remedial agents ever used by this happy family. They could scarcely form a conception of a physician such as we

see him here, riding day and night, keeping half a dozen horses, following the pestilence to enrich science with its spoils, attending the poor from charity, accumulating fortunes from the infirmities of the human family, but not unfrequently losing life in the effort. The mistress of the house had never known a fever, old as she was, her blooming daughters looked incredulous when we described the ravages of disease in other parts of the State, and certain it is that none of them had ever before seen one the worse from having ridden six hours in wet clothes. When we took leave of our kind friends it was in vain that we offered them compensation. They welcomed us to everything and we set off with our pockets filled with biscuits, jerked venison and *potato chips,* a sort of crystallized preserves steeped in syrup and then dried in the sun.

Our adventure with the wolves the previous night excited no surprise. They abound in that region and have their dens in waste and desolate places. A strange story relative to them is told in the East. Some years since a wedding being about to take place in a thinly settled neighborhood it was necessary to send some twelve miles for an old "negro fiddler," who was indispensable at every frolic, quilting or house-raising for forty miles around. A wild, hilly, unsettled country lay between them. In the meantime the company collected, the *Squire* performed the ceremony, the groom had taken half a dozen "horns" all round with his friends and the jests at his expense had all been repeated and laughed at; the bride and the young ladies sat ranged around the room like so many beautiful statues pinned to the walls; the bashful gallants stood grouped about the doors and windows anxious to be in but fearing to approach and urging each other "to break the ice." The Squire and a knot of old 'uns were talking politics and, as the evening was warm, guzzling every ten minutes from a huge, hump-shouldered, short-necked, four-sided bottle, several of which stood on a broad flat stump before the door; while a score of matrons in white caps might be seen by the blaze of lightwood torches bustling about the supper table in an adjacent house. At length some of the girls began to yawn; the pretty bride herself looked drowsy; a scraping of feet was heard in the gallery and one or two impatient

young bucks, anxious to show their keeping, commenced shuffling, cracking their heels together and cutting the pigeon wing. Still *no fiddler came.* Hour after hour rolled by—supper was deferred—the drinks came faster and sweeter and stronger—the yawning more visible among the ladies—the talking louder among the gentlemen on the gallery, and yet "*Old John*" was not forthcoming. Never had he been so delinquent before. A wedding without the fiddler was scarcely considered legal. At length, as the night wore on, and the seven stars were high in the heavens, the impatience of the company became unbounded, and it was suggested that he should be sent for. The idea flashed across them that perhaps he had been beset by wolves. No sooner was this thought of than half a dozen young fellows mounted their horses and galloped on the path that led into the forest. About four miles distant stood an old waste house, and as they approached an infernal howling as from an hundred chained devils was heard and occasionally by way of interlude the speaking of a fiddle. The old house had long been reputed to be "haunted." One moment the "boys" listened in surprise; the howl of a single wolf could not terrify them; but the diabolical serenade from a dozen and the twanging of a fiddle from *that* dark old house! Davy Crockett himself couldn't have stood it, so they "turned tail" and "cut dirt" for the place they came from and reported that the Devil had caught "Old John" and was then at the haunted house dancing a "breakdown" with fifty she-wolves for his partners! So wonderful a story, supported by sundry oaths, of course threw everything into confusion. The young ladies did not *quite* go into duck fits, but they exchanged mysterious looks and gathered round an old woman whose voice sunk into a whisper as she related some legend of sheeted ghost and midnight murder. The *Squire,* who was the oracle of the neighborhood, rather discredited the story; he took a big drink and insinuated that the "boys" had tipped the bottle once too often before they set out, and roundly swore that he would face all the wolves in creation and all the fiddlers in h—l if the company would back him. A drink all round was taken on the strength of this speech, and in a few minutes the men were *en route* for the scene of action. They rode on in great glee for a mile or

two, but gradually sunk into silence, and at length the wolf chorus came floating on the breeze and then the sharp notes of a fiddle were distinctly heard. The horsemen dismounted and crept slowly forward, concealed by the bushes, towards the haunted cabin. At that moment the moon burst forth and within the building might be seen the form of the old fiddler poised in air playing a Virginia jig while a crowd of wolves or demons were leaping, bounding and howling to the music. A hurried council was called. The company, satisfied that it really was the *Devil,* voted an immediate retreat, but the Squire jerked out his prayer book and swore he would run his nose through the chinks if every man deserted him. He started forward, repeating the words of the ceremony he had just performed, while the others, half ashamed and half afraid, dropped into line. The nearer he got the louder and more devoutly he spoke. The howling of the wolves became terrible; the fiddling grew livelier until suddenly the yell and din rose to such a tremendous key that the line paused, then broke in every direction and the Squire shouting "Devil take the hindmost," mounted his "singe cat" and was the first to give the alarm to the terrified ladies. There was no sleeping that night. The rose leaf on the bride's cheek had paled away; the jessamine drooped on her raven locks, though nourished by the sigh that came ever and anon from her gentle bosom. The groom sat by clasping her snowy hands and gazing with long, fond looks upon his priceless treasure. At length day came, and a more haggard, gloomy, disappointed company might not be found in the world. It was determined, however, once more to repair to the spot. Few things string the nerves like a clear sky and a sparkling breeze. They rode boldly forward; the tumult was heard as loud as ever. They pushed on. There stood the house—there leaped a dozen wolves up and down, panting for breath, their eyes red and fiery, their tails switching furiously to and fro; and there on the joist was perched—not the Devil—but *Old John* himself! The story is soon explained. He had set out rather late on the preceding evening for the wedding; night overtook him among the hills and he soon heard the ravenous creatures on his track. Nearer and nearer they came; faster and faster he fled, but still they gained on him. He dropped his hat—that

detained them an instant. He then threw down his coat—they paused to scent it, but the next moment on they came, now in full view. Almost desperate he tore off his shirt, but they merely paused to toss it in the air. Their victim was just before them and on they rushed. The fugitive dashed forward to the cabin, bounded convulsively to the joist, and at the instant he swung himself clear from the floor the whole troop plunged madly in, gnashing their teeth and swelling with rage. Finding himself secure and recovering his composure he slided along the beam and with his foot closed the door, thus imprisoning the whole gang. He then braced himself up, unslung his fiddle and begun to play, partly in hope of being heard, but mainly to keep himself awake. John, like others of his drowsy race, was apt to sleep, and to avoid that he rattled off his jigs till daylight. The effect of this music on the wolves was singular. They leaped up incessantly and frantically, foaming at the mouth, snapping at each other, yelling hideously and to all appearance raving mad. John was soon relieved; the monsters shot and scalped; the company repaired back to the house, had a roaring carouse, and the story is told and the ruins of the cabin are yet to be seen on the waters of Leaf River.

# MARY BAYARD CLARKE

[1827—1886]

BESSIE LEWIS WHITAKER

MARY BAYARD DEVEREUX, afterwards Mary Bayard Clarke, is known best in the society of poets by her *non de plume,* "Tenella." She wrote also in prose, occasionally under the pseudonym "Stuart Leigh." She lived from May 13, 1827, to March 31, 1886; thirty-four years of this time were spent in her native town of Raleigh, North Carolina, two in a country residence in the State, and the last eighteen years of her life are associated wholly with New Bern, North Carolina. For about six years she was a resident of San Antonio, Texas. Her work as a poet is enhanced in value because of her residence in the South during the momentous period of war and reconstruction. In personality she was a typical Southern woman, endowed with ambition and genius.

Mary Bayard Clarke was the daughter of Thomas Pollok Devereux, a Southern planter and prominent lawyer of Raleigh, North Carolina, and Catherine Anne Johnson Devereux, of Stratford, Connecticut. Her ancestry was as distinguished as any within the borders of North Carolina, rich in ancestral heritage. She was descended from five colonial governors—one of North Carolina, three of New York, and one of Massachusetts. Among other noted names of her ancestors are those of the logician, Jonathan Edwards, president of Princeton College; Rev. Samuel Johnson, D.D., first President of King's College, now Columbia University; and Hon. William Samuel Johnson, LL.D., first president of Columbia College.

In his sketch of Mrs. Clarke in 'Southland Writers,' 1870, Judge Reade speaks of her as "reared in affluence, thoroughly educated, and highly accomplished": and Colonel Winchester Hall, in 1905, says that she had all the advantages "association and education could bestow." Rev. Hight C. Moore, in an address of 1903, says she had, at home, the benefit of a university curriculum; and two of Mrs. Clarke's children, quoting from memory of their mother's statement, say that she had under a governess, Miss Dean, an Englishwoman, the full Yale University curriculum as pursued at college by her brother, some years her senior. Other members of the family connection have been unable to add their testimony to that effect. But Mrs. Clarke's range of information appears exceptional, and her

familiarity with foreign languages is worthy of note, as may be judged from her translations from the German and the French, favorably received beyond America, and the republication in England of some of her translations of Victor Hugo's poems.*

She was married April 13, 1848, by the Right Reverend Leonidas Polk, her uncle by marriage, at his sugar-plantation home at Leighton, near New Orleans, Louisiana, to Major (formerly captain) William J. Clarke, who had just been brevetted major for gallantry in battles of the Mexican War. Major Clarke was from Raleigh, North Carolina, and was a graduate of the University of North Carolina (1841). During the war between the States he was colonel of the Twenty-fourth Regiment North Carolina infantry. After the War of 1861-1865 he devoted himself to the practice of the law; was at one time auditor of the State; was president of the San-Antonio and Gulf Railroad and judge of the Third Judicial District of North Carolina. He died at New Bern, January, 1886, two months before the death of Mrs. Clarke.

The familiarity with Louisiana, the winter of 1854-1855 in Cuba, when Mrs. Clarke was "queen of a small but brilliant circle of English and Americans residing in Havana," the interesting historical surroundings and out-of-door interests in San Antonio, the breadth of view gained through occasional life in Washington, Chicago, and New England, bore literary fruit. From every scene of changing environment she seemed to gather and garner impressions and fancies with which she enriched her writing. Far above all intellectual and literary tastes were the sacred interests of her home; and the longings and joys of the mother permeate her work. Her active and enthusiastic temperament found delight alike in intellectual pursuits and in the exercise of her accomplishment as a horsewoman. She was always cheerful, busy, and affectionate, and the depth of her tenderest feeling was seen in her relations with her son, William Edwards Clarke. The suggestion of privation in her life is after that war period which left the South under the shadow of actual want as well as desolation, when her pen aided in defraying family expenses. Her heart was with the South and the Old North State always, and in verse she poured forth the sufferings and the glory of the Confederacy.

In the prose character sketch from life, of "Aunt Abby the Irrepressible," of Army fame of the 1861-1865 period, written in a vein of quiet humor, there is evidence of versatility and strength on the part of the author, indicative of decided talent in the realm of prose. The descriptive prose article entitled "Reminiscences of

* 'Southland Writers'; Vol. II. p. 833.

Cuba," written at an earlier date, is sustained in interest, and simple, familiar, and flowing in style. "The Social Reminiscences of Noted North Carolinians" have a clear-cut, concise, comprehensive, confident tone worthy of note when Mrs. Clarke's prose is collected for study. She published her 'Wood Notes, or Carolina Carols',* a collection of poems by North Carolinians, containing some excellent contributions of her own, in 1854; her "Mosses From a Rolling Stone" in 1868; and "Clytie and Zenobia," her long poem, in 1871. Her libretto, entitled "The Miskodeed," so long sought for by admirers of Mrs. Clarke, has just been received by the writer in manuscript form. Miskodeed is the Indian name for Pocahontas. It is a beautiful rendering in four acts of early scenes at Jamestown, Virginia, with the rescue of Smith by Pocahontas as the climax. It is perhaps Mrs. Clarke's most ambitious piece of work, and would make a most pleasing opera, on account of its marked literary merit, its historic interest, and its scenic effects.

The range of subject matter in her poems is extensive and common human interests are her themes. Lightness of touch, vividness in word-painting, and love of nature are in every beat of her melodious poems of nature and fancy. In her fervor of patriotism as exemplified in her poems of patriotism and incident, there is depth of conception, strength of imagery, an occasional inimitable humorous touch—as in "The Rebel Sock"—and moreover—as in "The Funeral of Henry Clay" and "General Lee at the Battle of the Wilderness"—a note of the sublime. Her devotional and elegiac poems are full of piety, intellectual force, human sympathy, and philosophic breadth. Her personal and meditative poems are characterized by a sad and even agitated strain, gradually yielding to peaceful feeling; originality is stamped upon every verse of "Under the Lava," considered by the author her best piece of work. Her love poems reveal yet another phase of her genius, seen with equal clearness in the portrayal of stormy passion and calm pure love. Breadth of vocabulary, unforced and simple rimes, and a grasp of rhythmic beauty in musical and varied measure are found throughout all her poems. Allegory is a favorite form with her, and the moral application or ethical import may be traced through her abundant classical allusions and figures as the dominant note of her writing. In this respect, her art corresponds somewhat to that of Hawthorne, in contrast to that of Edgar Allan Poe. Like Robert Louis Stevenson in prose and Robert Burns in poetry, she exemplified the ability to write in the strain of more than one of her favorite poets, at one time following the "exhilarating beat of Scott's rough and ready

*182 poems, 60 writers.

measure," at another successfully reproducing the Longfellow style. A biographer has judged her poem "Must I Forget?" as not excelled by anything of Byron's. Her "Fairies' Dance" makes an excellent companion piece to Joseph Rodman Drake's "The Culprit Fay." Some of her intense, passionate writing foreshadows that of the talented present-day poet, Ella Wheeler Wilcox. "Cleopatra's Soliloquy" is worthy of a place by that brilliant poem "Antony and Cleopatra," by General William Haines Lytle.

Power in the portrayal of the passionate, skill in the use of fanciful symbolism in exquisite sparkling effects, in picturesque and vivid narrative, and in the totally different field of the intellectual, speculative, or philosophic poem are all a part of Mary Bayard Clarke's art. But in her love of nature, her calm, direct, though enthusiastic tone, her spontaneity, and simplicity of diction, she seems more akin to Wordsworth than to any other of the great poets.

Bessie Lewis Whitaker

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## THE RAIN UPON THE HILLS

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Though 'tis raining on the hills, love,
'Tis raining on the hills,
Not the shadow of a cloud, love,
The smiling valley fills.
See how the sunlight falls, love,
As though it loved to rest
Upon that youthful mother, love,
Her first-born on her breast.

She cares not for the world, love,
Its pleasures or its wealth,
She thinks but of her child, love,
His happiness and health.
Life's sorrows are to her, love,
But rain upon the hills,
While the sunlight of that babe, love,
Her happy bosom fills.

But see, the cloud rolls on, love,
'Tis deep'ning all the while:
And the sunlight from the valley, love,
Is fading like a smile;
Is fading like a smile, love,
That's followed by despair,
When the idols of the heart, love,
Are vanishing in air.

The frightened mother starts, love,
And clasps her baby now;
For she seeth that a shade, love,
Is gath'ring o'er his brow.
She is weeping o'er her child, love,
'Tis raining in the vale—
Life struggleth now with death, love,
God grant he may prevail.

The cloud has passed away, love,
The sun is shining bright;
And that mother's trembling heart, love,
Rejoiceth in the light—
But the mem'ry of that storm, love,
Her bosom ever fills,
And she feareth for the vale, love,
When 'tis raining on the hills.

## THE ORGAN

A Legend from the German of Herder.

Oh, temple by God's breath inspired!
Who first contrived your wond'rous frame,
Whence voices of all living things
Together praise Jehovah's name?
Now, wailing misereres shed
A heart appalling groan abroad;
Then plaintive flute and cymbals clang,
With martial clarion's blast accord.
The hautboy's scream blends boldly with
A nation's shout of jubilee,
Whilst over all the trumpet's notes
Exultant tell of victory.

From piping reed the strain ascends
To timbrel's thunder. Hark! the dead
Are stirring, graves are opening—
'Tis the last judgment's trumpet dread!
How hovering hang the expectant tones
On all creation's outspread wings.
Jehovah comes! His thunders roll,
Before Him bow all living things.
Now, in soft-breathing words He speaks
To human hearts that trembling—awed,
Bow down in prayer, then with one voice
Shout Hallelujah to the Lord.

The son of Maia strung the lyre,
Apollo tuned the joyous lute,
While from the Shepherd's simple reed
Pan formed the sweetly plaintive flute;
A greater Pan was he who gave
Creation's glorious song a voice,
And let the yearning human soul
Hear earth and sea with Heaven rejoice.

Disdaining music of the strings
Cecilia—noblest Roman maid—
That she might hear Creation's song,
Deep in her heart with fervor prayed:
"Oh! let me hear that song of praise
Those holy three sang in the fire,
Oh! let my longing soul drink in
The music of the Heavenly choir."
Lo! by her side an angel stands,
Who oft appeared to her in prayer;
He touched her ear—entranced she heard
Creation's song roll through the air.

Stars, sun, and moon, the Heavenly host—
The rolling seasons—day and night—
The ice and snow—the frost and storm—
The dew and rain, darkness and light—
Mountains and hills and all green things—
Fountains and streams, seas, rocks, and wood,
The souls in Heaven and tribes of earth,
Praised God, the merciful and good!
In adoration she sank down,
"And now, Oh! angel, let me hear
The echo of this song," she cried,
"In music meet for mortal ear."

With speed an artist then he sought
Whom Bazalell's rapt soul inspired,
Measure and number in his hand
In silence placed, and then retired.

An edifice of harmonies
Cathedral-like he reared, whence rang
In one according voice of praise
The Gloria which the angels sang;
Then, all great Christendom intoned
Her lofty credo, blessed tie
Together binding human souls;
But when at sacrament the cry
He comes! He comes! rolled through the air,
The spirits of the saints above
Came down, and in devotion took
The offering of Eternal Love.
Earth and Heaven became one choir,
The sinner at the temple door
Quaked, when he seemed to hear the trump
Proclaim the day when Hope is o'er.

Cecilia gratefully rejoiced,
For she had found the saint's communion
The Christian unity desired
By all who seek the Spirit's union.
"What shall I call," said she, "this stream
Of harmony which bears the soul
Upon its waves to that broad sea
Where all Eternity doth roll?"
"Call it," the angel said, "what thou
In prayer didst yearningly desire,
*The Organ* of that mighty soul
Which sleeps in all and doth aspire
In richest labyrinth of sound
The hymn of Nature to intone
And, in devotion echo back
Creation's song before the Throne."

## THE REBEL SOCK

In all the pomp and pride of war
The Lincolnite was drest,
High beat his patriotic heart
Beneath his armor'd vest.
His maiden sword hung by his side,
His pistols both were right,
The shining spurs were on his heels,
His coat was buttoned tight.
A firm resolve sat on his brow,
For he to danger went;
By Seward's self that day he was
On secret service sent.
"Mount and away," he sternly cried,
Unto the gallant band,
Who, all equipped from head to heel,
Awaited his command;
"But halt, my boys—before you go,
These solemn words I'll say,
Lincoln expects that every man
His duty'll do to-day."
"We will, we will," the soldiers cried,
"The President shall see,
That we will only run away
From Jackson or from Lee."
And now they're off, just four-score men,
A picked and chosen troop,
And like a hawk upon a dove,
On Maryland they swoop.
From right to left—from house to house,
The little army rides;
In every lady's wardrobe look
To see what there she hides.
They peep in closets, trunks, and drawers,
Examine every box;
Not rebel soldiers now they seek,
But rebel soldiers' socks!

But all in vain!—too keen for them,
Were those dear ladies there,
And not a sock, or flannel shirt
Was taken anywhere.
The day wore on to afternoon,
That warm and drowsy hour,
When Nature's self doth seem to feel
A touch of Morpheus' power;
A farm-house door stood open wide,
The men were all away,
The ladies sleeping in their rooms,
The children at their play;
The house-dog lay upon the step,
But never raised his head,
Though crackling on the gravel walk,
He heard a stranger's tread.
Old grandma, in her rocking chair,
Sat knitting in the hall,
When suddenly upon her work
A shadow seemed to fall.
She raised her eyes and there she saw
Our Federal hero stand,
His little cap was on his head,
His sword was in his hand.
Slowly the dear old lady rose,
And tottering, forward came,
And peering dimly through her "specs,"
Said, "Honey! what's your name?"
Then, as she raised her withered hand,
To pat his sturdy arm,
"There's no one here but Grandmama
And she won't do you harm.
Come, take a seat, and don't be scared,
Put up your sword, my child,
I would not hurt you for the world,"
She gently said, and smiled.
"Madam, my duty must be done
And I am firm as rock,"
Then, pointing to her work, he said,
"Is that a rebel sock?"

"Yes, Honey, I am getting old
And for hard work ain't fit,
Though for Confederate soldiers, still,
I thank the Lord, can knit."
"Madam, your work is contraband
And Congress confiscates
This rebel sock, which I now seize,
To the United States."
"Yes, Honey—don't be scared—you see
I'll give it up to you."
Then slowly from her half-knit sock
The dame her needles drew,
Broke off the thread, wound up the ball,
And stuck her needles in;
"Here—take it, child—and I to-night
Another will begin."
The soldier next his loyal heart
The dear-bought trophy laid,
And that was all that Seward got
By this old woman's raid.

## A LEGEND OF ST. AUGUSTINE

With study spent, and worn with care,
A Bishop wandered by the sea;
A rev'rend father of the church
And skilled in its disputes was he.

Long had he sought to know the truth,
Whose height no human mind can reach,
And earnest prayer for light divine
On what he should, and should not teach.

What was the God-head, over which
The subtle Greek, in keen debate,
Had wrangled until Christian love
Seemed almost quenched in deadly hate?

As wrapped in thought he slowly walked,
Scarce conscious of the cooling breeze,
Upon the ocean's sandy shore
A little child at work he sees.

"What dost thou, little one?" he cried,
As with a conch shell in his hand,
The child bore water from the sea
To fill a cell scooped in the sand.

"Just what you vainly strive to do,"
With solemn look the child replied,
"I seek to drain the ocean dry
To fill a hollow at its side.

"As well do this, as try to crowd
Infinite truth in finite mind.
Or, with thy puny human power,
The secret things of God to find."

Startled to hear from foolish lips
A truth so pointed, yet so grand,
The Bishop bowed his head and said,
"Before Thee, Lord, rebuked I stand."

But when he raised his eyes, and saw
The child had vanished from the beach,
He knew an angel had been sent
To him this mighty truth to teach.

## CLEOPATRA'S SOLILOQUY

Mrs. Clarke says: "I meant it to be a picture of passionate love in a woman who did not feel the restraints of society, or necessity of concealing her passion."

What care I for the tempest? What care I for the rain?
If it beat upon my bosom, would it cool its burning pain—
This pain that ne'er has left me since on his heart I lay,
And sobbed my grief at parting as I'd sob my soul away?
O Antony! Antony! Antony! when in thy circling arms
Shall I sacrifice to Eros my glorious woman's charms,
And burn life's sweetest incense before his sacred shrine
With the living fire that flashes from thine eyes into mine?
O when shall I feel thy kisses rain down upon my face,
As, a queen of love and beauty, I lie in thine embrace,
Melting—melting—melting, as a woman only can
When she's a willing captive in the conquering arms of man,
As he towers a god above her, and to yield is not defeat,
For love can own no victor if love with love shall meet?
I still have regal splendor, I still have queenly power,
And—more than all—unfaded is woman's glorious dower.
But what care I for pleasure? What's beauty to me now,
Since Love no longer places his crown upon my brow?
I have tasted its elixir, its fire has through me flashed,
But when the wine glowed brightest from my eager lip 'twas dashed.
And I would give all Egypt but once to feel the bliss
Which thrills through all my being whene'er I meet his kiss.
The tempest loudly rages, my hair is wet with rain,
But it does not still my longing, or cool my burning pain.
For Nature's storms are nothing to the raging of my soul
When it burns with jealous frenzy beyond a queen's control.
I fear not pale Octavia—that haughty Roman dame—
My lion of the desert—my Antony can tame.
I fear no Persian beauty, I fear no Grecian maid:
The world holds not the woman of whom I am afraid.
But I'm jealous of the rapture I tasted in his kiss,
And would not that another should share with me that bliss.
No joy would I deny him, let him cull it where he will,
So mistress of his bosom is Cleopatra still:

So that he feels forever, when he Love's nectar sips,
'Twas sweeter—sweeter—sweeter when tasted on my lips;
So that all other kisses, since he has drawn in mine,
Shall be unto my lover as "water after wine."
Awhile let Cæsar fancy Octavia's pallid charms
Can hold Rome's proudest consul a captive in her arms,
Her cold embrace but brightens the memory of mine,
And for my warm caresses he in her arms shall pine.
'Twas not for love he sought her, but for her princely dower;
She brought him Cæsar's friendship, she brought him kingly
power.
I should have bid him take her, had he my counsel sought.
I've but to smile upon him and all her charms are naught;
For I would scorn to hold him by but a single hair,
Save his own craving for me when I'm no longer there;
And I will show yon Roman, that for one kiss from me
Wife—fame—and even honor to him shall nothing be!
Throw wide the window, Isis—fling perfumes o'er me now,
And bind the Lotus blossoms again upon my brow.
The rain has ceased its weeping, the driving storm is past,
And calm are Nature's pulses that lately beat so fast.
Gone is my jealous frenzy, and Eros reigns serene,
The only god e'er worshipped by Egypt's haughty queen.
With Antony—my lover—I'll kneel before his shrine
Till the loves of Mars and Venus are naught to his and mine;
And down through coming ages, in every land and tongue,
With them shall Cleopatra and Antony be sung.
Burn sandal-wood and cassia, let the vapor round me wreathe,
And mingle with the incense the Lotus blossoms breathe.
Let India's spicy odors and Persia's perfumes rare
Be wafted on the pinions of Egypt's fragrant air,
With the sighing of the night breeze, the river's rippling flow,
Let me hear the notes of music in cadence soft and low.
Draw round my couch its curtains; I'd bathe my soul in sleep;
I feel its gentle languor upon me slowly creep.
O, let me cheat my senses with dreams of future bliss,
In fancy feel his presence, in fancy taste his kiss,
In fancy nestle closely against his throbbing heart,
And throw my arms around him, no more—no more to part.

Hush! hush! his spirit's pinions are rustling in my ears:
He comes upon the tempest to calm my jealous fears;
He comes upon the tempest in answer to my call.
Wife—fame—and even honor—for me he leaves them all;
And royally I'll welcome my lover to my side.
I have won him—I have won him, from Cæsar and his bride.

## THROUGH DOUBT TO LIGHT

I stood alone, the creeds to which
My soul had always clung gave way,
And round me surged a sea of doubt
Whose restless waves I could not stay.

Life lost its meaning, and the grave
Seemed to me the end of all.
Goodness was nothing, and from heaven
I feared that God Himself must fall.

Friends turned from me, and counsellors
Upon my doubts could only frown.
Was it the glare of hell I caught,
Or light from heaven cast down?

I could not tell, but soon I saw
Old landmarks rise in that dark sea.
If heaven must pass like some burnt scroll,
This earth, at least, was left to me.

If all religious truth was dead,
Yet mortal truth untouched might live;
If there should be no other life,
I'd have the *best* that this could give.

"Better," I said, "is truth than lies,
Better the generous than the mean,
Better the brave than the coward act,
Better the chaste than the unclean."

My feet upon this rock I stayed,
And slowly sank the waves of doubt:
With fear and trembling thus it was
I wrought my own salvation out.

Creeds grew to me but empty husks
On which I could not feed my soul,
While mortal and religious truth
Blended in one harmonious whole.

New faith in human nature rose
From the broad, open sea of thought,
As statues in the marble hid
Are by the strokes of genius wrought.

'Twas always there—this glorious faith—
But cramped and hidden from my sight,
Till, stroke by stroke, Doubt set it free,
And suffering gave my soul new light.

## UNDER THE LAVA

Far down in the depths of my spirit,
Out of the sight of man,
Lies a buried Herculaneum,
Whose secrets none may scan.

No warning cloud of sorrow
Casts its shadow o'er my way,
No drifting shower of ashes
Made of life a Pompeii.

But a sudden tide of anguish
Like molten lava rolled,
And hardened, hardened, hardened,
As its burning waves grew cold.

Beneath it youth was buried,
And love, and hope, and trust,
And life unto me seemed nothing—
Nothing but ashes and dust.

Oh! it was glorious! glorious!
That Past, with its passionate glow,
Its beautiful painted frescoes,
Its statues white as snow.

When I tasted Love's ambrosia,
As it melted in a kiss,
When I drank the wine of friendship,
And believed in earthly bliss;

When I breathed the rose's perfume,
With lilies wreathed my hair,
And moved to liquid music
As it floated on the air—

To me it was real—real,
That passionate, blissful joy
Which grief may incrust with lava,
But death alone can destroy.

'Twas a life all bright and golden,
Bright with the light of love;
A Past still living, though buried
With another life above—

Another life built o'er it,
With other love and friends,
Which my spirit often leaveth,
And into the past descends.

Though buried deep in ashes
Of burnt-out hope it lies,
Under the hardened lava,
From which it ne'er can rise,

It is no ruined city—
No city of the dead—
When in the midnight watches
Its silent streets I tread.

To me it changeth never;
Buried in all its prime,
Not fading, fading, fading,
Under the touch of time.

The beautiful frescoes painted
By fancy still are there,
With glowing tints unchanging
Till brought to upper air.

And many a graceful statue,
In marble white as snow,
Stands fair and all unbroken
In that silent "long ago."

It is not dead, but living,
My glorious buried Past!
With its life of passionate beauty,
Its joy too bright to last!

But living under the lava—
For the pictures fade away,
And the statues crumble, crumble,
When brought to the light of day:

And like to dead-sea apples
Is love's ambrosia now,
And the lilies wither, wither,
If I place them on my brow.

And so I keep them ever
Far down in the depths of my heart.
Under the lava and ashes,
Things from my life apart.

## ONWARD

Onward! ye who seeking Truth,
Put in her your perfect trust;
Though the dogmas of the past,
Crumble round you into dust.

Saving faith is trust in truth;
And the infidel is one
Who believes her glorious work,
Is by falsehood better done.

Testing not by any fear,
As to where her footsteps tend;
Onward! knowing in your hearts,
Truth in evil cannot end.

Ye can look on fair results,
By the light of triumphs past;
See the lions yet before,
And the chains that bind them fast.

Onward! seekers, onward press,
Shades heroic round you stand;
Whose fidelities have reared
Unto knowledge temples grand.

Truth has martyrs; Truth has saints,
Who, while cowards clamor loud,
Follow where her pillar leads;
Be it fire, or be it cloud.

Onward! hearts that bravely leave,
Falsehood's flesh-pots in the rear;
E'en into the wilderness—
Onward! "fearing nought but fear."

## GENERAL LEE AT THE BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS

'The Land We Love,' Vol. I. September, 1866.

There he stood, the grand old hero, great Virginia's god-like son—
Second unto none in glory, equal of her Washington!—
Gazing on his line of battle as it wavered to and fro,
'Neath the front and flank advances of the almost conquering foe:
Calm as was that clear May morning ere the furious death roar broke
From the iron-throated war-lions crouching 'neath their clouds of smoke;
Cool as though the battle raging was but mimicry of fight,
Each brigade an ivory castle and each regiment a knight.
Chafing in reserve beside him two brigades of Texans lay,
All impatient for their portion in the fortune of the day.
Shot and shell are 'mong them falling, yet unmoved they silent stand,
Longing—eager for the battle, but awaiting his command.
Suddenly he rode before them as the forward line gave way,
Raised his hat with courtly gesture—"Follow me and save the day."
But as though by terror stricken, still and silent stood the troop
Who were wont to rush to battle with a fierce avenging whoop;
It was but a single moment, then a murmur through them ran,
Heard above the cannon's roaring as it passed from man to man,
"You go back and we'll go forward," now the waiting leader hears,
Mixed with deep impatient sobbing as of strong men moved to tears.
Once again he gave the order, "I will lead you on the foe";
Then through all their line of battle rang a loud determined "No!"

Quick as thought a gallant major, with a firm and vice-like grasp,
Seized the general's bridle, shouting, "Forward boys, I'll hold him fast."
Then again the hat was lifted, "Sir, I am the older man,
Loose my bridle, I will lead them," in a measured tone and calm.
Trembling with suppressed emotion, with intense excitement hot,
In a quivering voice the Texan, "You shall not, sir, *you shall not!*"
By them swept the charging squadron with a loud exultant cheer,
"We'll retake the salient, general, if you'll watch us from the rear."
And they kept their word right nobly, sweeping every foe away,
With that grand gray head uncovered watching how they saved the day.
But the god-like calm was shaken, which the battle could not move,
By this true spontaneous token of his soldiers' child-like love.

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